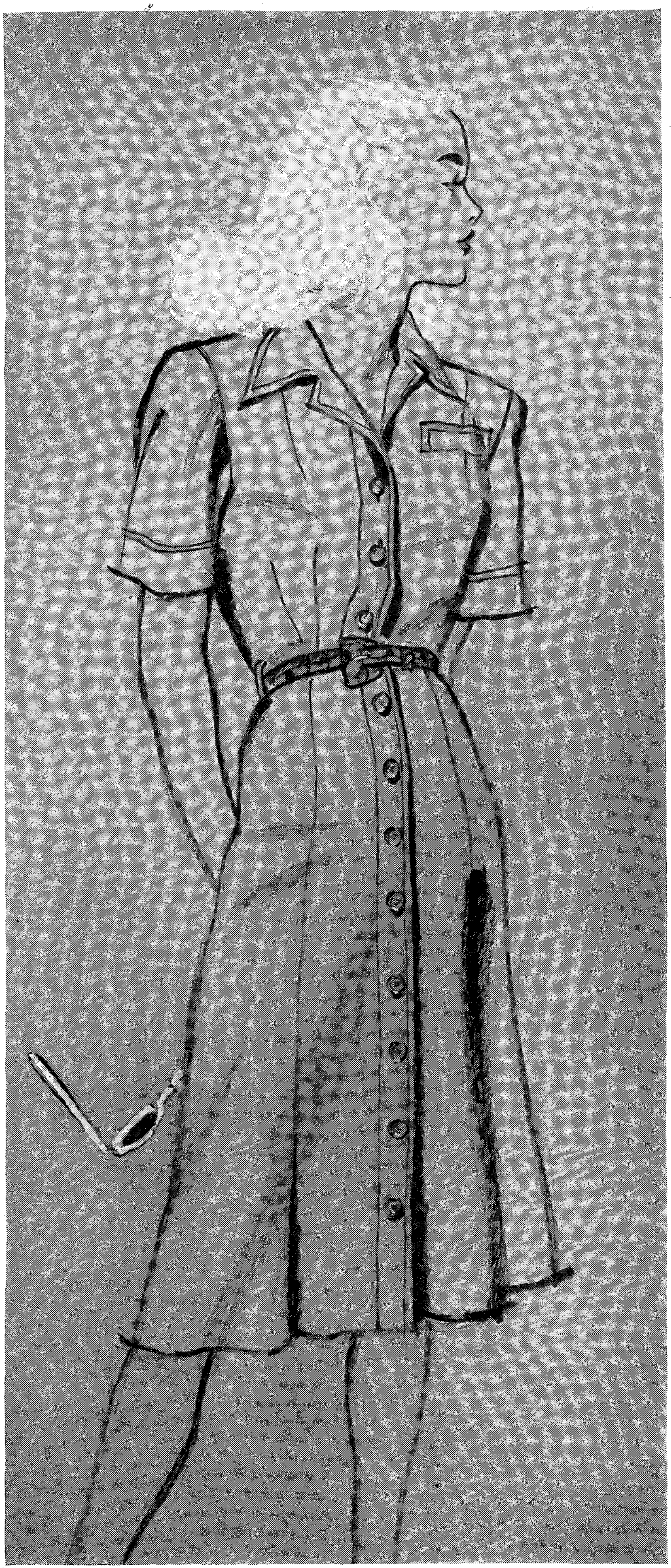
★ Mar. 11, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

VAT 69
BY APPOINTMENT
TO H. M.
KING GEORGE VI
"Quality Tells"
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
8 YEARS OLD
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP.
The choice of the
American Gentleman
—because in
AGE and TASTE
it is Scotch Whisky
AT ITS BEST!
8
Years Old

PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N. Y. • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF



Best's

THE RELIABLE—

for quality

New edition of our famous *Shirtmaker with the wearable charm and enduring good taste of a true classic . . . done in super wool doeskin — American counterpart of the stuff you used to find in Bermuda.

Sizes 10 to 40 in colors for North or South — beige, coral, aqua, lime or blue **49.95**

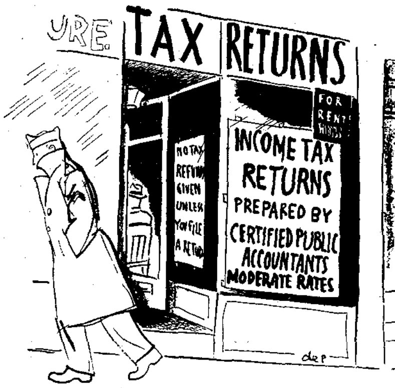
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BEST & CO.

Fifth Ave. at 35th St., New York 18, N. Y.

Bronxville East Orange Garden City Stamford White Plains Ardmore Boston Brookline
Chicago Cleveland Heights Grosse Pointe St. Louis Washington, D. C. Winnetka

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN


URE.
TAX RETURNS
FOR RENT
NO TAX REFUND GIVEN UNLESS YOU FILE A RETURN
INCOME TAX RETURNS PREPARED BY CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS MODERATE RATES
dep

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 9, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 18.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. Third year. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Effie Shannon and Josephine Hull head the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its fourth year. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

The Cherry Orchard—Margaret Webster's slightly disappointing revival of Chekhov's most touching play, with Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph Schildkraut. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Decision—A worthy, rather heavy-handed play about Fascism on the home front. The cast includes Raymond Greenleaf and Gwen Anderson. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—Three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. Joseph Fields is the author of this farce, and the cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Helen Hayes splendid as the little woman who started a big war. The play itself is accurate enough but unfortunately a bit dull. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun. and Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed., Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical George Abbott piece about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith head a pleasant, competent cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is in its fifth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Lovers and Friends—High-toned British triangle play around the vintage of the Stanley Steamer. Katharine Cornell, however, is as fascinating as ever, and her supporting cast includes Raymond Massey, Henry Daniell, Anne Burr, and Carol Goodner. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Othello—An excellent production, staged by Margaret Webster and sponsored by the Theatre Guild. Paul Robeson is very impressive as the Moor, and José Ferrer's Iago is a masterpiece. Among the others are Uta Hagen and James Monks. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Over Twenty-One—A comedy by and with Ruth Gordon that attempts to show how Dorothy Parker would behave at an Officers' Candidate School. Not as funny as it might have been. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ramshackle Inn—A melodramatic farce that is too amateurish and confused to be quite satisfactory, but Zasu Pitts may make you laugh. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Three Is a Family—Practically all the girls have babies in this farce. The cast includes Ruth Weston, Robert Burton, and William Wadsworth. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 2:50.)

Tomorrow the World—A sober, if not always credible, attempt to deal with the problem of reëducating the children of Nazi Germany. Skippy Homeier is remarkable in his rôle of a young Nazi, and Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Booth are very helpful as his American hosts. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—Mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. The play takes a while to get started but finally develops into something of a thriller. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie are the whole cast, and they're all fine. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Wallflower—A plain girl gets her man in an almost completely typical farce. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Winged Victory—Moss Hart's pageant about the Air Forces is enormous and beautiful, but the dramatic narrative is pretty elementary. There are more than three hundred servicemen, plus several women civilians, in the cast. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:15.)

WITH MUSIC

Carmen Jones—A stunning and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II readjusted the story and the lyrics, and Billy Rose is the fortunate producer. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. Special performance Sun., March 12, at 8:30, for the Actors' Fund.)

A Connecticut Yankee—A revival proving perhaps that things aren't always as exciting as we remember them. Reasonably good entertainment, though, and Vivienne Segal and Vera-Ellen are both very fine. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., March 11.)

Early to Bed—A comedy concerned dimly with bullfighting and Martinique, but it certainly isn't anything to bother you one way or another. Muriel Angelus, Mary Small, and Bob Howard are in it, and there is music by Fats Waller. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Jackpot—Vinton Freedley, who has done some very good musicals, offers a disappointing one about some Marines who win a girl in a lottery. Allan Jones, Nanette Fabray, and Jerry Lester head the cast; Guy Bolton, Vernon Duke, and Howard Dietz furnished the material. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., March 11.)

The Merry Widow—A good-looking, earnest revival, with Jan Kiepura and Melville Cooper. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark in a big, beautiful musical, in which both the book and Cole Porter's music seem a little below standard. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, and Betty Garde are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin as a statue who comes to life to the amazement of Kenny Baker, John Boles, Paula Laurence, and many others. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some stunning ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Porgy and Bess—Etta Moten and Avon Long in the Gershwin-Heyward folk opera. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and sometimes funny. Milton Berle is at the head of a large cast. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—A comedy by Franz Werfel and S. N. Behrman, with Louis Calhern, Annabella, and Oscar Karlweis. Staged by Elia Kazan and produced by the Theatre Guild and Jack H. Skirball. Opens Tues., March 14. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—"Iolanthe," Thurs. Eve., March 9. . . . "The Gondoliers," Fri. Eve., March 10, and Thurs. and Fri. Eves., March 16-17. . . . "Trial by Jury" and "H.M.S. Pinafore," Sat. and Sun. Afts., March 11-12, and Sun. through Tues. Eves., March 12-14. . . . "The Pirates of Penzance" and "Cox and Box," Sat. Eve., March 11, and Sat. Aft. and Eve., March 18. (Ambassador, 49, W. CI 7-0760. Eves. at 8:35. Mats. at 2:35.)

Benefit Shows—A big turnout of theatre people in an entertainment for the Emergency Committee to Save the Jewish People of Europe, Mon., March 13, at 8:30 P.M.; and the annual all-star show for the Israel Orphan Asylum, Sat., March 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800.)

Ice Show—"Stars on Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sat. Eves. at 8:40, and Sun. Eve. at 8:15. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Children's Entertainment—The Heckscher Children's Theatre Group presenting "Cinderella," "Sleeping Beauty," and "The Face in the Mirror," Sat., March 11 and 18, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.)

DANCE RECITALS

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman—In the second of a series of repertory recitals: Sun., March 12, at 8:45 P.M. (Humphrey-Weidman Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

Mia Slavenska—With her group: Tues., March 14, at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is quiet and spacious. Jules Lande's orchestra plays for dancing.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—An ice re-

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

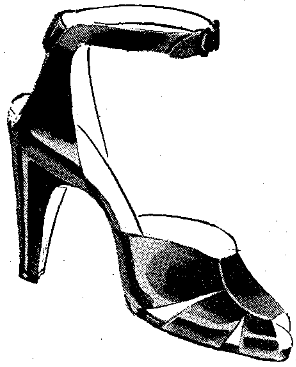
Page
THE ART GALLERIES 67
BOOKS 83
THE CURRENT CINEMA 64
MUSICAL EVENTS 75
    CONCERT RECORDS 76
NOTES ON SPORTS 81
OF ALL THINGS 48
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE.
    MARKETS AND MENUS 56
THE RACE TRACK 71
TABLES FOR TWO 70
THE THEATRE 60

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XX, No. 4, March 11, 1944. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1944, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

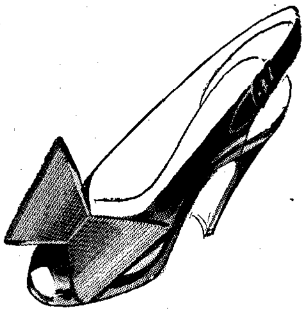
The best shoes you can buy are the best buy!

DELMAN



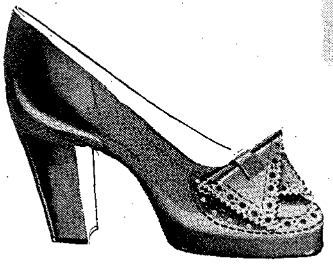
Fan-vamp Anklet Sandal

Glistening black patent, $22.95
Black, brown, blue, white suede, $22.95. Red, green lizard, $27.95



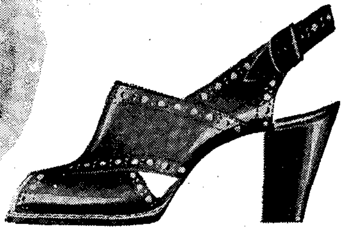
Wing-bow Sandal

Black patent or brown or black suede. Black, brown, blue, wine calfskin, $19.95
Red, green lizard, $27.95



Handkerchief Point Pump

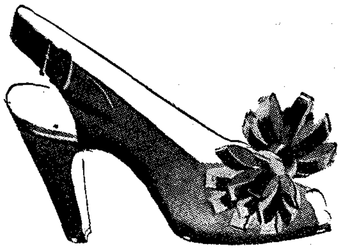
Black, blue, russet calfskin prettied with punchwork, $16.95



Surplice Sandal

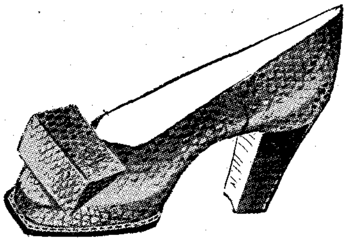
Black patent. Black, blue, russet calfskin. Black, blue, brown, white suede, $19.95

When ordering by mail please be sure to enclose Shoe Ration Coupon



Fireworks-bow Sandal

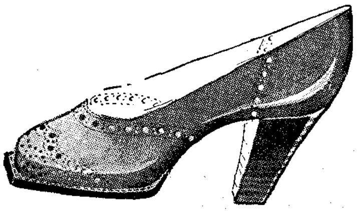
Black, brown, blue suede, $19.95



Triangle-bow Pump

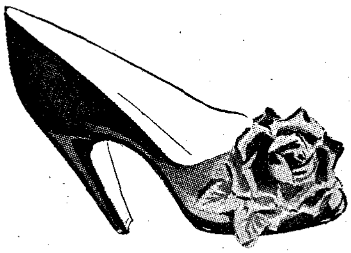
Black, blue, brown, wine lizard, $24.95

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET



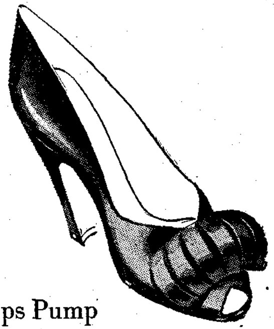
All-American Classic

Black, blue, russet calfskin, $18.95. Black, brown, white suede, $19.95. Black, brown, blue suede combined with matching lizard, $22.95. Black, brown, blue lizard, $24.95



American Rose D'Orsay Pump

Black patent with black suede rose. Black, brown, blue, white suede with matching rose. In bronze kid, too, $22.95



Poker-Chips Pump

Black patent or black, brown, blue calfskin, $19.95

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

vue and Ray Heatherton's orchestra are in the Bowman Room.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Mildred Bailey, Hazel Scott, Kenneth Spencer, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—A pleasant, be-muralled place, with music by Eddie Heywood's orchestra and a show including Josh White and Mary Lou Williams.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—An enormous room with beautiful girls and palm trees. Also Sophie Tucker, Joel Herron's orchestra, and Frank Marti's samba band. . . . The Copa Bar has music by the Kris Kay Trio.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—The show here is not supplied by the management. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Agreeable and leisurely music by Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Big and handsome, with Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The show in the Cotillion Room will change on Tues., March 14, when Myrus, the mind-reader, will be replaced by Dr. Giovanni, the pickpocket. Stanley Melba's orchestra will stay on. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Celeste Holm sings at the supper hour in the Persian Room and Bob Grant's orchestra is there throughout the evening.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600)—Larry Siry's orchestra plays, discreetly of course, in the Oval Room during the dinner hour.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has an ice show at the supper hour and Freddy Miller's orchestra all evening. . . . Bob Simone's and Evan Jones' orchestras play for dancing in the Maisonette.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Joseph Marvin's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band are in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—An up-and-coming refreshment stand on the East Side. Noro Morales' rumba band and Peyson Ré's orchestra. Val Olman's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Leo Reisman's orchestra plays for dancing in the Wedgwood Room; Gracie Fields will entertain the after-theatre trade until Wed., March 15, when Paul Draper will take over. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Maxine Sullivan and Imogene Coca head a varied show. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): a rococo sort of place, with a number of entertainers. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): Irene Bordoni heads a small show. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy is back, with all her old songs and a few new ones. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns' piano music, and plenty of elbow room.

Miscellaneous—At the **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): a show full of beautiful girls, with Ray Sinatra's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small one with charm; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet, George Morris's orchestra, and songs by Anne Francine. . . . **CASBAH,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): not as rough as the original but much handsomer, with Danny Yates' orchestra and a small show. . . . **LA CONGA,** 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Carmen Amaya and her troupe will be here through Tues., March 14; Machito's rumba band. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): Cornelius Codolban's orchestra and Russian entertainment. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Georgie Auld's orchestra will be replaced by Vaughn Monroe's on Thurs., March 16. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): lots of Latin atmosphere in a fairly small space. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with Huddie Ledbetter and the Clarence Profit Trio.

●

Mostly for Music—At the **CAFÉ ZANZIBAR,** B'way at 50 (CI 7-7380): Ethel Waters is here, heading an all-Negro show which also includes Maurice Rocco. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): the home of authentic jazz, with Miff Mole's orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Sidney and Wilbur de Paris play for their admirers. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): blues by Billie Holiday and jazz by the Al Casey Trio. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-7742): an orchestra headed by Sidney Catlett and Ben Webster, as well as the Leonard Ware Trio. . . .

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 9,
THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 18.

KELLY'S STABLE, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): the musicians being featured right now are Coleman Hawkins and Clark Monroe's band.

ART

American Nineteenth-Century—Drawings, water colors, and oils, from the Cooper Union Museum, including some by Winslow Homer and Walter Shirlaw: National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Pk. Weekdays 12 noon to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Wed., March 15.

Art Students League—A large show by the members and associates you might expect: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 11.

Artists for Victory—Work by two hundred contemporary Americans in an exhibition which will be sent on a good-will tour of England; a benefit for Artists for Victory and the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy: Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt, at 43. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 18.

John Atherton—Recent oils by a "magic realist": Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

Milton Avery—Nature and people, somewhat simplified: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 11.

Louis Bosa—New oils: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 18.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kw'y—A hundred portraits of Abraham Walkowitz by as many well-known artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 25.

Nicolai Cikovsky—Paintings done in the past few years: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 18.

E. E. Cummings—New oils and water colors by the poet: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 18.

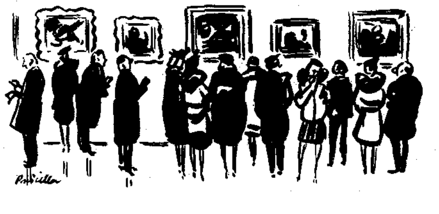
French—At the **VALENTINE,** 55 E. 57: Braque, Mondrian, Miró, Léger, and other school-of-Paris painters. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 11. . . . **PERLS,** 32 E. 58: classics of the Paris school, about half of them new to this country. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 11. . . . **NIVEAU,** 63 E. 57: twentieth-century paintings, many never before shown here. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Wed., March 15. . . . **BIGNOU,** 32 E. 57: nineteenth- and twentieth-century landscapes. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 11. . . . **CARSTAIRS,** 11 E. 57: water colors, drawings, and pastels by Pissarro, Renoir, Degas, Dufy, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 21.

Groups—At the **PUMA,** 108 W. 57: some younger painters who favor impasto. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 11. . . . **BRANDT,** 15 E. 57: a loan show of paintings and sculpture by Marcel Duchamp, Raymond Villon-Duchamp, Joan Miró, Max Ernst, and many other modern artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 18. . . . **NIERENDORF,** 53 E. 57: Klee, Kandinsky, Demuth, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 18. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: the annual show of the gallery's group, which includes Isabel Bishop, Doris Rosenthal, and Paul Cadmus. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 18. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57: landscapes by mid-nineteenth-century and contemporary artists. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 11. . . . **ARGENT,** 42 W. 57: sculpture and drawings by Ossip Zadkine, Alfeo Faggi, and Wharton Esherick. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 18. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57: the annual mid-season retrospective of work which has been shown at the gallery during the past year. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through March 24.

Hungarian Art—A loan exhibition of work by Zoltan Hecht, Ladislaus Segy, Marcel Vertès, and others; a benefit for the Red Cross: Peikin, 5 Ave. at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through March 26.

Matta—New paintings with the emphasis now on design as well as color: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 18.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Beautifully executed replicas of mosaics from the Hagia Sophia, and a showing of Turkish objets d'art of the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries (through June 30); also, a small group of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century Italian paintings from the Maitland F. Griggs collection (through April 9). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.



Edvard Munch—Lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts by the late Norwegian: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 25.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A large exhibition of modern American and European drawings. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through April 16.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A loan show of work by Werner Drewes, Jean Xceron, Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, and others. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through April 14.

Georgia O'Keeffe—New paintings of the desert: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 25.

Peterdi—Surrealist oils with Everglades vegetation: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Thurs., 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 21.

Horace Pippin—Still lifes and landscapes of Pennsylvania and the South: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 11.

Portraits—A loan exhibition of paintings and sculpture of theatre people; a benefit for the Red Cross: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 4.

Primitives—At the **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 46 W. 57: Grandma Moses' paintings of the past three years. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., March 11. . . . **HARRY STONE,** 555 Madison, at 55: recently discovered water colors by a Miss Willson, an early nineteenth-century artist. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 25. . . . **FERARGIL,** 63 E. 57: oils by Lawrence Lebduska. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 11.

Constance Richardson—A Midwesterner who often paints like an early American romantic: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 11.

Raphael Soyer—Water colors and drawings from his sketchbooks: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

Still Lifes—At the **DURLACHER,** 11 E. 57: as developed by seventeenth-century artists in the Mediterranean countries and in Holland. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 25. . . . **DURAND-RUEL,** 12 E. 57: paintings from Manet to Picasso; a benefit for the Children's Aid Society. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31.

Maurice Vlaminck—New and old oils: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57: Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 25.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—A group of painting and sculpture, from the permanent collection, which has not been exhibited for the past few years. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Tues., March 14.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter conducting: Fri., March 10, at 2:30 P.M.; Sun., March 12, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., March 16, at 8:45 P.M.; and Fri., March 17, at 2:30 P.M. (Highlights: Rudolf Serkin, piano, March 10 and 12; the Westminster Choir and vocal soloists, March 16-17.) . . . Young People's Concert, Rudolph Ganz conducting, Sat., March 18, at 11 A.M.

New York City Symphony—Leopold Stokowski conducting. Mon., March 13, at 8:30 P.M., and Tues., March 14, at 5 P.M. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

Boston Symphony—Serge Koussevitzky conducting—Carnegie Hall, Thurs., March 9, at 8:45 P.M., and Sat., March 11, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Fri., March 10, at 8:30 P.M.

Rochester Symphony—José Iturbi conducting; soloists, Argentinita, Pilar Lopez, and their dance group. Sat., March 18, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

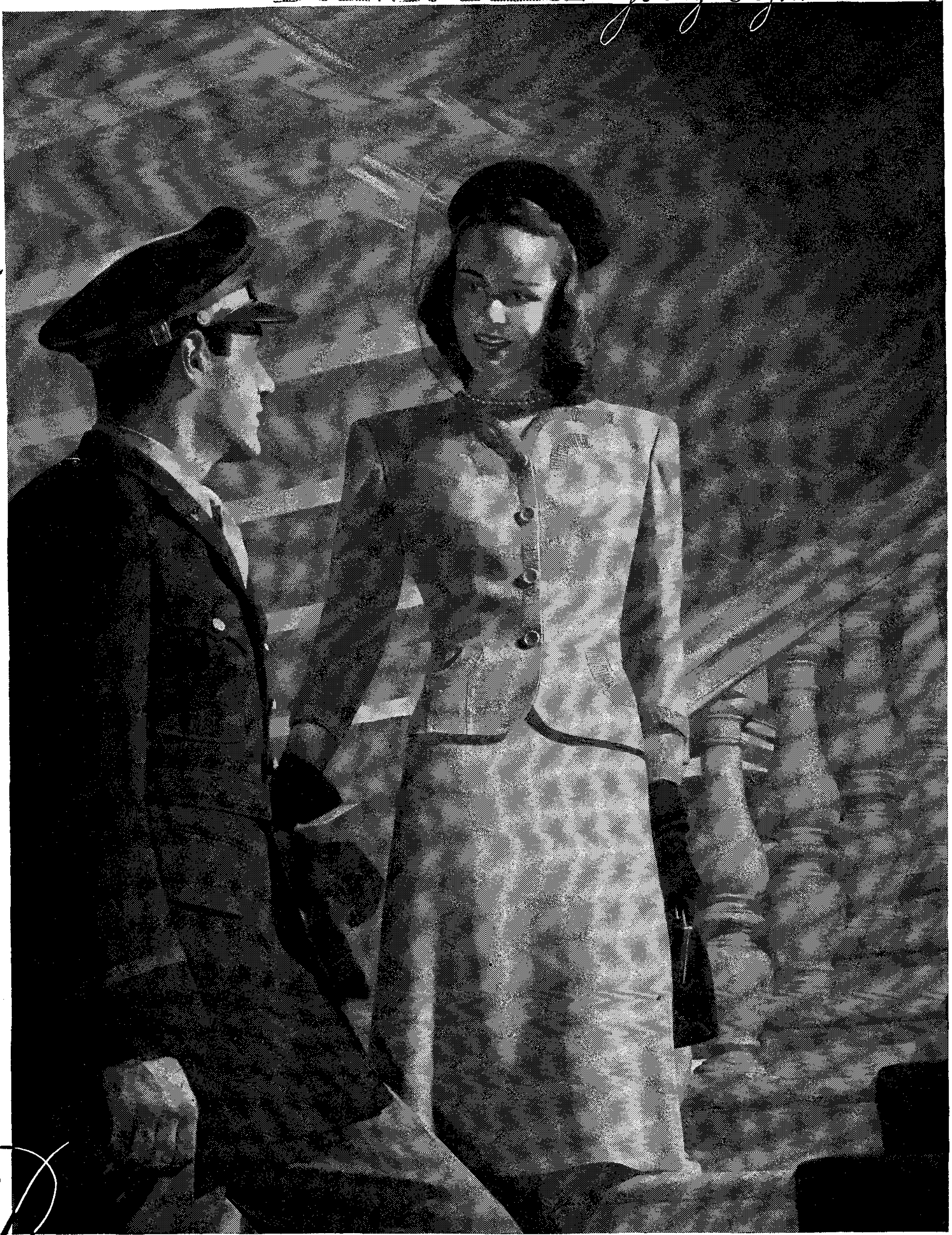
National Orchestral Association—Assisted by the Dessoff Choirs; Leon Barzin and Paul Boepple conducting. Mon., March 13, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Sir Thomas Beecham and a Chamber Orchestra—Soloist, Betty Humby Beecham. Wed., March 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Jazz Concert—The fourth in a series of concerts under the direction of the guitarist Eddie Condon, this one featuring musicians such as Pee Wee Russell, clarinet; George Wettling, drums; and Miff Mole, trombone. Sat., March 11, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Metropolitan Opera—"La Traviata," Thurs. Eve., March 9. . . . "Tannhäuser," Fri. Eve., March 10. . . . "Falstaff," Sat. Aft., March 11. . . . "Rigoletto," Sat. Eve., March 11. . . . "Pelléas et Mélisande," Mon. Eve., March 13. . . . "Tristan und Isolde" (a Grenfell Association benefit), Tues. Eve., March 14. . . . "Tosca," Wed. Eve., March 15. . . . "Mignon," Thurs. Eve., March 16. . . . "La Bohème," Fri. Eve., March 17. . . . "Il

Bonwit Teller *Young Eighth Floor*



Polly Tucker's petite suit

Polly Tucker is Bonwit's own pluperfect Petite. Here she is for Spring in her celebrated two-piece Exclusive, a current hit. Why? Because it looks well on the job.. makes glamour after hours. Cardigan jacket with dressmakerish puckerwork, good skirt. Gray, bride's blue, black, navy rayon crepe. Petite sizes 9 to 17, 22.95

FIFTH AVENUE AT FIFTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK 22 • WHITE PLAINS

SINCE 1661

No Compromise where Quality is Concerned

In times like these, where demand far exceeds supply and temptations to "cut corners" are great, the rigid centralized control exercised over every drop of Jamaica Rum is doubly important. It means that, regardless of brand or type, you are assured of the same rich mellowness, the same painstaking use of the slow but superior pot-still process, the centuries-old integrity of skilled craftsmanship that have made Jamaica Rums a tradition in the British Empire — favourite among connoisseurs the world over. So when Rum is called for, call for—

GENUINE

Jamaica Rums

Use Jamaica Rums as the Jamaicans themselves use them—blended with tropic fruit juices or to add a new zest in such novelties as:

JAMAICA NOG

Mix 1 jigger sweetened condensed milk (or coffee cream sweetened to taste) with 1 jigger Jamaica Rum. Add cracked ice, shake till frothy, serve with a cherry. A believe-it-or-not sensation!

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA), LTD.-KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 9, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 18.

Trovatore," Sat. Aft., March 18. . . . "Das Rheingold," Sat. Eve., March 18. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

MUSEUM CONCERTS—At the FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70: Yella Pessl, harpsichord; Mitchell Miller, oboe; and Harry Zarief, violin. Thurs., March 9, at 3 P.M. . . . METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82: Oscar Wagner, piano; and Annette Burford, soprano. Sun., March 12, at 3:45 P.M.

BENEFIT CONCERT—Muriel Smith, soprano; Ruth Freeman, flute; and a string ensemble; for the Teachers' Union. Fri., March 10, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall. For tickets, call GR 7-7900, Ext. 17.)

LOTTE LEHMANN—Soprano; a benefit for the Hunter College Student Aid Fund. Fri., March 10, at 8:30 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 68. For tickets, call RH 4-1500, Ext. 60.)

JOSEPH ROGATCHEWSKY AND EMMA BOYNET—Tenor and pianist. Sat., March 11, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SAMUEL MAYES—'Cello. Sun., March 12, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

COOLIDGE QUARTET—Chamber music. Mon., March 13, at 8:45 P.M. (Mannes Music School, 157 E. 74. For tickets, call BU 8-0656.)

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ—Piano. Tues., March 14, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

SIMON BARERE—Piano. Wed., March 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

MARTIAL SINGHER AND GABY CASADESUS—Baritone and pianist. Wed., March 15, at 9 P.M. (Coördinating Council of French Relief Societies, 457 Madison, at 51. For tickets, call PL 3-4571.)

LOUIS KAUFMAN—Violin. Fri., March 17, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SONIA ESSIN—Contralto. Sat., March 18, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

BUSCH QUARTET—Chamber music. Sat., March 18, at 8:30 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 773.)

COLLEGE OF ST. ELIZABETH GLEE CLUB—Frederic Joslyn, conducting. Sat., March 18, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

SPORTS

BASKETBALL—Madison Square Garden—National Invitation Tournament, quarter-final round, Thurs., March 16, at 8:15 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Joe Baksi vs. Lee Savold, heavyweights, 10 rounds, Fri., March 10; Beau Jack vs. Al Davis, catchweights, 10 rounds; a Red Cross benefit, Fri., March 17. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10. . . . Golden Gloves East Coast Championships, Wed., March 15, at 8 P.M.

FENCING—Metropolitan Open Championship, foil, individual, Sun., March 12, at 2 P.M. (Fencers Club, 320 E. 53.)

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Rangers vs. Toronto, Thurs., March 9, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur series, Sun., March 12, at 1:30, 3:30, 7, and 8:45 P.M.

TENNIS—Madison Square Garden—Francisco Segura, Alice Marble, Mary Hardwick, Donald McNeill, Jack Kramer, and others in a program of exhibition matches sponsored by the Red Cross, Tues., March 14, at 8:15 P.M.

TRACK—Madison Square Garden—New York K. of C. Meet, Sat., March 11, at 8:15 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

WAR EXHIBITIONS—At the CHRYSLER BLDG., 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including a bazooka. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg.: an Army Air Forces show, with a P-39, a P-47, a P-40, and parts of other fighter planes (through March 20); also, an exhibition, arranged by the British Information Services, of charts, models, and maps, showing the tactics used at St. Nazaire and in other Commando raids (through March 31); and the development of the United States Navy from 1776 to the present, shown by four hundred miniature models of ships, including every type of naval vessel now in active use (through June 30). Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

FLOWER SHOW—Orchids and mixed cut flowers in a benefit showing for the Red Cross: Horticultural Society, 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor), Wed., March 15, from 2 to 10 P.M., and Thurs., March 16, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36—Fashions of the French court, shown in a display of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century prints. Daily 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., March 11.

AMERICANA—At the ROSENBACH COMPANY, 15 E. 51: a large collection of books and documents relating to the Revolutionary and Civil Wars, including Lee's farewell address, books from George Washington's library, and letters and manuscripts of Alexander Hamilton and Ulysses S. Grant. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31. . . . MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, 5 Ave. at 104: "Fun and Folly in New York," an exhibit of life-size figures in tableaux ranging from a fancy-dress ball of the Nineties to a Greenwich Village speakeasy. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 26. . . . NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Pk. W. at 76: a display of portraits, furniture, books, manuscripts, silver, and china, relating to the Dutch period in New York. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 31.

LATIN AMERICA—At the NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Central Pk. W. at 76: the history and cultural development of South and Central America, as shown in old prints, diaries, manuscripts, and books, dating from 1500 to 1900. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 30. . . . MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Pk. W. at 79: the Hall of Mexican and Central American Archeology, closed for the past year, has just been reopened with a rearrangement of its collections of pre-Columbian art. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.

PHOTOGRAPHY—Snapshots by amateur camera fans from the 1880's to the present: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through April 30.

ON THE AIR—Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sun., March 12, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . New York City Symphony, Leopold Stokowski conducting, Tues., March 14, at 5 P.M., WNYC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., March 11 and 18, at 3:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., March 11 and 18, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., March 12, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting, Mon., March 13, at 8:45 P.M., WNYC. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Falstaff," with Leonard Warren and Eleanor Steber, Sat., March 11; "Il Trovatore," with Stella Roman and Kurt Baum, Sat., March 18; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Boxing: Joe Baksi vs. Lee Savold, Fri., March 10; Beau Jack vs. Al Davis, Fri., March 17; at 10 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Leon Henderson, Sat. at 6:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Ed Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:30 P.M., WABC. . . . Waverley Root, Sat. at 7:30 P.M., WAAT. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Etchings and engravings by old and modern masters, owned by Fritz Bloch and others: Thurs., March 9, at 8:15 P.M. . . . Seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Continental silver and eighteenth-century English and French furniture, owned by Emil and Gertrude Turnovsky, Mrs. Wanamaker Munn, and others: Thurs. through Sat., March 9-11, at 2 P.M. . . . Americana, including books of the Revolutionary period and imprints, from the library of the New York Historical Society: Mon., March 13, at 2 P.M. . . . First editions, autograph letters, Americana, and Napoleonana, owned by Mrs. John Drum, the late Robert E. Dowling, and others: Tues., March 14, at 2 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY—Rather extravagantly different from the book, but tolerable when judged on its own merits. Lynn Bari, Francis Lederer, Akim Tamiroff, Nazimova, and Louis Calhern. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

A GUY NAMED JOE—Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne are a couple of fliers, one of whom goes to heaven and keeps an eye on the other from up yonder. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Wed., March 15.)

IN OUR TIME—A long one about Poland in 1939, notable for a few political thoughts. Ida Lupino and Paul Henreid. (Strand, B'way at 47; Thurs., March 9.)

JACK LONDON—Students of the man may want to quarrel with a few assertions about London's thoughts on the Japanese, but there are other, less controversial phases. Michael O'Shea and Susan Hayward. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., March 15.)

KINGS OF THE RING—A collection of bits from most of the best fight movies from 1907 on. (World, 153 W. 49.)

LADY IN THE DARK—Ginger Rogers has even fancier dreams than Gertrude Lawrence did. The cast also includes Ray Milland and Jon Hall. (Paramount, B'way at 43.)

LIFEBOAT—Alfred Hitchcock's film about some lively adventures at sea. Tallulah Bankhead, Walter

PRIVATE ENTERPRISE—*(continued)*

"THE BANK"
48 WALL STREET

New York's First Bank
Established 1784

Personal Trusts
Since 1830

"After This War---"

"We do not want to retain profits at this time just to have money in the bank, to pay fat salaries or extraordinary dividends. We want, however, enough cash left after this war is over to permit us to live, to develop new products, to provide employment and to achieve normal growth. We think we have earned the right to do that."

From testimony of H. E. Bowman, Treasurer, Boeing Aircraft Company, before a Congressional Committee.

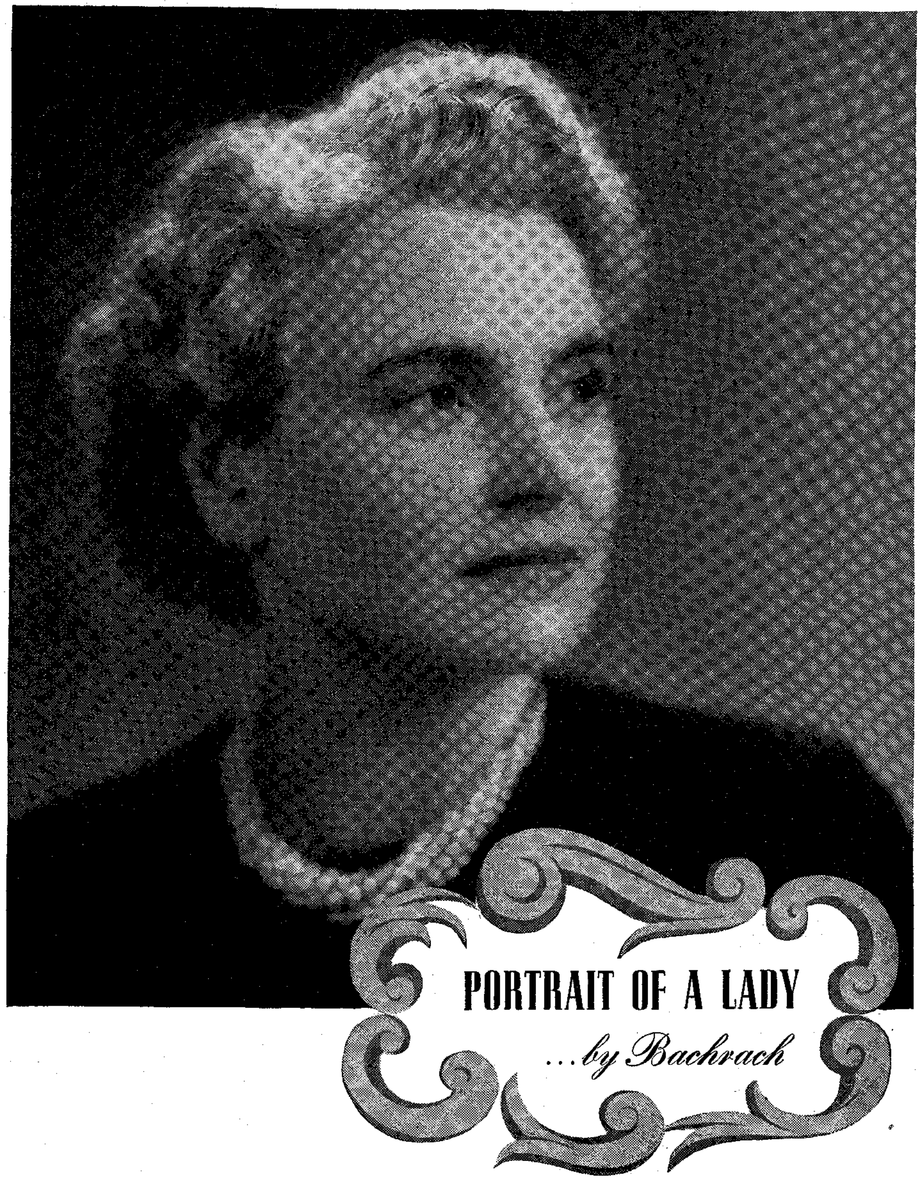
BANK OF NEW YORK

48 *Wall Street—New York* 15

UPTOWN OFFICE: MADISON AVENUE AT 63RD STREET

Commercial Banking

Executor and Trustee



PORTRAIT OF A LADY

...by Bachrach

For three generations Bachrach has been unexcelled in portraying the dignity and natural loveliness of American women. With correct lighting and careful emphasis on individual attractiveness, each portrait reflects true personality and charm. Let Bachrach photograph you during these important years when life is at its fullest.

Bachrach

Portrait Photographers Since 1868

BRADFORD BACHRACH
Photographer of Women
683 Fifth Avenue, New York
647 Boylston Street, Boston
1611 Walnut Street, Philadelphia
615 Central Avenue, East Orange

FABIAN BACHRACH
Photographer of Men
507 Fifth Avenue, New York
647 Boylston Street, Boston
1611 Walnut Street, Philadelphia
1416 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

PROVIDENCE · HARTFORD · BALTIMORE · WASHINGTON

Let's All Back the Attack—Buy War Bonds

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Slezak, William Bendix, and Henry Hull. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

MADAME CURIE—A convincing screen biography of the discoverer of radium. She and her husband are played by Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., March 11. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., March 13.)

THE NORTH STAR—A great picture by Lillian Hellman about the Russians at peace and at war. With Anne Baxter, Walter Huston, Ann Harding, and Erich von Stroheim. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., March 15.)

OLD ACQUAINTANCE—Bette Davis puts in some good work in an adaptation of the play of a few years ago about a pair of women novelists. Miriam Hopkins is the other one, and John Loder is the leading male. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., March 9. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., March 10-12.)

PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE—Several adventures, many of them a shade improbable, of some Fighting French. Humphrey Bogart, Claude Rains, Michèle Morgan, and Sydney Greenstreet. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

THE PURPLE HEART—Realistic, if slow, fictionization of the fate of the Tokio fliers. Dana Andrews, Sam Levene, Farley Granger, and John Craven. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

SAHARA—The adventures of some men and a tank in North Africa. Humphrey Bogart, Rex Ingram, and J. Carrol Naish. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., March 11-13.)

THE SONG OF BERNADETTE—A nicely handled adaptation of Franz Werfel's book. The rôle of the girl who saw the visions at Lourdes is played by Jennifer Jones, and she is supported by Vincent Price, Gladys Cooper, and Lee J. Cobb. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

STANDING ROOM ONLY—A comedy, with some good moments, about housing and servant troubles in Washington. Fred MacMurray, Paulette Goddard, and Roland Young. (Criterion, B'way at 44; through Mon., March 13.)

UP IN ARMS—Danny Kaye in the Army, with a faint plot also involving Dana Andrews, Dinah Shore, and Constance Dowling. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

REVIVALS

CRAIG'S WIFE (1936)—Rosalind Russell as the lady who loved her house more than her husband. With John Boles. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., March 9.)

CRIME WITHOUT PASSION (1934)—The Hecht-MacArthur film of night life and murder. Claude Rains. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Fri., March 10.)

THE GIRL IN THE NEWS (1941)—Margaret Lockwood and Emlyn Williams in a Carol Reed mystery about a trained nurse. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., March 10-13.)

I MARRIED A WITCH (1942)—About a man who married a witch. Veronica Lake and Fredric March. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. through Fri., March 15-17.)

THE LADY VANISHES (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Paul Lukas. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., March 9.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM (1935)—Shakespeare, James Cagney, Dick Powell, Olivia de Havilland, and Mickey Rooney. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., March 10. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., March 12-13.)

MY FAVORITE WIFE (1940)—Irene Dunne leaves, and comes back to, Cary Grant. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., March 9.)

THE SCOUNDREL (1935)—Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, and Alexander Woollcott in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of a phantom publisher. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Fri., March 10.)

SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS (1930)—Best-known early René Clair film. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Wed. through Fri., March 15-17.)

STAGE DOOR (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Manhattan, B'way at 51; through Thurs., March 16.)

TWO HEARTS IN WALTZ TIME (1930)—The Viennese operetta. In German. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Thurs., March 16.)

NOTE—Films at the Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—"Desert Victory," the British documentary film about Montgomery's North African campaign, will be shown weekdays at 1 P.M., through Sat., March 18. . . . The regular series of old motion pictures will continue to be shown weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M., on the following schedule—**THURS., MARCH 9:** "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928), French film. **FRI. AND SAT., MARCH 10-11:** "Chapayev" (1934), Russian film, directed by Sergei and

VERTÈS' JUNGLE FANTASY BY

Wesley Simpson

Vertès' gay, imaginative touch distinguishes this light-hearted print with its ingratiating little zebras. From the exciting collections of Wesley Simpson Custom Fabrics. About $3.00 a yard. Vogue Pattern #5085.

THE DOORWAY TO FASHION

Wesley Simpson Custom Fabrics

HAT BY JOHN-FREDERICS

HOYNINGEN-HUENE

CUSTOM FABRICS, INC. • 215 West 40th Street, New York 18, N. Y.

Breathless
by
CHARBERT
Breathless
CHARBERT

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Georgi Vasilyev. **SUN. AND MON., MARCH 12-13:** "The Youth of Maxim" (1935), Russian film. **TUES. AND WED., MARCH 14-15:** "Alexander Nevsky" (1938), Russian film, directed by S. M. Eisenstein. **THURS. AND FRI., MARCH 16-17:** "Male and Female" (1919), with Lila Lee, Thomas Meighan, and Gloria Swanson. **FROM SAT., MARCH 18:** "The Mark of Zorro" (1920), with Douglas Fairbanks.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE,** 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7300): men to take an eight-week part-time course, and then serve two four-hour shifts a week in the City Patrol Corps; men and women who, after taking a short training course, can work five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores. . . . **RED CROSS,** 315 Lexington, at 38th (MU 4-4455): women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day filling kits for servicemen to take overseas; women to take a seven-week part-time course and then work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES,** 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487): women to spend as much time as they can spare in A.W.V.S. work shops making layettes and children's clothes for Army and Navy relief; women to take a short training course and then aid in the rehabilitation program for men who have been discharged from the armed forces. . . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND,** 370 Lexington, at 41st (CA 5-7150): women to take a six-week part-time training course and then serve at least six hours a week, during the day, as librarians in hospitals; men to serve in hospitals during the day or evening as messengers, elevator operators, porters, and dietary aides.

Salvage—Tin cans and wastepaper of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily-handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two meat-ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him.

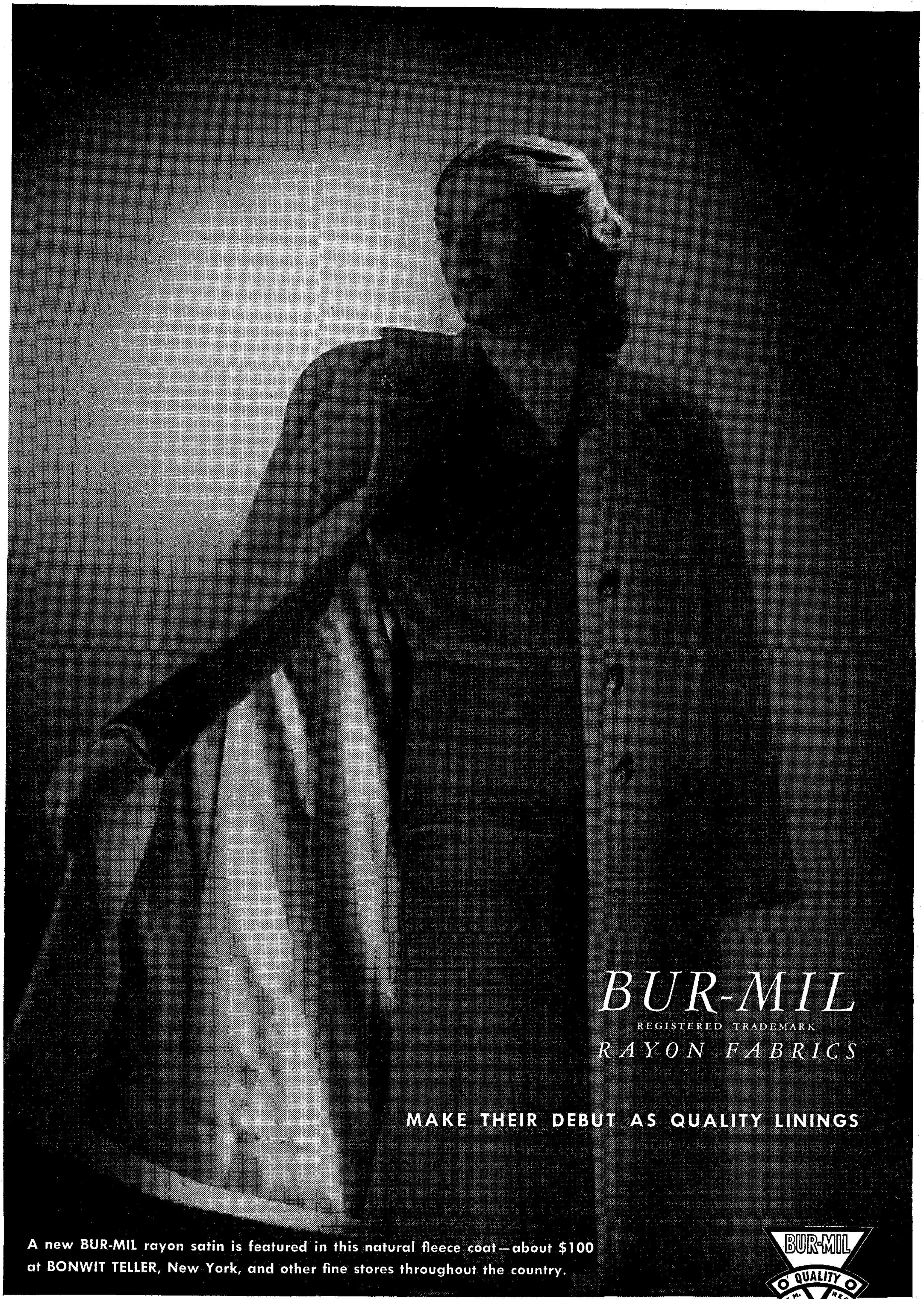
Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

Gifts, Loans, Etc.—The Special Service Supply Branch of the New York Port of Embarkation has sent out a call for pianos, which they will pick up, recondition, and send to service hospitals overseas. If you have one to give, call TR 5-8757, Ext. 15. . . . The Manhattan C.D.V.O., 155 E. 44th (PL 5-7300, Ext. 5), wants to collect fifty thousand books for servicemen in this country. If you have fifty or more books to give, the C.D.V.O. will pick them up; smaller contributions should be delivered to the office. . . . Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Navy still needs Zeiss or Bausch & Lomb binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park, at 46th (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the specifications. . . . Broken and worn-out phonograph records are being collected by Records for Our Fighting Men, Inc., which will sell them for scrap and buy new records to send to service camps both here and abroad. For the address of the nearest receiving centre, call LE 2-0886. . . . The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute any recreational equipment which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen. At the moment there is a demand for furniture, portable phonographs, and radios. If the radios and phonographs are not in good repair, the A.W.V.S. will fix them up. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is reconditioning musical instruments (drums, cymbals, and accordions are especially wanted) to be sent to military and naval hospitals in this country. Anyone wishing to contribute should call RE 4-2410. . . . The War Emergency Board of the Fur Industry converts discarded furs, no matter how old, into vests for members of the Merchant Marine. The furs should be sent to the Fur Vest Project, 135 W. 26th (PE 6-4789).

Young-Timers "Gentleman's Coat"
for a "Gentleman's Lady"
shetland wool...red, navy, black...$35

Sizes 9 to 17.

Young-Timers
Fourth Floor
Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY



BUR-MIL
REGISTERED TRADEMARK
RAYON FABRICS

MAKE THEIR DEBUT AS QUALITY LININGS

A new BUR-MIL rayon satin is featured in this natural fleece coat—about $100 at BONWIT TELLER, New York, and other fine stores throughout the country.

BUR-MIL
QUALITY
T.M. REG.

BUR-MIL Fabrics are Sold by Converters Licensed by

BURLINGTON MILLS CORPORATION OF NEW YORK • 450 SEVENTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Feather Touch

SENSITIVE SKIN CLEANSER

Cleanses your sensitive skin gently.. beautifully.. quickly

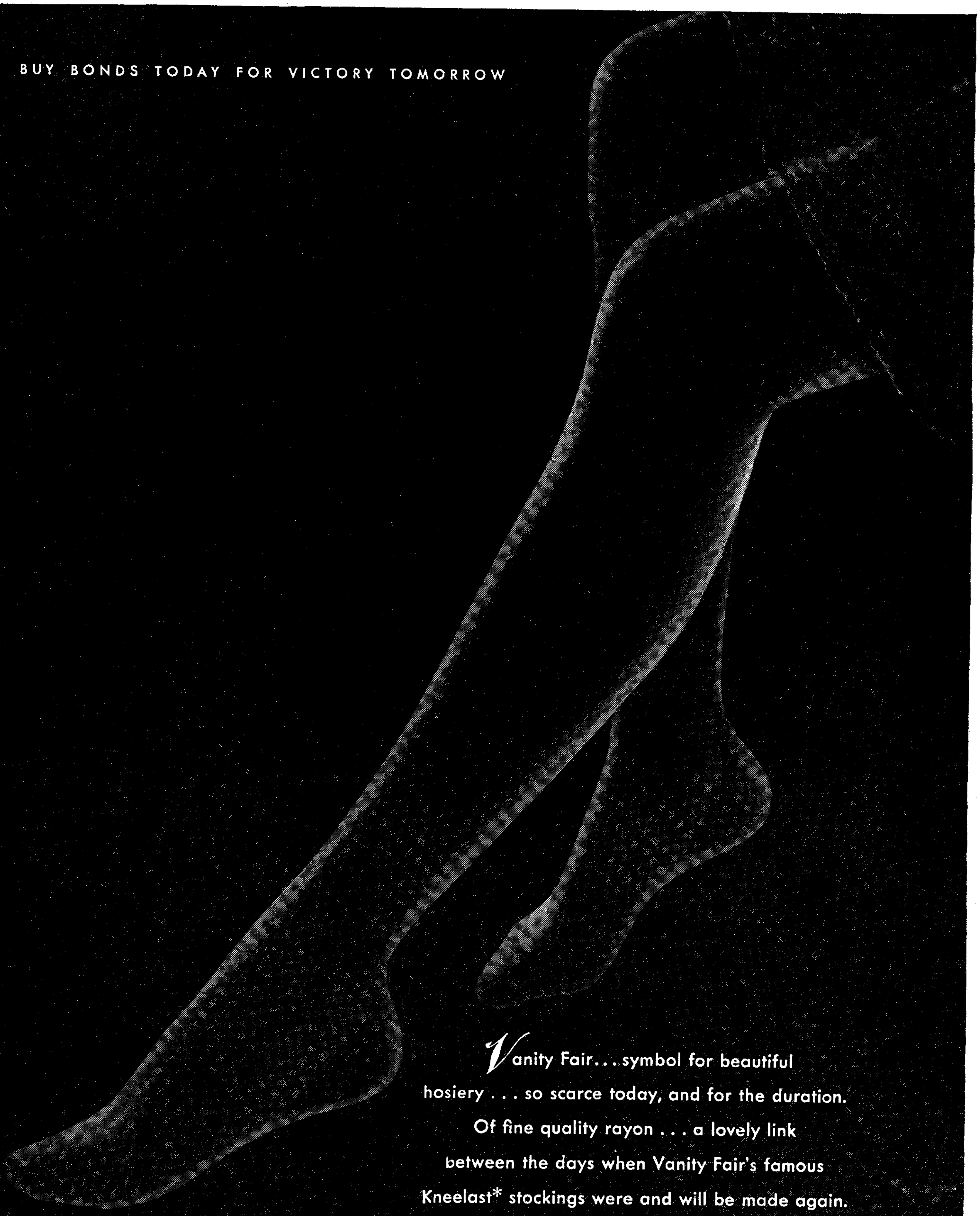
Because it's liquid . . . *creamy liquid* . . . Feather Touch penetrates . . . cleanses . . . the moment it touches your sensitive skin. No rubbing . . . no massaging . . . no waiting for it to melt. Easy to apply . . . quicker to remove . . . this finer creamy liquid way.

Charles of the Ritz

DISTINGUISHED FOR HAND-BLENDED POWDER AND EXQUISITE COSMETICS

$1.25, 2.25, 4.00 the bottle
At Fine Stores

BUY BONDS TODAY FOR VICTORY TOMORROW



Vanity Fair... symbol for beautiful hosiery . . . so scarce today, and for the duration. Of fine quality rayon . . . a lovely link between the days when Vanity Fair's famous Kneelast* stockings were and will be made again.

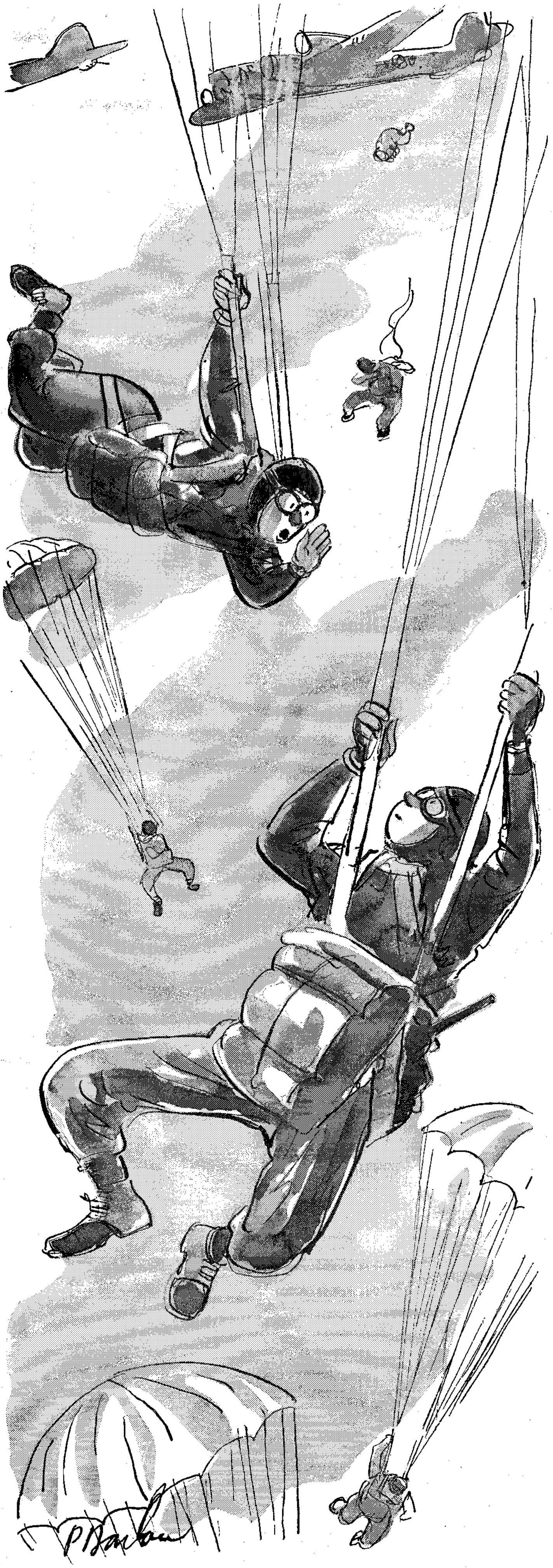
Vanity Fair

VANITY FAIR MILLS, INC. READING, PA.

HUTCHINSON

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

I said, "What are your post-war aims?"



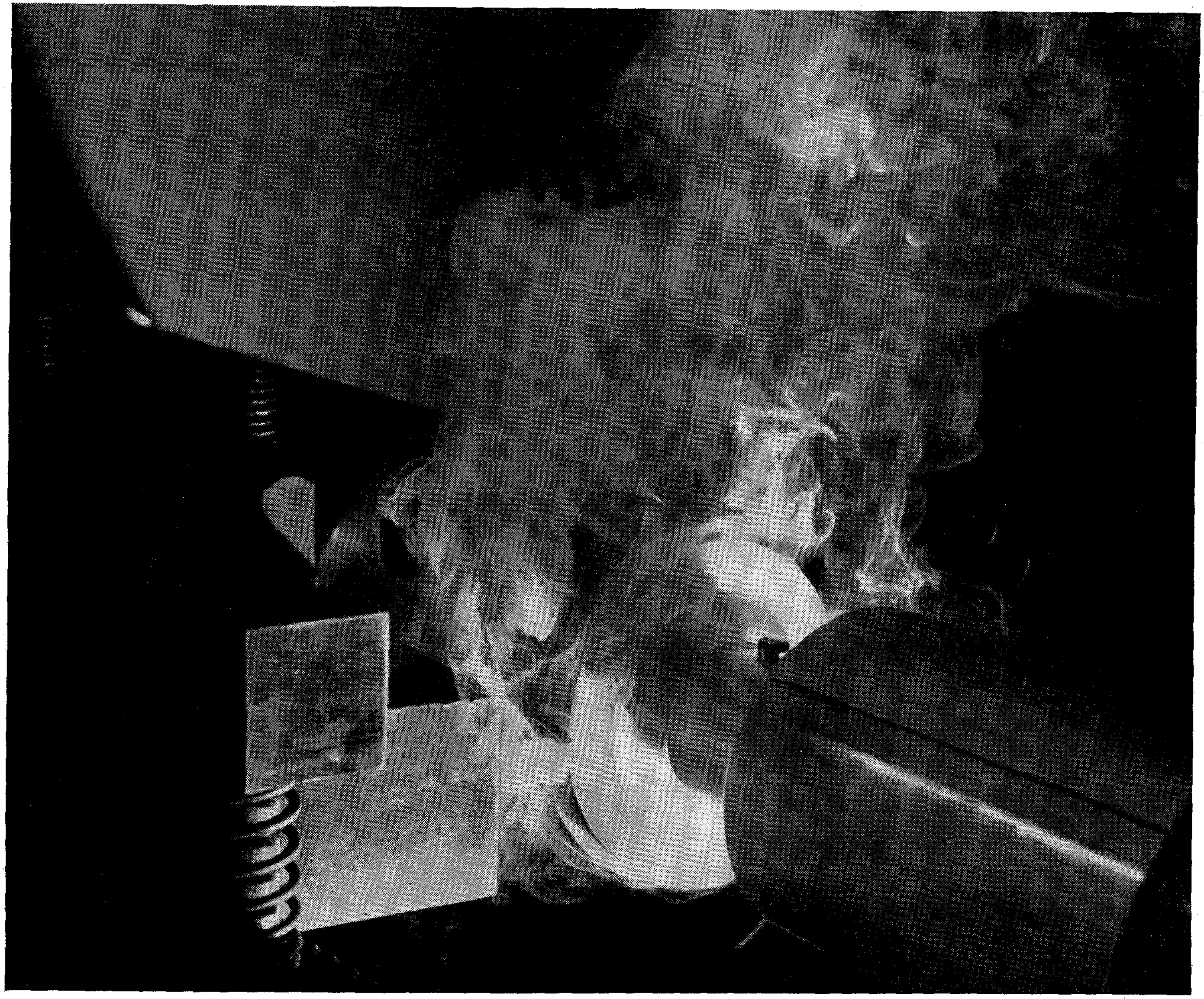
Just so long as his rip cord works, we imagine this particular private is going to be pretty content with the world for all time. But if you can believe the majority of institutional ads appearing in the magazines today, most of our ten million men in uniform spend a large part of their waking hours talking in well-turned phrases of their personal post-war aims.

It's our guess, however, that the things they want after the war are things they are inarticulate about. Things like a chance to get back and make up for lost time...fast! To do a whale of a sight better than their parents did. To live better...and bring their children up to have an appreciation of good things.

Helping America live better...in better surroundings at work or at home...has been a Sloane tradition. It's our job today, even in the midst of fitting out Liberty ships as fast as they're fed to us. It's our job for the future, when freedom from war work will let us turn our full energies towards the job.

W & J SLOANE

575 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Finish the Fight with War Bonds

Smoke of Battle

That smoke you are looking at is *battle smoke* . . . it symbolizes America's desperate need for more and still more airplanes.

And it stands also for the drive, the energy and the enthusiasm with which the men and women at Boeing are turning raw materials into finished Flying Fortresses in the briefest possible time.

Each month since the war began, Boeing production has consistently ranked highest or among the highest of all aircraft builders in pounds of completed airplanes per employee and per square foot of floor area. Today's rate of production is 12 times what it was the month before Pearl Harbor.

You are looking directly at one of the reasons. Boeing gets good machines, in most cases oversized and overpowered, and then works them to the limit. There is no coasting, no babying. Whereas, under different circumstances, smoke might be indicative of poor operating practices, here it is significant of the intensified rate of Boeing production.

Many of Boeing's production methods are helping other companies speed their output as well. Under a co-operative arrangement, Douglas and Lockheed are also building Boeing Flying Fortresses, and Boeing has turned over to them complete engineering and production information.

When the war ends, Boeing skills in research, design, engineering and manufacture will be devoted once more to peacetime products. And you can be very sure that any product "Built by Boeing" is bound to be good.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE NEW B-29 SUPERFORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • TRANSOCEAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

THE NEW YORKER

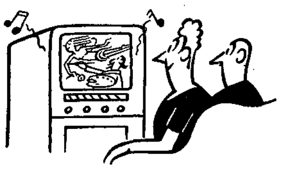
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SOMETIMES the Patterson-McCormick press, which believes that America is round, puts things more succinctly than those of us who are not so sure. The *News* carried a piece the other day from its Washington man, John O'Donnell, which rather struck us by the simple directness of its style. "In World War I," wrote Mr. O'Donnell, "Woodrow Wilson was permitted to pose before the world as the official spokesman for this nation, until after victory. Then Congress promptly whittled the sainted Woodrow down to size and gave the nations of the world a lesson in American government . . ."

We don't see how the thing could be put any clearer than that. Limpid is the word for such prose.

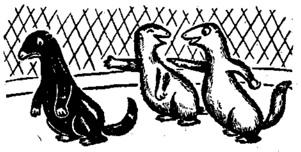
THE postwar future of television is somewhat out of focus but nevertheless exciting, like the image on a present-day receiving-set screen. A zealot who attended a round-table discussion of this topic reports that one of the big problems, that of supplying a visual angle to musical entertainment, has been solved. There are, in fact, a couple of solutions. It has been suggested that, in the case of recorded programs, a motion picture of a dancer or skater be superimposed on a view of the record revolving on the turntable, and, for flesh-and-blood symphonic performances, one executive is toying with the idea of engaging a staff artist to paint extemporaneous pictures similar in mood to the music—"preferably *not* modernistic," he added. The automobile radio will be supplanted by television, one screen on the dashboard, one for the occupants of the back seat. To prevent the driver's killing himself and everybody else around, his screen will be set up in such a manner that it will go blank as soon as the car starts moving. Makes us go blank just to think about it.



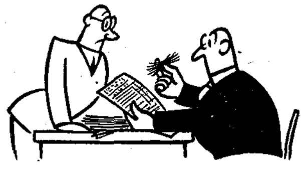
WE asked a man back from North Africa what North Africa was like, not being able to think of any sensible question. He surprised us by giving a direct answer. "Like Washington," he said. "Hard to get a decent place to live, everybody rather busy." We were glad we asked; it's nice to have a clear picture of the place.

MAN, as near as we can discover, is undertaking to turn all the smaller fur-bearing animals a light shade of blue. Ten years ago, in Norway, somebody came upon a mutation of the silver fox which had prominent blue-gray markings and which came to be called the platina. Since then fox breeders all over the world have been wheedling and bullying the silver fox into reproducing platinas. Now, apparently, the same thing has happened to the mink. We have on our desk a publicity release which says that a number of American fur farmers have succeeded in turning out a new brand of mink called the "silverblu platinum." Mr. I. J. Fox, according to the release, has bought at auction a bunch of skins which are "beautifully marked in platinum with a bluish undertone and represent an entirely new mutation of mink." The release goes on to say, "It has taken breeders a period of eight years of careful supervision and elimination of brown mink animals that deviated in any way from the desired strain to attain the perfection and color of the silverblu platinum."

Apparently, as in the case of the silver fox, a couple of minks produced one mutated offspring and before they could drown it, Man had his foot in the door. Now, we doubt that blue, or even blu, will be nearly as satisfactory, from the standpoint of protective coloring, as brown. We doubt that a mink will feel at ease with blue fur. On the other hand, we doubt that it makes much difference now. The mink and the silver fox are done for. Our advice to squirrels, muskrats, beavers, otters, and the rest, though, is to watch their step.



TAXPAYERS struggling to get their forms filled out by March 15th might be interested in the results of a survey of taxpaying last year just concluded by a scholarly C. P. A. we know. He reports that 1943 was a fair year, all things considered. The income-tax blanks drove only two people to suicide, as far as he could learn—both in California. One was a man who filled out his statement, left a note reading "I think I am going crazy," and shot himself; the other was a man who killed his wife and himself with a rifle, leaving his blank tax form on the table as his last message to the world. Several people, however, had to be committed to institutions, but, as our C. P. A. points out, it is always difficult to know whether there were other contributing factors. A man in Toledo enclosed a tuft of hair with his return, explaining in a note that he had torn it out while figuring his tax, and a



man in New Jersey filled out the entire blank in what was apparently his own blood. (A taxpayer in London, incidentally, was fined two shillings, under a 1745 statute, for "tossing money at a tax collector with a profane comment.") To balance the gloom, our C. P. A. was eager to report a few good signs. A man in Illinois brought his tax collector a box of candy, "to keep him smiling," a crowd of taxpayers in Los Angeles sang "Happy Birthday to You" to their collector, and a woman in Baltimore mailed in her return in a handmade black mahogany frame.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The senior unclaimed item in the lost-and-found department of the Women's Military Service Club, on Madison Avenue, is a lady's gold wedding ring.

Mr. John Robert Powers, the models' agent, gives a course in charm and deportment for young ladies. An important part of the curriculum is instruction in entering and leaving a rumble seat. May come in handy after the war.

The men in the Naval Training School at Harvard march to and from classes to the cadence of a metronome, set at sixty ticks a minute, which is broadcast through a P. A. system.

Early

LAST week brought a welter of confusion to people staying at the Ritz-Carlton, and we confidently predict sporadic all-year confusion among people who have stayed at the Ritz during the last couple of months and gone off with one of the blotters from their writing desks. The blotter has a trim, convenient calendar on the back of it. It's a 1944 calendar, perfect in every respect through February 28th. It ignores February 29th, and from March 1st on it's cockeyed by one day. Everybody with a 1944 Ritz calendar is one day ahead. Song cue: "When It's Sunday at the Plaza, It's Monday at the Ritz."

Lyric Tenor

IF you point your finger at an average citizen and say, "Name a jockey," the chances are that he will come back with "Earl Sande," just as he would name Dempsey or Babe Ruth if you asked for a prizefighter or a baseball player. When you stop to think, you realize that Sande hasn't been a jockey for quite a few years. He retired—or, as the boys say, hung up his tack—after the season of 1932. He was then thirty-four (which is pretty old for a jockey), he was having trouble keeping his weight down, and in his last year he had ridden in only seventy-eight races and won only thirteen. This, of course, compared quite unfavorably with his over-all record of five thousand starts and nearly a thousand wins in twelve seasons. He has always been a little irked by the fact that he rode only nine hundred and seventy-two winners; he'd hoped to make it an even thousand. Another thing he broods about now and then is never having ridden a winner in the Futurity, the most important event for two-year-olds.

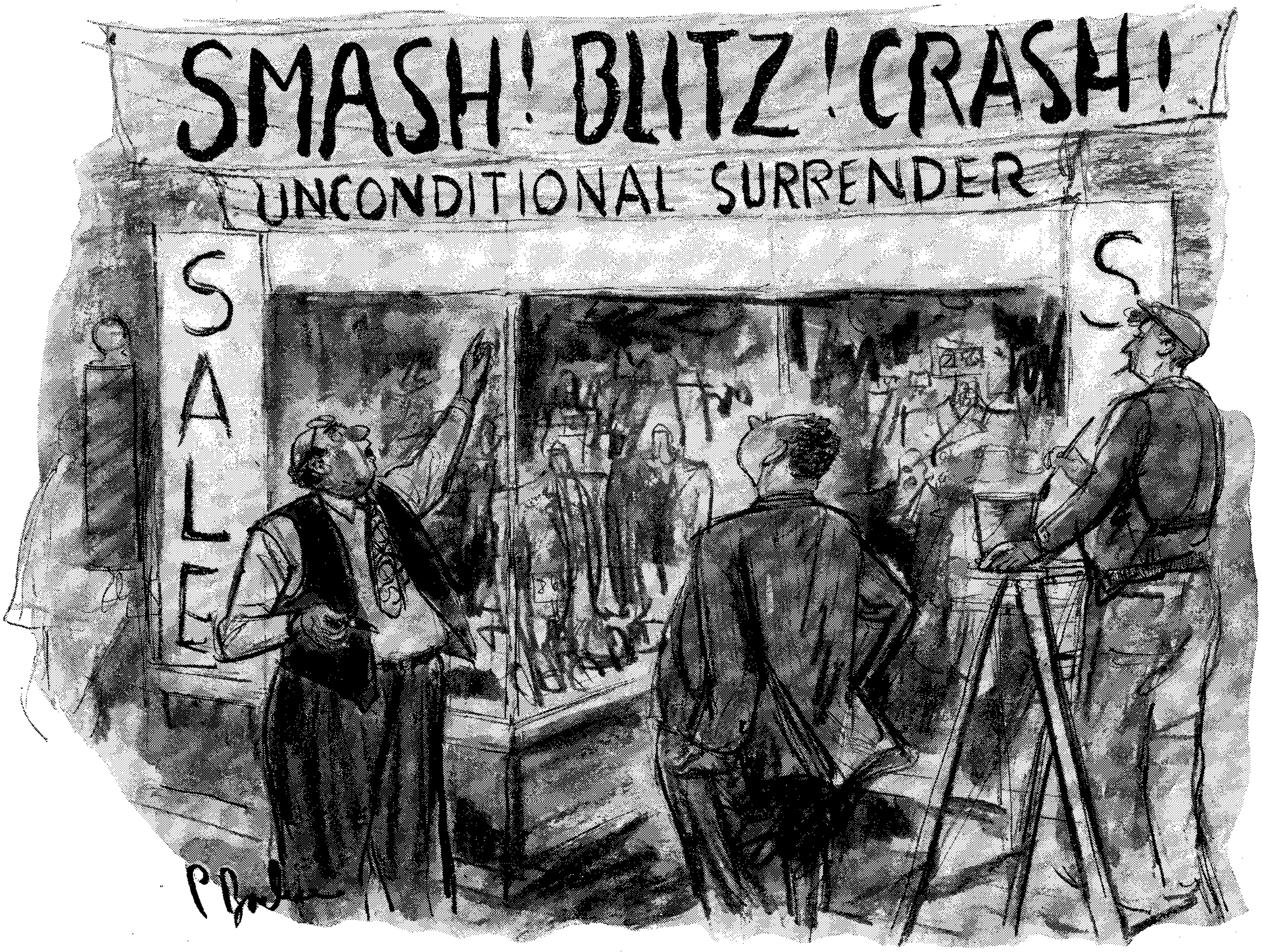
By and large, however, Sande's life is a good deal happier and busier than that of the average retired athlete. Since 1933 he has been training horses for a sportsman named Maxwell Howard, who is a paper manufacturer of Dayton, Ohio. Sande and his wife—she was the widow of a jockey named Clarence Kummer, an old friend of Sande's—are wintering in Forest Hills, handy to Belmont Park, where the eighteen Howard horses are quartered. Sande leaves his apartment around seven in the morning, drives in a station wagon to Belmont, and spends the morning supervising the exercising and care of the thoroughbreds. Although it's no part of a trainer's work, he rides a couple of horses himself; stable boys are scarce, and anyway he likes the exercise. He leaves the track at lunchtime and returns at four in the afternoon to see that his horses are fed and groomed and bedded down for the night. A trainer is usually paid a salary plus a ten-per-cent commission on the stable's winnings, which, with luck, can amount to quite a sum. Of course, racing folk invariably rely on their luck being good. Sande's best year as a trainer was 1938, when four of his horses piled up prize money totalling $226,495. One of these was the famous Stagehand. Stagehand won a $50,000 race and a $100,000 race in a fortnight and was the favorite in that year's Derby. However, he caught coughing sickness, an equine version of influenza, and couldn't run, and the following spring was disabled in the Widener Handicap.

Sande had quite a tidy fortune by 1928, when he temporarily laid off, but in addition to the bad luck that befell everybody the following year, he had his own special bad break; Nassak, a three-year-old he had bought for $35,000, went lame at the end of the season. In 1930, Sande went back to riding and, on Gallant Fox, won nine out of ten starts. That was his last good season. He laid off again for most of 1931, and at the end of 1932 found it too hard to make the weight and really retired. Now he eats and drinks as he pleases, weighs a hundred and twenty-six, and, according to people who knew him when he was riding, looks a good deal younger. No more strain, no more worries about gaining four pounds just before a big race. Some years ago Sande went in for voice culture and plugged away at his scales until he attained a lyric tenor of near-professional quality. He has been on the radio and sung at night clubs, and still obliges at banquets and other gatherings of horsy folk. His favorite number is "Home on the Range."

International Incident

THE Reverend Gerald Winrod, now under indictment for sedition, publishes a perverse little magazine called the *Defender*. In the issue of January, 1944, there appears an article entitled "Saul—First King of Israel," signed "Hon. Conrad H. Unger, English Consul, Baltimore, Maryland." This was called to the attention of the British Embassy, on the theory that, although the article itself was an innocuous Biblical study, it appeared in rather strange surroundings. The Embassy reported that no consul named Unger was on its roster. Further investigation by the American authorities brought to light the fact that Mr. Unger

CENTRAL RR OF NEW JERSEY
LINES — BALTIMORE & OHIO
FERRY TO NEW JERSEY
funk



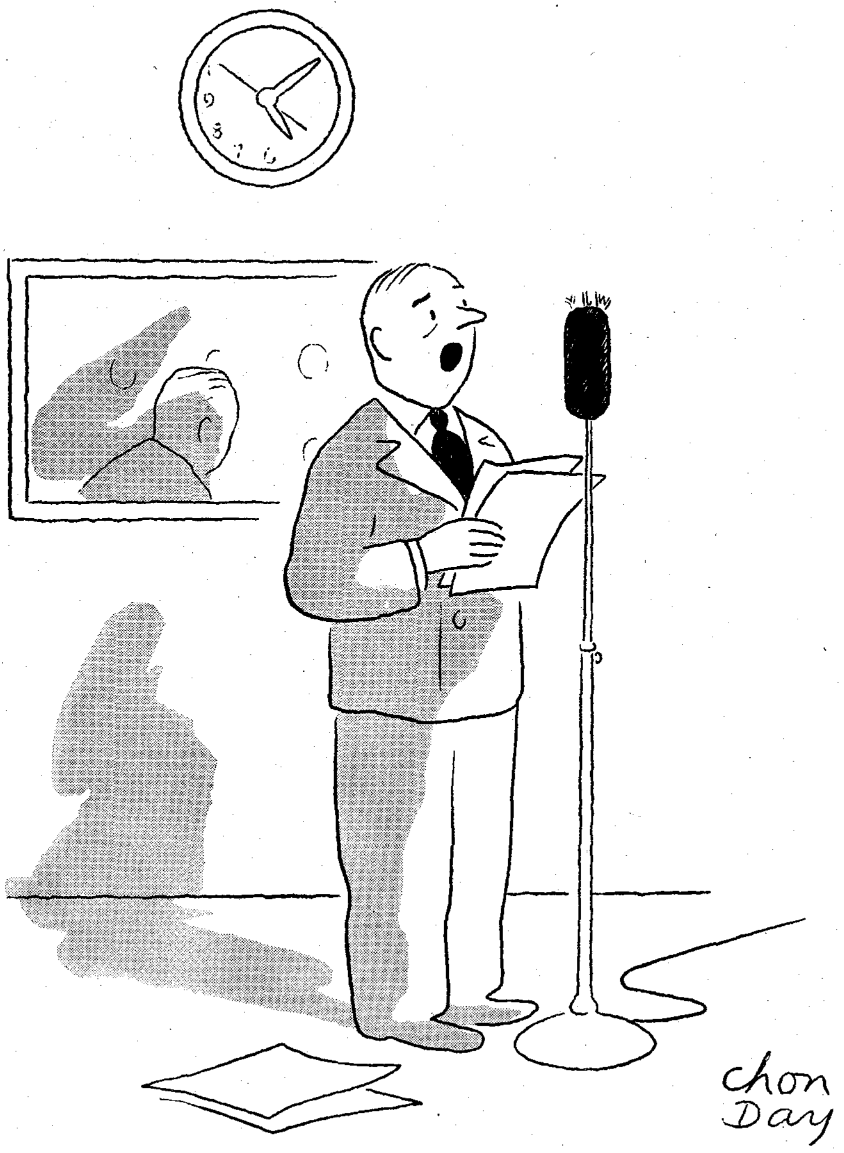
"Look! I got another idea. Right here we say, 'Goldman stops inflation! Look at these prices!'"

is not a diplomat; he simply lives in English Consul, a little suburb of Baltimore so obscure that it doesn't even appear in the *Postal Guide.*

Our Own Baedeker

BURMA, which has been getting into the war news again, is a tropical country comparable with Texas in area and New York State in population. Topographically, it consists of a wide and fertile valley, through which flows the Irrawaddy River, sandwiched between two mountain ranges only a little less impressive than our Rockies. The mountains represent the southern end of the Himalayas. The British used to classify Burma as a province of India, but in 1937 she was given the status of a crown colony, with a separate administration. This was logical simply on geographical grounds, since Burma is cut off from India by mountains and water. Burma is mainly agricultural, only two cities—Rangoon and Mandalay—having populations of more than a hundred thousand. Matter of fact, Burma is one of the very few places in Asia that produce more food than the population requires. The cash crop is rice, and in normal times three million tons a year are shipped out of Rangoon. Burmese rubies are famous among people who can afford rubies, and there are other valuable minerals; before the war, the greater part of Britain's tungsten came from there, as well as a lot of lead and silver. The only requisite of modern industrial civilization lacking in Burma is coal. This may, after all, be a good thing for Burma.

The average Burmese is a stocky, well-muscled chap with a brown skin and slanting eyes, which indicate Mongoloid origin. (The people of India are round-eyed and, in the non-Hitlerian sense, Aryan.) Judging by the latest available records, a Burmese is more than twice as likely to commit murder as a resident of New York City. *Seik htoo de*—quick temper—is responsible for this failing. Somebody once called the Burmese the Irish of the East. They smoke cigarettes two feet long and two inches in diameter, which they employ as shillelaghs when their temper is roused. The men like to be tattooed, and both sexes used to chew betel nut, which stains the teeth, until the British toothpaste advertisements made them self-conscious. The Burmese bathe daily and have a keen sense of humor, which came in handy some years back when an official in the British administration circulated a pamphlet urging them to bathe three times a week. A girl born on Sunday is supposed to marry a man born on Tuesday, but otherwise the Burmese ladies are emancipated. There were, just before the war, a hundred and twenty-one licensed opium joints in Burma. Opium smoking is in disfavor, however, and drinking is generally moderate. The natives are mainly



"And just remember, folks, that that delicious cereal, SPEPS—S-P-E-P-S—is doubly good, for when spelled backwards it remains the same delicious, wholesome, vitamin-bearing SPEPS!"

• •

Buddhists, with special quirks of their own. Some of the hillbilly Buddhists, for instance, believe in *nats*, or evil spirits. To propitiate the *nats*, they drive bamboo stakes into the ground for them to sit on when weary. They have figured out, perhaps somewhat arbitrarily, that one stake will comfortably accommodate a thousand *nats*. The language consists of monosyllables, different meanings being given to the same syllable by varying the sound and emphasis. The written language is not unlike Tibetan (if that helps) and is based on an alphabet consisting of ten vowels and thirty-two consonants. The script is made up of combinations of whole and broken circles. Occidentals find it about as hard as Russian. There are a hundred and twenty-six local dialects, which is par for the Orient.

Burma has three kinds of weather: cool and dry, hot and dry, and hot and rainy. The hot-and-dry season is just setting in, and will continue through May, when the rains will start. They will continue until October, when the cool, dry weather sets in. The first lemon came from Burma, which is also the habitat of the smallest aquatic mammal in the world, a water shrew. There are also deer that bark. The chaulmoogra tree, an extract of which is a remedy for leprosy, grows in Burma, and some of the wild honey there is poisonous: that made from the rhododendron, which has a toxic effect resembling alcohol poisoning. In the northwest part of Burma there are practically perpetual earthquakes. One English traveller we know personally, after counting fifteen shocks in a single day, called up Thos. Cook & Son and arranged to get the hell out of there. There are a lot of pretty butterflies in Burma, but the Burmese never try to catch them. They believe that butterflies are the souls of people who are asleep, and that the sleeper would die if the butterfly were trapped. For the same reason, they won't wake a person suddenly, on the theory that the butterfly may be too far away to get back in time.

Backstage

AN Army wife, house-hunting in Richmond, Virginia, came across a wonderful old pre-Selznick Southern mansion and signed up without looking much beyond the stately pillared portico. After she moved in, however, she found, in back of the old panelled library and the old chandeliered drawing room, a kitchen inches deep in a variety of old dirt and remnants of bountiful Southern meals. There were even mouse tracks in the stove. She made for the telephone and poured out the horrid story to the lady who owned the place. There was a heavy silence before she replied, in a voice laden with magnolia-scented disdain, "You mean you went *in* the kitchen?"

Conversation Piece

BY way of background to this story, you have to be told that the lad who figures in it is the son of a man in the distilling business and is a Boy Scout. Recently he made an all-day train journey to visit his grandmother. When he arrived, wearing his Scout uniform, complete with whistle, hatchet, and other equipment, Grandma asked him if he had had a good time on the train, and he said yes, he had. He'd spent most of the time talking to other people, he added. "Goodness!" she exclaimed, filled with admiration at this savoir-faire. "How did you manage to strike up all these conversations?" "It was easy," he told her. "I just went up to them and asked what their favorite whiskey was."

Freschi

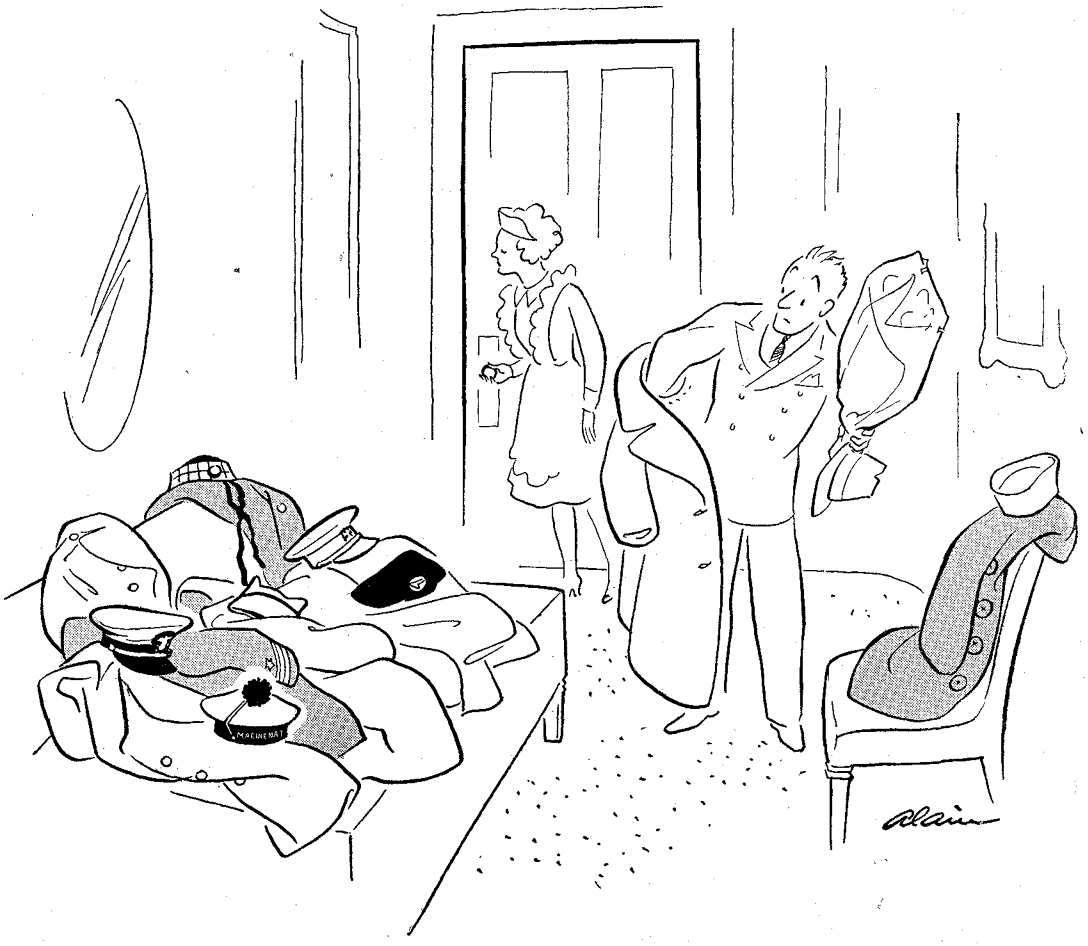
WE have had a little interview with Judge John J. Freschi, the judge in the Lonergan case, and he told us, "Whenever I feel as if I might get hysterical over a mess, I just remember Abraham Lincoln. After all, Lincoln had his troubles, and did *he* get hysterical?" Judge Freschi—you pronounce it "Fresky"—has an oratorical, somewhat belligerent manner. This is left over, he says, from his earlier career as a trial lawyer. "Know what a trial lawyer's like?" he asked. "A general, that's what—marshalling facts and firing them like ammunition. And who ever got over once having been a general?" The Judge is an N.Y.U. Law School man, class of 1898. He has spent more time on the bench than in private practice. From 1910 to 1915 he was a magistrate, and from 1915 to 1925 he sat in the Court of Special Sessions. "In those ten years I bet I glowered down at more shoplifters than *you* ever saw in your life," he challenged us, reasonably enough. Mayor Hylan did not reappoint him in 1925, and he went back to private practice until 1930, when Jimmy Walker restored him to the Court of Special Sessions. A year later Governor Roosevelt appointed him to the Court of General Sessions to fill out the term of a deceased justice, and later that year he was elected to the job on his own, with the endorsement of both Democrats and Republicans. The Court of General Sessions tries only criminal cases, and Judge Freschi has found that about all you learn there is the depths of human wickedness. "All I learn from my cases is not to go down dark streets at night" is what he actually said.

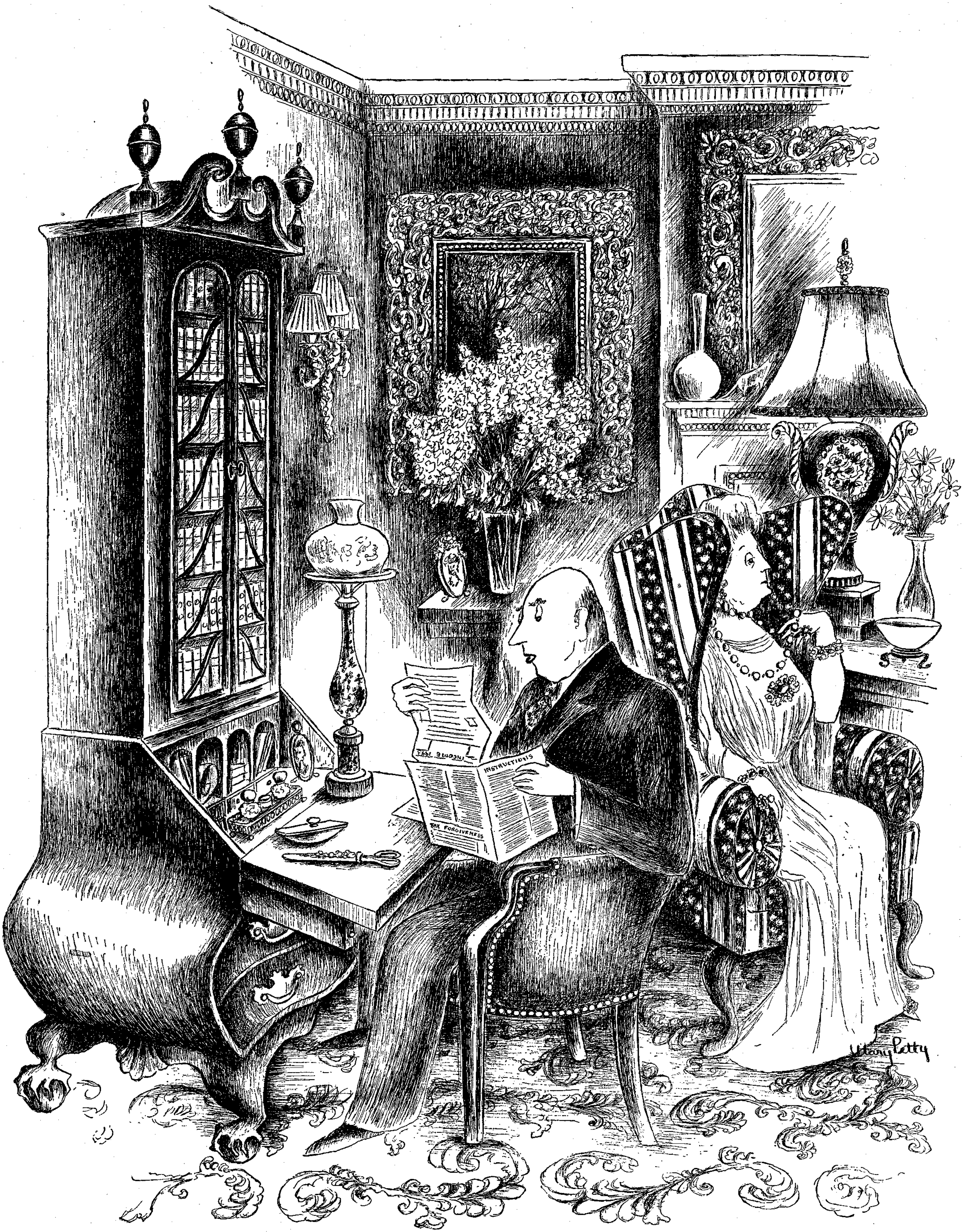
Judge Freschi's father emigrated to this country from Palermo nearly a hundred years ago, after fighting on the losing side in the insurrection of 1848. He married a girl from Rome whom he met in Brooklyn, and the subject of this sketch was born to them in 1876, while his parents were doing the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition. (He was actually born inside the Fair grounds.) Judge Freschi is proud of his Italian background and has spent a lot of time whooping it up for Italian-American relations, serving as state chairman of the Sons of Italy in America, helping raise money for the Italian House at Columbia, appearing at Congressional hearings to urge more liberal immigration laws, and getting Columbus Day accepted as a legal holiday. He appears to be proudest of this last accomplishment. "Guess what Columbus Day was when we started in, forty years ago!" he exclaimed. "A half-holiday in the state of Colorado! Do you know how many states it's a holiday in now, thanks to our pointing out this omission? Thirty-seven states. Got it through for New York in 1910. Got it through the Congress of the United States a couple of years ago, maybe not as a national holiday but as a holiday the President can declare any time he wants to." When a sprig of thirty-one, Freschi served as a delegate to the Democratic National Convention, held in Denver, which nominated Bryan for the last time. "A great man, far ahead of his time!" the Judge told us. "Why, he could stand on the platform at Madison Square Garden and be heard to the top of the gallery. *Way* ahead of his time."

The toughest case Judge Freschi ever tried was something he remembers as the Mortgage Case, in which certain officers of certain mortgage companies were accused of making false statements about certain mortgage certificates. "Data, documents, graphs, depositions—I will not even try to explain it to you," the Judge said. "Before it was over, I was wishing I was in Palermo, Italy." A couple of years ago he sentenced the late Lepke on an extortion rap. "Kind of a futile proposition," he said modestly. "I sentenced him to the forty years to follow the death penalty." Incidentally, we're informed that Judge Freschi is noted for the time he consumes when sentencing prisoners. Once he started at ten-thirty in the morning to sentence a parole violator to a year in prison and was still going strong at two-thirty in the afternoon, when the defense attorney got up and said, "May I inquire whether this is a sentence or a filibuster?"

Mufti

THERE'S a substantial family out Westchester way which has always been proud of its international ramifications. Among the ancestral portraits is that of a great-uncle who was a General von somebody under Bismarck. During the first World War, the portrait was interned in the attic, but this time they decided that something more drastic would have to be done. Accordingly, a portrait painter was called in to paint out Uncle Wilhelm's uniform and substitute white tie and tails. The old boy looks fine, we're told.




INSTRUCTIONS
TAX FORGIVENESS
Mary Petty

"The alternative? I understand it's a ten-thousand-dollar fine and five years in prison. We'd get out around 1949."

THE COLD WHITE COUNTRY

HE came toward Paul and Sylvia, thrusting forward with his knees in long glides, his olive-green trousers one long line from the narrow hips to the short thick boots. Under one arm he carried his ski poles and a tall staff with a cardboard sign fastened to the top. He stopped and planted the sign at the crest of the practice slope, forcing the staff deep in the snow. Then, with the ski poles upright on either side of him and his hands resting lightly in the straps, he stood for a second looking around. He wore no cap and his hair was black and thick and shiny, as though from oil. His face was sombre and disdainful, with a straight nose and wide sad lips. He had a red silk handkerchief knotted around his throat in the opening of his shirt and a dark-green sweater was tucked in where his belt drew his trousers taut at the waist. As he looked around, his body turning easily on his hips, he seemed to gaze right at Paul and Sylvia, his face impersonal, as though they were empty space; then, with a sudden pressure on his poles, he lifted his skis clear of the ground and headed them downhill, gliding away as swiftly and silently as a swallow flies.

Sylvia turned to her husband. He nodded appreciatively at her, then pointed to the sign on the crest of the slope: "Ski Class Meets Here."

"No wonder he's good," Paul said. "Where's the class?"

"Maybe it's too early," Sylvia said. Gripping her ski poles hard, she gave herself a push and suddenly felt the ground flying away from under her. In the flat light she couldn't see the gradations in the slope and without warning she was down, with the snow cold and wet up the sleeves of her jacket, the tip of one ski buried out of sight, anchoring her to the ground. She swore exuberantly and sat there a moment. Looking back, she could see Paul coming toward her, his legs apart and his shoulders bent, with his arms hanging down like a man carrying buckets of water.

"Darling," she called. "Oh darling, isn't it wonderful? Isn't it really wonderful?"

That was in the morning. They had come up from the city the night before for a five-day vacation, and they skied hard all that first day. Late in the afternoon they saw the ski instructor again. He was giving a lesson to two girls on a knoll near the practice slope. He stood leaning on a ski pole, watching his pupils plow down the incline, his voice exhorting them with a kind of angry patience to "Push forward the knees! Push forward the knees!"

The girls had disappeared when Sylvia and Paul went back to the inn. The short afternoon had turned to dusk and the mountains were sombre blue shapes, their outlines sharp against the mournful sky. Paul carried her skis and they were silent, listening to the sound of their footsteps on the snow. The path was dark and on either side the few pine trees were like a forest and there was a smell of wood smoke in the air. In the ski room they stood in front of the fireplace and held out their hands to the warmth and knocked their boots together, little pieces of caked snow dropping from them and melting in puddles on the hearth.

On the way to their room, Sylvia stopped at the desk and inquired about skiing lessons. Later, as they were having a drink in their room before dinner, she said, "Would you like to take lessons?"

"I don't know. I might," Paul said, "but I think I'd rather sleep in the mornings and get a little rest."

"Do you mind if I take some?"

"No, go ahead if you'd like." He started to dress and Sylvia lay on the bed, looking up at the dark square of the window. Outside, the country stretched white and quiet. She could hear footsteps crunching in the snow. It didn't matter that it was the end of the day. There would be tomorrow and the next day and two days after that.

THE ski instructor's name was Otto Prinz. He called Sylvia by her first name almost at once. "No, Sylvia, no!" he would yell, and she'd wonder what it was she was doing wrong now. She'd link three stem turns and then she'd find herself headed downhill, going too fast. When she started to get out of control he would shout, "Don't fall! *Don't* fall!" When she had climbed up to the crest of the slope again he'd say quietly, as though there were really no use in his telling her, "You didn't have your weight on your left foot at all," or "Don't bend out at the hips like this," and he would make himself look ridiculous, pushing out his behind. "Bend at the waist."

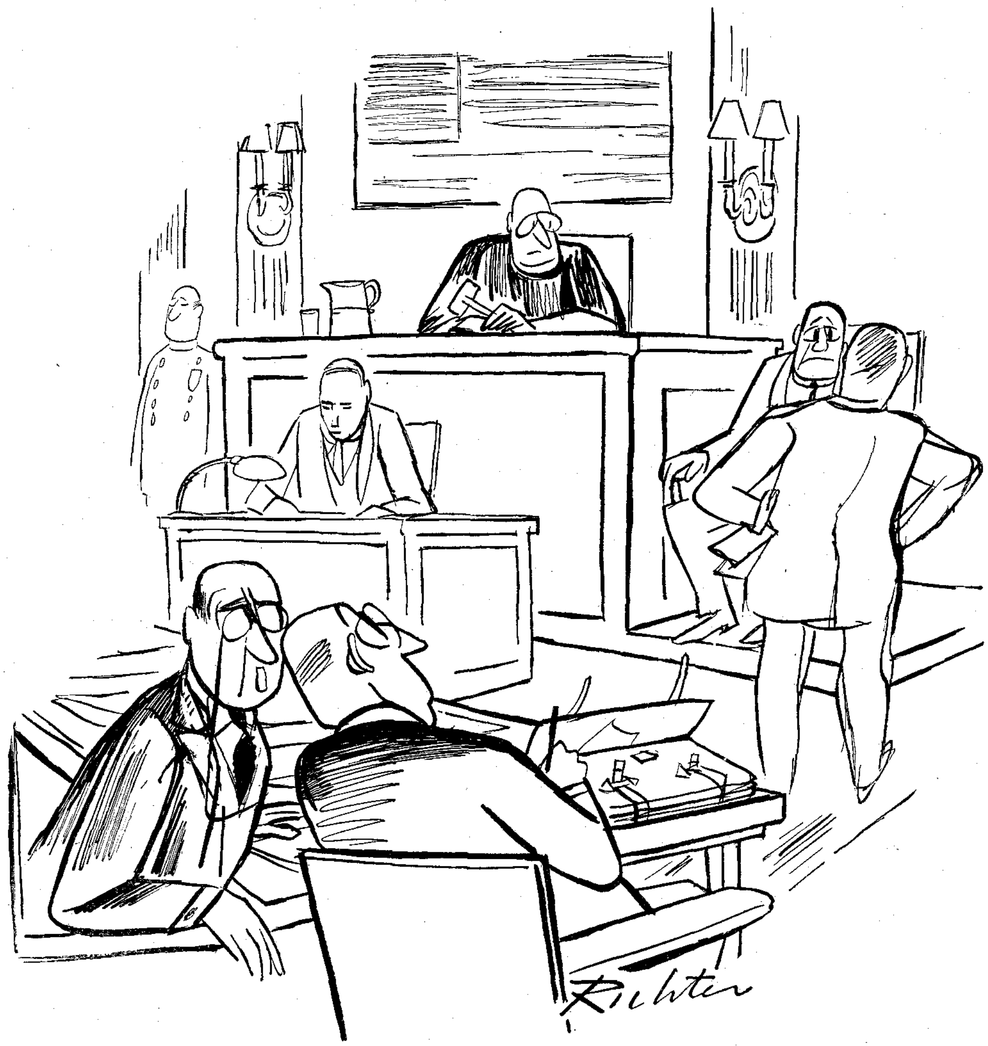
Although she had skied several weeks the winter before, this was the first time she had ever had a lesson. "I'm sorry," she'd say humbly, feeling graceless and stupid, and sometimes, when she was still climbing up the slope, she'd call out breathlessly, explaining what had gone wrong before he could tell her.

The next morning, when she awakened, she was filled with wonder and delight at how extraordinarily bright everything was. The reflection of the sun on the snow radiated brilliance everywhere. Even with the shades down, their room was light. She got up early and left Paul sleeping with a pillow over his head, one arm thrown up encircling it. In the ski room she stopped and looked at the enlarged photographs that covered the walls—enormous landscapes of snow-laden forests and mountains against dark, dramatic skies and pictures of young men, naked to the waist, with sun-bleached hair, leaning against the walls of what looked like doll houses, or sitting on balconies in the blazing sunlight drinking steins of beer, or looking as though they were going to leap straight out of the picture at her, their skis pulled up under them, their teeth white and gleaming in dark faces. Then she hurried to get out, and walked up the path to the practice slope, bareheaded in the sunlight, her skis heavy on her shoulder.

When the lesson was over, Prinz disappeared and she took her skis off and sat on the steps of the ski hut to rest. The snow on the roof was melting in the sun and she sat listening to the steady dripping. She wondered where Prinz was and if he had gone over to Badger Mountain to wipe out the boredom of the lesson by running some desperate trail where the danger was commensurate with his skill.

THE inn was almost empty and the third night after dinner Sylvia and Paul had the lounge to themselves. They sat in front of the fireplace with a bottle of Scotch and glasses and ice water on a tray beside them. When Prinz came in she knew at once that he would come over and speak to them.

"You should see your wife this morning," he said to Paul. "I got her working all the time." He cocked his head at her and laughed as though it was the funniest thing. She laughed, too. He stood in front of the fireplace, and



"You make the objection. My foot's asleep."

except that his trousers were black now, he was dressed as Sylvia had last seen him and his ears were bright as roses from the cold. Paul poured out a drink for him and he started to talk about skiing in the East.

"Here is not so much. These open slopes." He shrugged. "Of course, Badger Mountain, yes, there are some trails that are something, but in the West is better, almost as good as abroad."

His accent made him sound like a small boy talking baby talk. Even his sudden changes from a languid severity to an abrupt merriness, when he laughed at one of his own jokes, had the charming foolishness of a child. Sylvia found herself accepting him, believing that there was nothing in life so important as skiing and that he was the expert.

Going to bed that night, Paul said, "You know that story he told about himself, 'Buet whair ah ze mauntains!' —I read that somewhere. It was in an article about some other skier."

"Oh, he's probably a terrible fraud, don't you think?" Sylvia said.

The next morning, Paul got up early to go with her. They were going to a new slope that was steeper than the practice slope at the inn. Prinz met them in the ski room. He was brisk and gay and bundled them out to a station wagon standing in the roadway. Their footsteps squeaked on the hard-packed surface of the road as they fastened their skis in the car rack. When they were all settled in the front seat, Sylvia felt that it was like starting on a picnic. After the lesson she stood tired and shivering on the runout, waiting until it was time to go back for luncheon. Prinz went up the last trip of the tow and she and Paul watched him come down. He looked like someone dancing by himself, alone in a large place. As they drove back in the station wagon she watched his hands at the wheel, hard and muscular above his small thick wrists, and thought, "I wish I could tell him all the things I can do that he can't."

The next day she had put her skis on and was standing in the path outside the ski room when she heard an even, crashing sound coming from the practice slope, and looked up to see Prinz coming down between the pine trees. He stopped with a jump turn.

"Is no good this morning," he said, and unfastened his cables and kicked his skis off. "You would be throwing yourself on this crust. It is like ice."

It was the last day; she and Paul were taking a train to the city that night. For a second Sylvia didn't say anything, then she slid her foot forward experimentally and was immediately off balance. Prinz put out a hand and steadied her.

"You see," he said. "And it cuts. You would be all over little cuts if you fell. And you would fall," he added, smiling at her. "I give you the lesson this afternoon. Maybe we go where we were yesterday, where it is packed, yes?"

AFTER luncheon Paul wanted to try the toboggan run on the other side of the village. Sylvia waved him goodbye from the porch as he went down the driveway. Then she stood looking at the mountains. Down in the valley she could see a thick yellow twist of smoke from a train in the depot and she felt suddenly grief-stricken. This was her life and tonight she would have to leave it. The cold bright land would lie glistening in the sunlight and blue and still in the night and she would not be here. She would never go floating down, twisting and turning, through silent forests, skiing with incredible grace. Nothing would ever be wonderful again. Hugging herself against the cold, she turned and went inside to look for Prinz.

He was talking with three young men who had arrived at the inn that morning. They looked like old friends and Sylvia would have waited until he was free, but he glanced up suddenly and came over to her. As soon as she saw his face she thought, "He's forgotten the lesson."

"Come, you must meet the boys," he said. "They used to work up here with me." As he led her across the room, he dropped his arm casually on her shoulders. When he had introduced his friends he turned to her and said, "How you like to come with us and take your lesson on Badger Mountain?"

"How do you mean?" she asked.

"You run the inside trail with me. I take you down. It's a nice wide trail, lots of room for corners, and you learn more doing that than on a little slope. You must always try more, you know."

"But I wouldn't be good enough to do that," she said. "Would I? Why don't we let the lesson go this afternoon?" She turned to the young men. "I've never been on a trail before," she explained.

"The inside trail isn't bad," one of them said, "and if Otto says you can, you'll be all right."

"If you don't want to try it, it's O.K. with me," Prinz said. "But we have the lesson."

"But I do want to," Sylvia said. "I'd love to, if you think I can."

"Then it is settled." He smiled down at her. "Go get your things now."

It was late when they set out. Prinz's friends had been a long time waxing their skis and then the car wouldn't start. They all got out and pushed it, and Prinz jumped into the driver's seat and waited for them, with the engine racing.

Sylvia sat in the back of the car, looking out over the sharp knees of the men on either side of her. She could see the land rising up and shutting out the sky; on one side the snow was blue and forbidding and on the other golden and sparkling. Sometimes when they went around a turn she could see the sanded road curving in front of them. Prinz said, "You can go back to New York and tell everyone you come down Badger Mountain," and she laughed. "If I'm alive," she said, "I'll boast like mad." But no one else said anything and after a second she stared again at the country, feeling herself suspended in time as though they would drive on forever.

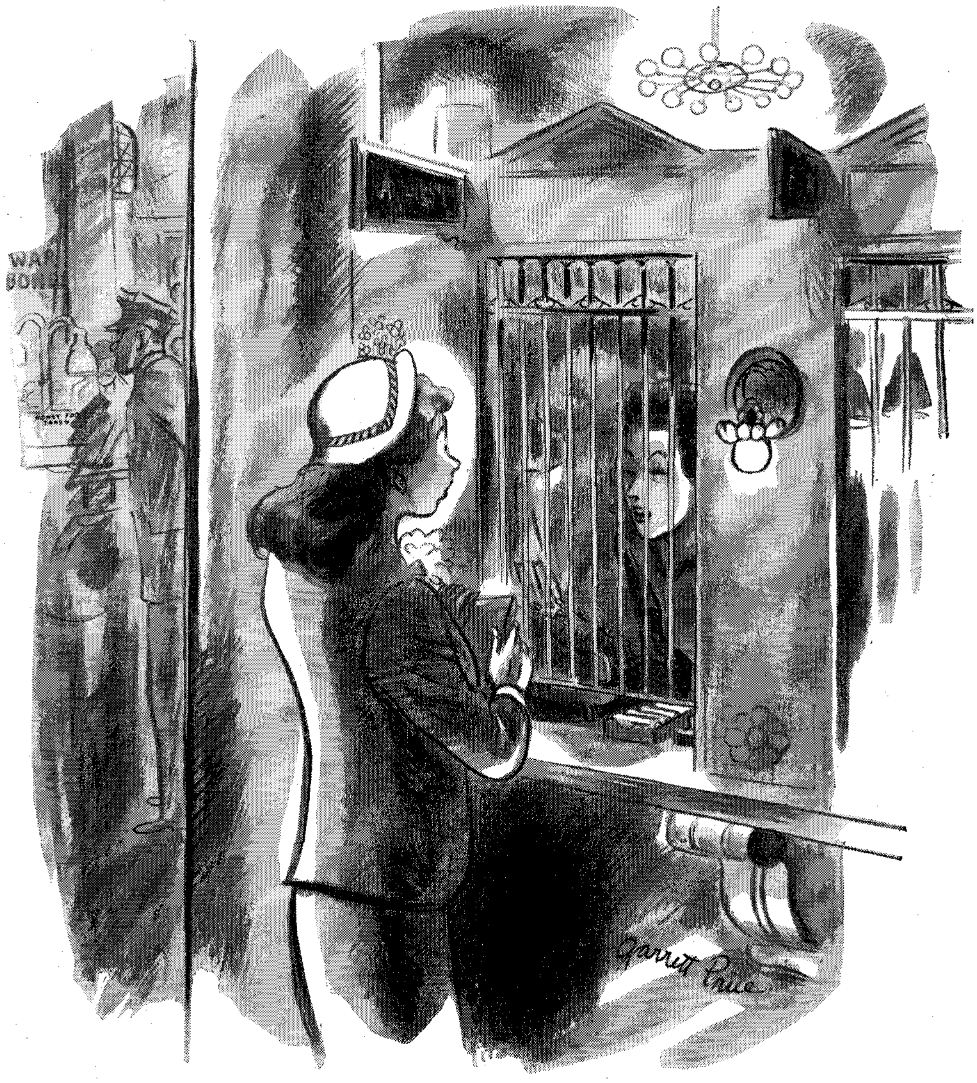
At the base of the mountain everything was in shadow and the mountain hung like a weight over the road. They went into the log cabin that was the station for the cable car and the man who checked their coats said, "Twelve degrees below up there. It's been going down all afternoon."

"Windy?" Prinz asked. The man said yes, the wind was rising; they were going to stop the car if it got worse. The skiers went out on the platform, and when they got in the cable car and had ranged themselves with their skis and poles leaning on the walls, they suddenly began to joke. Wait until the car started, one of them told Sylvia; she would be frightened to death. As the car moved up the mountainside, Sylvia stood at the back window.

"How wonderful," she said, but she was disappointed. She had expected a vast panorama and all she could see was a thick carpet of trees beneath her. The car swayed to and fro and once when it gave a wild swing and seemed to take a step up, Prinz shouted, "Look out!" The men all laughed, but she wasn't frightened. As they neared the top, she caught a glimpse of a valley, bright in the sunlight, and it was like a landscape seen in a dream, still and clear and far away. On either side of the path cut for the car, the pine trees stood white and motionless. The sound of the wind wrapped itself around her head until she could hardly hear the rasp of the cable as the car swung from side to side.

When they got to the top they stepped out on the platform. There was a cabin that was a replica of the one below. Here, in the shelter of the trees, there was no wind. They stood inside for a few minutes. Then one by one they went out and Sylvia noticed they seemed preoccupied and withdrawn. She and Prinz went last. When she began to put on her skis he knelt on the snow and fastened them for her, his hands free of their gloves, blue-brown in the cold. When she looked up, Prinz's three friends had vanished. The snow was like a polished floor. Sylvia took a few steps and it suddenly fell away in front of her and she could see the trail. Directly below her it curved and disappeared. Below that, she could see the trail again, turned in a different direction. There was no sign of the three skiers who had gone before.

She stared down, guarding herself from panic by not thinking. When Prinz touched her elbow and said, "I go first and wait for you," she nodded calmly. His shoulder brushed past her face and she could see his back leaning away from her. His skis headed down-



"My advice, dearie, is to get him to open a joint account before you're married too long."

INCIDENT ON A FRONT NOT FAR FROM CASTEL DI SANGRO

There was a sound of hunting in the mountains
That came back dark and dangerous to the ears
Of those who crouched among the broken fountains:

The wounded wirecutter with his biting shears,
The trembling captain with his telephone,
The corporal with the ten-cent photos of his dears.

They all were lost and each one was alone.
Their uniforms were merely a disguise
That kept the naked earth from knowing naked bone.

"Shellshock. No Visitors," said the captain's eyes.
He was himself an isolation ward;
The sun and air and scenery were lies,

And if one wanted truth one had to guard
Oneself from all realities like men,
Yet men were always present. Truth came hard,

Especially when time and time again
The same huge shell exploded in his head,
And arms of strangers opened and, embracing, took him in.

The telephone he carried had been dead
For many hours—ever since *They* found
His battery with a salvo and had dyed the casings red.

It was dissolved from any further sound—
Mechanical foetus, with a broken cord
From which the wires jutted like bone chips in a wound.

The captain shivered, crouched, and spoke no word
To those beside him. His blue eyes were glazed,
And had he spoken they would not have heard.

For they, who once had looked, condemned, or praised,
Were caught up in the earthquake of the age,
Saw mount and man gape wide, and were amazed.

The wirecutter's wound was like a page
In some red book the world would always read.
It made him feel half pity and half rage:

Pity—that he'd been wounded and could bleed;
Rage—that the wounded statues had not bled.
Half-formed, he felt the marble's *having* and his need.

Beside him lay a smashed Apollo's head.
He kicked it, and it rolled from him and caught
Against a cart whose occupants had fled.

Which was the living world, and which was not?
Upon the cold, cracked face there was a leer.
It was too high a price, but safety had been bought.

Immobile, lost between the far and near,
The corporal stared. A picture of his wife
And children was the object of a fear

That made him clutch the coppers of his life,
And dimmed his eyes and covered them with water,
And burned his vitals like a kiss or knife.

He studied the pale face of his one daughter
And then the smiling face of his one son:
These images had led him through the country of the mortar.

What had been done was done and would stay done.
He tucked the pictures in his helmet, grinning.
Whatever the outcome of the war, he'd won.

The captain was the one who was not winning;
He felt more war than went on in the town.
For him a peace would never be beginning.

Far from a lake or sea a man can drown,
Or smother in a universe of air.
Among the hosts of earth he weeps alone.

And thus these finally rose beneath the glare
And moved, automatons, beyond their night,
Doomed, yet unmastered, toward the waiting Stair,

And so they came, each one, into the light,
Among the broken statues and the fountains' drouth.
Sun struck the broken columns for its own delight.

Their words had all gone silent in the mouth,
Their feet had all grown weary in the race,
The needle of the compass at last was pointing south.

And each one, with a century in his face,
Turned and strode from the elemental guns,
Through streets whose rubble was a marble lace,

And through pellucid dust that met the sun's
Acclaiming rays and traced the sullen war's
Sign on the suicide corporal and the other ones . . .

Dust on the corporal's stripes, the captain's bars,
Dust on the wounded wirecutter's gauze,
And dust that sifted toward the unseen, unmoved stars.

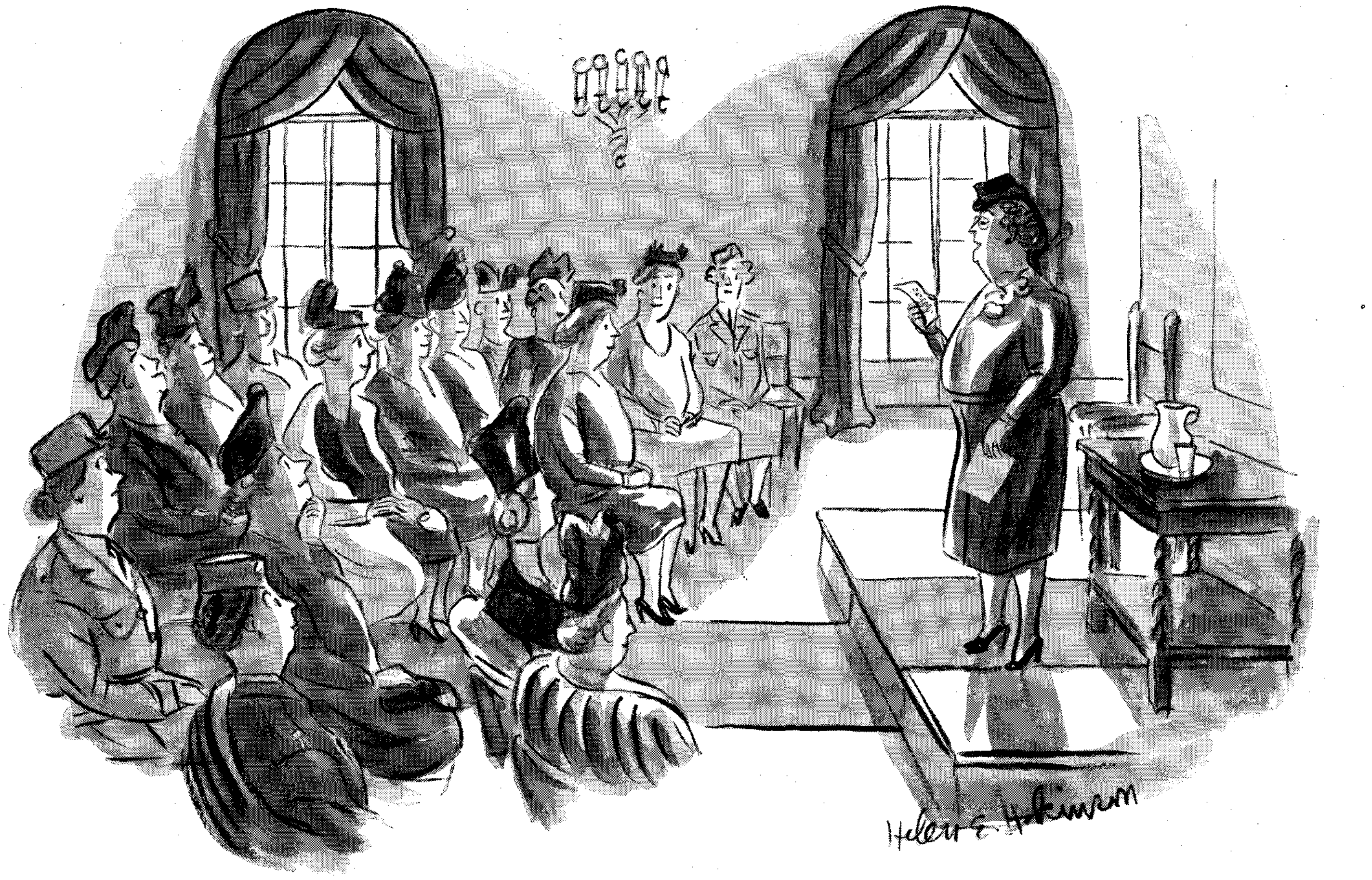
—Harry Brown

• •

hill, and then with a little disdainful turn of his body he was standing where the trail turned and dipped down again.

Without taking her eyes from him, she started to head down the way he had gone. His voice stopped her. "Snowplow!" he called loudly. "Snowplow all the way!" She set herself, pressing her heels wide apart, and suddenly thought: Why, this is impossible, I can't do this. Feeling herself going, she whispered "Track," and started to tighten up nervously with laughter. Then there was no time. Even edging in with all her strength, she kept slipping faster and faster.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw Prinz, and she tried to stop, but at the same moment she caught sight of the sharp swerving descent below her and she fell hard on her side. She slid for a second before her skis caught, then



"Corporal Thomas E. Harrison writes from the southwest Pacific, 'Thank you all for your round-robin letter. It sure was interesting and I sure was surprised to get it. Goodbye now.' Private First Class Roland V. Brill writes from somewhere in Alaska, 'Well, it certainly was a big surprise . . .' "

• •

she inched forward and forced herself painfully to her feet. As soon as she was standing, she looked up and smiled at Prinz to show him she was ready to go on. His lips were moving but she couldn't hear him because of the wind.

"You don't have to take so long!" he yelled. "Get your weight forward, and this time don't fall!" He lifted his skis off the ground and started downhill. As he passed her, his face looked dark and drawn with the cold. He was out of sight immediately. Then she could see him again, standing in the trail waiting for her.

She was so cold she was glad to move but, coming down, she could feel the muscles in her legs harden until she thought they must break. When she stopped, her thighs trembled so she could hardly pull them together. Even standing still, she had to hold herself taut to keep from sideslipping.

"Well," she called gaily, "I didn't fall," but Prinz hadn't looked up. He was hunched over, holding the fingers of one hand in his mouth as though he were trying to whistle. As soon as he saw her he put his glove on and started down again. She wanted to rest but, seeing him grow smaller, she followed and fell twice on the way. Every time she forced herself upright with her poles she could feel the wrench in her ankles and she arrived at the end of the curve staring intently at the tips of her skis through a blur of tears.

Prinz was standing there breathing on his fingers. His right glove was lying grotesquely in the strap of a ski pole. He held out his hand to show her. One finger was white and strange-looking next to the others. "I got them frozen once," he said, "and now they get numb quicker. Standing around in the cold all the time like this—"

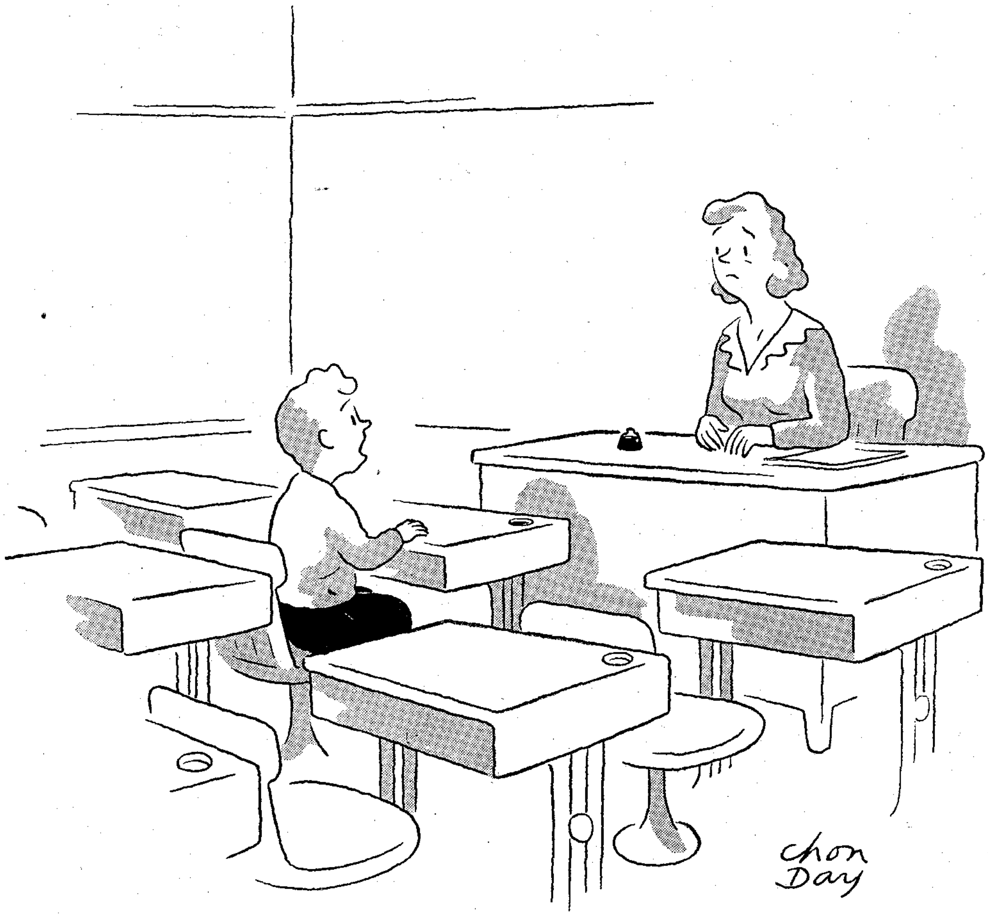
"Here, take my gloves," she said. "They're much heavier than yours and my hands are quite warm."

"No," he said, and pulled his glove on with a jerk. "Now watch, this time I snowplow and maybe you do like I do."

He started down, calling out as though he were calling a square dance, "Down on the right, now we turn and down"—his body swung smoothly—"on the left."

Watching him move away from her in rhythmic semicircles, she felt frightened. Under her feet the trail was ice, and over one shoulder she could see it rising up at her back. She was trapped. There was nothing but this endless icy path and the forest pressing in on either side. Now she couldn't see Prinz and she got into a snowplow hurriedly, saying over and over to herself, "Keep your nerve, just get low, and keep your nerve."

The turn was wide and sharply banked. Then it narrowed to a deep groove and she was going so fast she knew she couldn't stop. Suddenly the ground came up close and she could feel the jar as she fell. She let herself slide recklessly, with no desire to check herself. It was a relief to make no effort and she noticed how slowly the white curving snowbank and, above, the dark tree trunks went past. The whitened metal of the tip of a ski pole seemed part of the peculiar landscape,



"Do you get overtime for this, Miss Marble?"

• •

and it was only after it had gone by that she realized it must be Prinz holding the ski pole out for her to catch hold of. She put her skis out and rammed herself against the bank, almost swinging around before she stopped.

"You want to go the rest of the way head first?" Prinz asked, helping her up. "Are you all right?"

"Fine," she said, and laughed jerkily. "The only way to travel, is what I always say. Could we rest for a moment, though?"

"It's getting late," he said. His face looked pinched and furrowed and on either side there was a white line going from his nose to his mouth.

"You go on down and let me rest," she said, holding her knees stiff to keep them from trembling.

"Of course not," he said angrily. "I wait."

"Your face is growing white," she said.

"Where?" He put his hands to his face. "*Where?* I can't feel it." He came closer and pushed his face out until it was almost touching hers.

"You could be down in a couple of minutes," she said. She put her finger tips on his cheeks. "It's getting white here."

He stood with his hands cupped over his face and she watched him helplessly. Then he straightened up and grasped his poles. "I go down before I freeze," he said quickly. "You take off your skis and you be all right. Yes?"

"Yes," she said.

She could hear the sharp scrape of his skis and when the scene came into focus he had disappeared. She stared for a moment, then, bending over between her outstretched arms and holding on to the poles, she started to cry. After a while she began to curse, saying the same things over and over between her sobs. Finally she leaned against the bank, shivering, and blew her nose.

"I've got to get out of here," she said, and the sound of her voice made tears come to her eyes again. Her fingers hurt as though she had hit them with a hammer and she swore weakly as she fumbled with the cable clasps, unfastening her skis.

At first she tried to go cautiously on the side of the trail, but as soon as she stepped off the track she sank up to her hip in snow. She pulled herself out, scrambling and slipping on the ice.

It was getting darker. She hurried, no longer conscious of hurting herself when she fell. For long stretches it was impossible to keep on her feet and she bumped along, half sitting and half lying. Once she saw a ski diving down away from her. Her hands were so numb she hadn't felt it go. It hit the bank and vanished. She was surprised to find it lying still and intact under the snow.

The trail began to widen and she passed drift fences set out diagonally from the banks. Soon she was able to walk at a regular pace, carrying her skis. She stopped and lit a cigarette and let back the hood of her parka. She was quite composed when she heard Prinz's voice. He was waiting at the end of the run. There were lights on in the cabin and he had her coat over his arm.

"You were so long we were worried," he said. She let him take her skis from her.

"I was perfectly all right," she said. "I just took it easy." He walked ahead of her to the car, where the others were waiting.

LATER that night, as she stood in the Pullman vestibule smoking a cigarette, she thought of Prinz as he had looked on the mountain, the ear flaps of his ski cap pulled down, making his face look curiously small. It hadn't been frozen. On the drive back to the inn the young men had laughed incredulously when she had spoken about it and Prinz had said sharply, "It is nothing wrong, I tell you!" Then he had laughed too, a quick little laugh that had no amusement in it.

The air in the vestibule was raw and she could taste the train smell in her mouth. She stood for a long time with her face pressed against the glass of the door. She would have liked to see the cold white country rushing by, but it was too dark to see out, and after a while she lit another cigarette and watched her reflection, the two pairs of skis in the opposite side showing over her head, one taller than the other, the poles hung over the tips and fastened down with twine. —ASTRID PETERS

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From Life*]

His main hobby, like that of every Partisan soldier and officer, is sleep. Otherwise Tito follows no special routine. He likes to shave every day, even in action, hiding in the brush.

STREET SCENE

“WE could buy an ancestor,” Mr. Findlay suggested. “Look at this old boy; mean as dirt, I bet, but wonderful colors.”

“Not for above the couch,” Mrs. Findlay said firmly. “Too green. Much better not buy anything than not get the perfect thing. And anyway, I feel we want something more detailed and, at the same time, more *dim*. Something with lots of little figures and houses and distant mountains, perhaps. Haven’t you *anything?*” she asked the tiny Oriental who was accompanying them on their ramble through the big store. “Anything Chinese that goes sideways so we could hang it above a couch, where our children could kneel and *lose* themselves in it? We’re really buying this—whatever we get—for our children,” she added, hoping to see a faint flicker of human interest touch the narrow face.

But the tiny Japanese in the neat gray lounge suit remained unconcerned at this evidence of Mrs. Findlay’s maternal ambition. His job was to sell, at drastic reduction, treasures of ivory and jade, paintings on silk, canvas, and paper, carvings and brocades, in a store the Alien Property Custodian of the United States Government had seized. When all the treasures were gone, so would his job be.

“*Kakemonos* never go sideways,” he said indifferently. “Up and down, up and down.”

“But you must have something else,” Mrs. Findlay insisted. She couldn’t help feeling that in this enormous place there must really be, somewhere, the very painting, so clear to her mind’s eye, into whose mysterious Chinese depths her children would gaze in delight for hours and that they would remember always. She was not beyond hoping that its placid yet profound philosophy would make a lasting impression on their lives.

“Let’s try another floor,” Mr. Findlay suggested, and the three of them rode the reluctant elevator to yet another series of treasure-filled rooms.

“Now, what’s *that!*” Mrs. Findlay cried, pointing to a figure-filled panel that undeniably was quite a bit wider than it was high. “Look at all those little people and their houses all open to the street. It’s wonderful.”

Mr. Findlay examined it closely. “Maybe so,” he agreed. “It certainly goes sideways. But it’s Japanese.”

“Well . . .” Mrs. Findlay hesitated. “Oh, dear, how disappointing!”

The small salesman sucked in his breath with a hiss. “Very fine picture. Very old. Half price,” he said.

“Well . . .” Mrs. Findlay said again.

“How about the colors?” Mr. Findlay asked, and she had to admit they were perfect colors to have on the wall above the couch. “Lots of figures,” he said. “Fun for the children. And cheap. I looked at the price tag.” He drew Mrs. Findlay away from the impassive little waiting Jap. “I mean, damn it all, what if it is Japanese, if it’s what we like? We can be broad-minded. Anyway, it was painted a couple of hundred years ago.”

Mrs. Findlay brightened. “Why not get it and use it as an *object lesson* in tolerance,” she whispered. “We’ll point out to the children that *art*—oh, you know the kind of thing we can say—and that we mustn’t allow ourselves to be prejudiced against a whole nation, and so on and so on. I believe,” she added thoughtfully, “that it might be a *very good thing* to get it.” She returned to their uninterested companion. “We’ll take it,” she told him. He bowed a very small, uncommunicative bow. “It’s very nice,” she added, and smiled at him. “Just how would you describe the subject matter?”

The salesman demurely lowered eyelashes which Mrs. Findlay noticed were almost as long as his long yellow teeth. “Street scene,” he hissed.

“Is that all?” Mrs. Findlay asked. “Isn’t there a festival going on or something? It seems very gay.” When the little man merely looked blank, she went on brightly, “I tell you what. Will you look up a bit about it and when you crate it and send it to us enclose a letter giving us more details? Where it came from, I mean, and the artist, if you know who he was, and more about what it represents. We’re really getting it for our children and it would be nice for them to know as much about it as possible.”

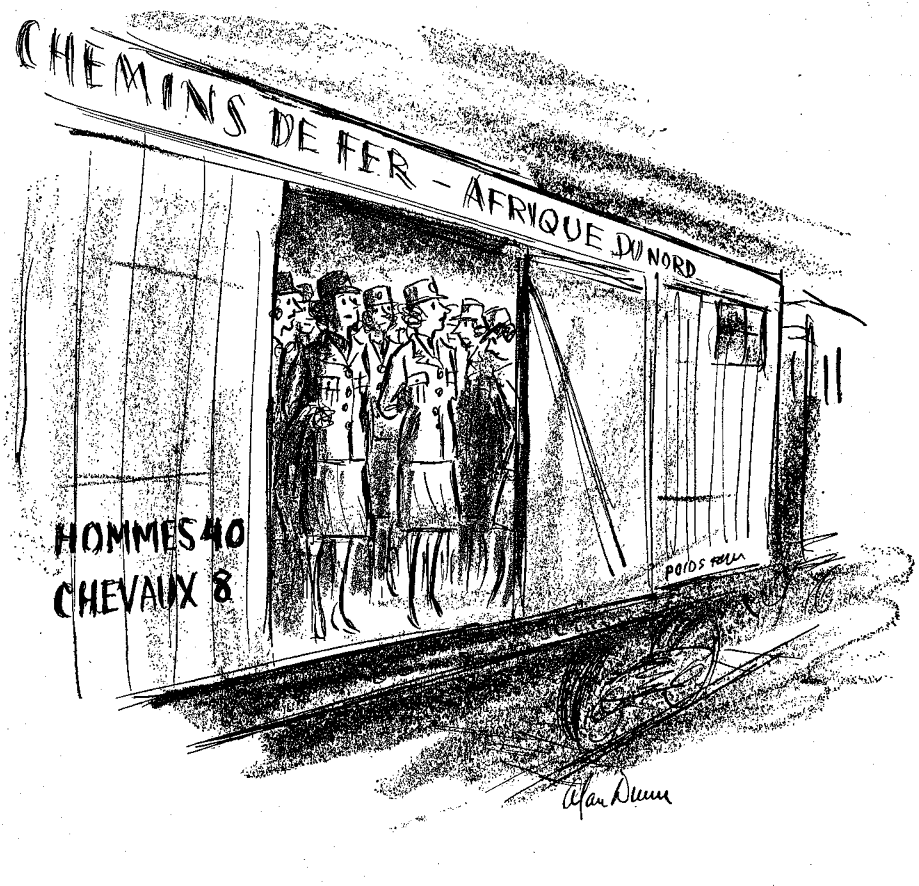
He hissed again and bowed again.

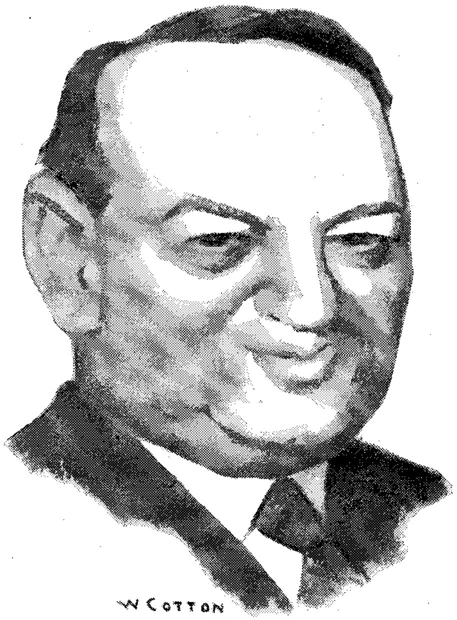
SEVERAL days later, the case arrived and the Findlays rapidly but tenderly broke it open.

“Oh, look at all the little people!” Jane cried, as Mr. Findlay extricated the painting from its final tissue paper and propped it experimentally on the back of the couch, against the wall. The children all fought for places to kneel in front of it. It was really lovely—the colors, the gay, graceful figures.

“We got it just for you,” Mrs. Findlay said. She bent and plucked a white folded paper from among the excelsior. “And here, I guess, is the letter that will tell you all about it. ‘Ukiyoye School, Seventeenth Century,’ ” she read impressively. “ ‘The street of girls (Yoshiwara). It depicts them with the interior of their houses, attendants, and the . . . the arrival of their clientele.’ ”

—LOUISE FIELD COOPER


CHEMINS DE FER - AFRIQUE DU NORD
HOMMES 40
CHEVAUX 8
POIDS



PROFILES

HOW TO BE A CRITIC

KELCEY ALLEN is chiefly remarkable for two things on Broadway. As the drama critic of *Women's Wear Daily* and the only reliable link between the garment industry and the arts, he is the dean of daily reviewers, and, as a humorist, he has probably been credited with more jokes it never occurred to him to make than any other living wit, possibly excepting Dorothy Parker. Nobody seems to know exactly how the custom of ascribing practically all unclaimed humor to such an intensely serious and respectable man ever got started. Some say that the unlikelihood of Mr. Allen's ever being funny on purpose appealed strongly to the Broadway sense of humor, which is highly mechanized, and a conspiracy was formed to make him a wit behind his back. Others say that he is used as a sort of trial balloon by those who either haven't got much confidence in their own jokes or else, for various reasons, don't wish to sponsor them publicly. Still others hold that he really says a lot of funny things but, like a hen that occasionally lays an egg with two yolks, he has very little idea of how his specialty is accomplished and is inclined to be rather embarrassed about the whole business. The truth, like most truths, seems to lie somewhere in the middle.

A good many gossip-writers, press agents, and other Main Stem operators have unquestionably had a hand in the legend—the late Rennold Wolf always ended his column in the *Morning Telegraph* with a paragraph labelled "As Kelcey Allen Says"—and it seems to be a fact that much of his humor is inadvertent, being simply the product of a rather peculiar set of social values. Once, for instance, Russel Crouse was sitting in a hotel lobby when Mr. Allen came up with a friend whom he introduced as a doctor somebody or other. "Don't get up," he added hastily, as Mr. Crouse started to do so. "He's only a dentist."

It is also unfortunately true that Kelcey's most celebrated joke was made by somebody else. The generally accepted story is that in the course of an artistic but rather wearing production of "Macbeth," the man from *Women's Wear* was somehow inspired to murmur, "Lay on, Macduff; lay off, McBride." The disentangled facts seem to be that Harry Hershfield, a cartoonist and radio comic, made this spectacular quip to Kelcey, who repeated it to the late Percy Hammond, and that that vague but amiable man printed it the next day, attributing it to his fellow-critic. Like most Broadway anecdotes, this one has elaborate footnotes. It is said that Kelcey, not wishing to rob Mr. Hershfield of his just glory, went to a notary public and made an affidavit, renouncing forever his claim to the joke of the century. It is also reported that some wag added a final touch by mailing practically everybody a bogus newspaper clipping announcing that one of Bernard Shaw's ambitions on visiting America was to meet the man who said "Lay off, McBride." These things may or may not be true. It is certainly true that few men have done so well on a borrowed line.

Research, however, reveals that Kelcey has made a few jokes of his own, and done it deliberately. His printed criticisms on the whole are not very rewarding, perhaps because they are addressed exclusively to people in the dress business, who are inclined to be wary of humor. In fact, a careful study of *Women's Wear* shows that on an average its critic has allowed himself to be flippant not more than once every three months. The available samples are apt to be either arch or rococo. Writing in a rare mood of petulance about something called "Cinderella on Broadway," he remarked, "Haver Dickinson and Walter Brower were engaged as comedians but were not found guilty of the charge," and once he turned out an opening sentence that contained not only homely humor but also quite a useful collection of facts: " 'Gosh darn it,' exclaimed Henry Young, the treasurer of the Globe Theatre, last night, 'I thought that after Fred Stone's engagement, I would get a vacation and now Raymond Hitchcock comes along with "Hitchy-Koo 1918." ' "

These comments, of course, are intentionally playful. Sometimes, however, it is not so easy to tell just what is on Mr. Allen's active mind. In his review of "A Marriage of Convenience," he wrote, "Lowell Sherman as the Chevalier gave an excellent performance, but it cannot be said that he distinguished himself." In view of Mr. Allen's well-known reluctance to be disagreeable about anybody in the theatre, it seems permissible to deduce that Mr. Sherman's performance struck him as a hair-raising piece of work, but whether he actually meant to be sardonic or merely tactful about it is something else. There is also some mystery about the notice he gave a famous actress in some forgotten foolishness—"Laurette Taylor, as L'Enigme, a fortune-teller, makes herself look at least ten years older and wears a black wig over her golden hair . . . it seemed the longest part she has had in years"—and the same thing might be said of a passage in his review of "Aphrodite," which he found in general a triumph of "elaborateness, magnitude, and spectacularism." "Mildred Walker, as the Goddess of Love," he wrote, "poses entirely nude but is shellacked and varnished to resemble marble. Her task is to stand still and it is a very difficult thing that she does." Even more cryptic are his references to the total effect of some evening in the theatre. "The work of Henrik Ibsen is symbolic and often incoherent," he said, referring to his first exposure to "The Wild Duck," "but it contains some comedy which proves that the Norwegian dramatist is not without a sense of humor," and of "The Bat" he wrote, apparently with disapproval, "Comic lines are even spoken while a man lies dead on the floor." And there seemed to be a strong note of muted and remembered suffering in a line he used to head one of his reviews. "Another One of Stuart Walker's Artistic Plays," it said. Probably, however, Mr. Allen reached his odd peak in an offhand comment about one fashionable opening. "The audience last night was a picked one," he observed. "It was made up of literary and society folk, and of course the dramatic critics of the daily papers." Whether the "of course" in that sentence is smug or wistful or ironic, only God can reasonably decide.

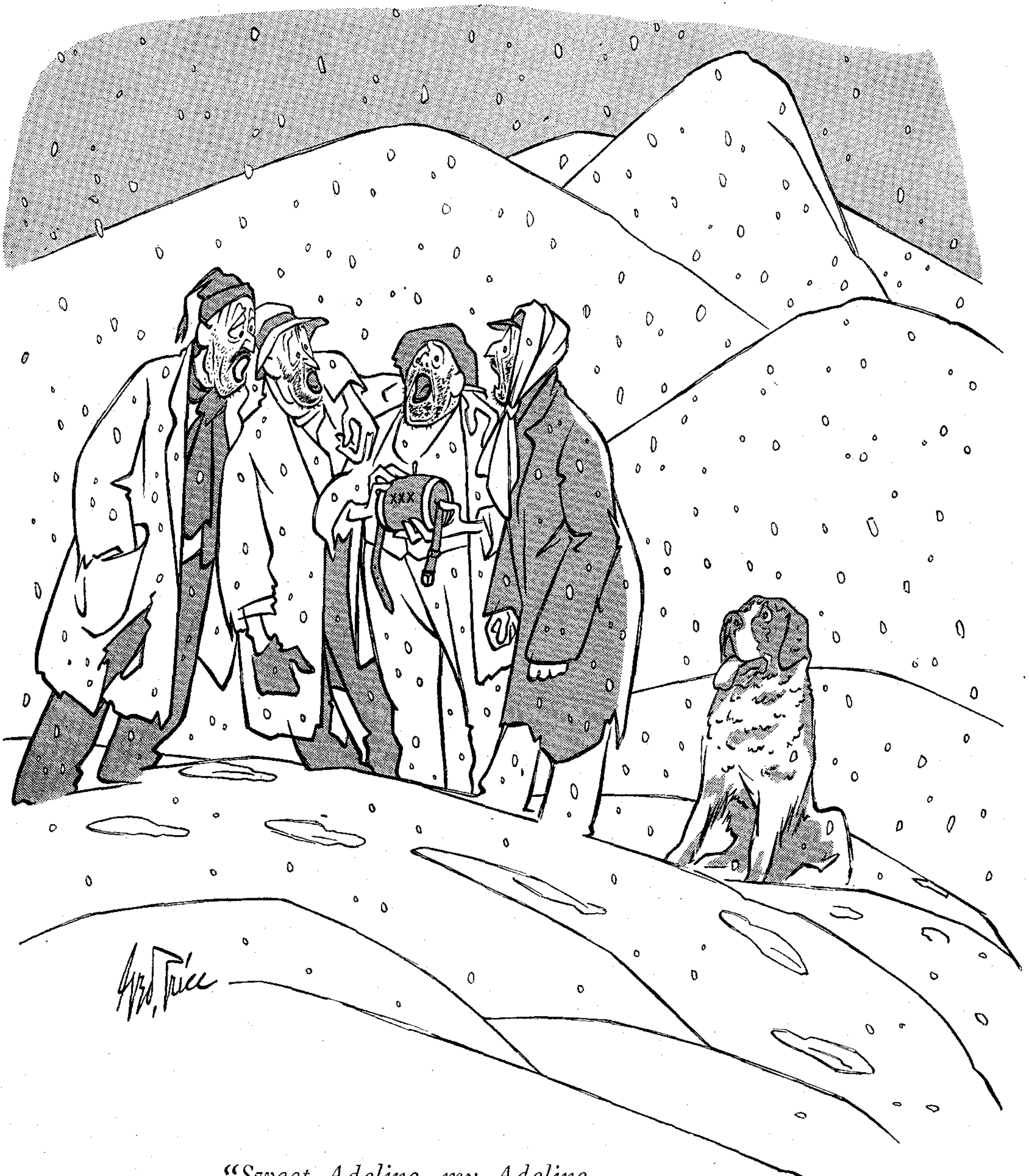
In conversation, Kelcey's humor is pretty clearly labelled, at least when he is talking about the theatre. "The show hasn't much punch but the tickets will" is fairly typical, and he has another formula for sidewalk criticism so rigid that it might almost be called The Joke. This is always suitable for those occasions when a bad play has in its cast an undertaker, a doctor, a drama critic, or a member of any one of many such lugubrious professions. "Well, fellows, I see this show carries its own undertaker," he will inform his colleagues, varying the trade to fit the text, and then retire with modest satisfaction into the crowd. It is doubtful if he himself regards The Joke specifically as humor; it is simply his tribute to the superstition that drama critics are people who distribute epigrams between the acts.

In his completely private life, Mr. Allen seems to come closest to that detached criticism of morals and manners that marks the true wit. Once, when his wife came to him with an embarrassing rumor that a kept woman had just moved into their apartment building, she was rather dismayed by his practical cynicism. "That's fine," he said briskly. "Now maybe we'll get a little heat around the place."

In reviewing his own life, the critic of *Women's Wear* says frankly that he was harassed from the start by an itch to meet important people, by which, lamentably, it seems he meant actors. For this purpose, the beginning was rather unpromising. He was born Eugene Kuttner in the Bedford section of Brooklyn on November 11, 1875. His father, Bernhard, was born in Berlin but had come to this country as a young man to teach German in the public schools. Mrs. Kuttner was French, and there were two other children—a boy, Solomon, and a girl, Belle. When Eugene (the Kelcey didn't turn up for more than a quarter of a century) was five, the family moved to 320 East Fifty-eighth Street, in Manhattan, where they lived for twenty years. Of his boyhood, nothing much seems to have survived except the emotional scars from some rather painful violin lessons and his memory of the hunger for actors, including a vague dream of being one himself. "Like all boys," he says, with apparently perfect confidence in the generality, "I wanted to be an actor. Maybe a star, with my own company."

He went about it with considerable ingenuity. "As my father taught often at night," he wrote recently, in answer to a biographer's request for information, "I was enabled to frequent the theatres, usually securing admission by pretending to be a special messenger boy assigned to carry the reviews of a critic to his newspaper office. Finally, in fear of exposure, I decided to become legitimate and offered my services to A. C. Wheeler (Nym Crinkle) of the *Morning World*, Franklin Fyles of the *Morning Sun*, and Hillary Bell of the New York *Press*. These papers were published in what was then known as Newspaper Row—all within a few blocks of each other—and I could cover them all in less than ten minutes. I got either twenty-five or fifty cents from each paper."

When Kelcey was twenty, he applied to George W. Kyle, managing editor of the New York *Clipper*, for a regular job. The *Clipper* was the theatrical forerunner of such present publications as *Variety* and *Billboard*, with a few sporting overtones from the *Police Gazette*. Kelcey was employed as an advertising



"Sweet Adeline, my Adeline,
At night, dear heart,
For you I pine . . ."

SHERLOCK SPENDS A DAY IN THE COUNTRY

The crime, if there was a crime, has not been reported as yet;
The plot, if that is what it was, is still a secret somewhere in this wilderness of newly fallen snow;
The conference, if it was a conference, has been adjourned, and now there is nothing in this scene but pine trees, and silence, and snow, and still more snow.

Nevertheless, in spite of all this apparent emptiness, notice the snow;
Observe that it literally crawls with a hundred different signatures of unmistakable life.
Here is a delicate, exactly repeated pattern, where, seemingly, a cobweb came and went,
And here some party, perhaps an acrobat, walked through these woods at midnight on his mittened hands.
Thimbles and dice tracks and half-moons, these trademarks lead everywhere into the hills;
The signs show that some amazing fellow on a bicycle rode straight up the face of a twenty-foot drift,
And someone, it does not matter who, walked steadily somewhere on obviously cloven feet.

Let us ourselves adjourn to the village bar, Watson (not saying very much when we get there),
To consider this mighty, diversified army, and what grand conspiracy of conspiracies it hatched,
What conclusions it reached, and where it intends to strike, and when,
Being careful to notice, as we go and return, the character and number of our own tracks in the snow.

—KENNETH FEARING

• •

solicitor and incidentally as a reporter, gathering backstage gossip from stagehands, chorus girls, and hoofers. He started at seven dollars a week and at the end of twenty years he was getting fifty. Somehow it seemed that he wasn't destined to be another Winchell—he lacked perhaps that ruthless, sniffing curiosity that ranges impartially from the boudoir to the White House—and time and his mirror had convinced him that he wasn't cut out to be an actor.

One day, in 1914, while Kelcey was casually exploring an ashcan, he picked up a copy of *Women's Wear* and noticed that it carried no theatrical advertising. He was turning forty at the time and, precisely as advertised, his life began. Taking the paper with him, he went up to the headquarters of the Fairchild Publications, which put out *Women's Wear*, along with three other equally special periodicals, and explained the idea that was to make him one with Woollcott and Nathan. Dress merchants and manufacturers and buyers, he pointed out, are great theatregoers and obviously the logical paper to instruct them about what to see when they came to town should be an organ of their trade. Mr. Allen proposed not only to solicit theatrical advertising but also to provide a column of critical or, more precisely, descriptive text to go with it. He agreed to accept a commission on the advertising instead of a salary and that profitable arrangement is still in force today.

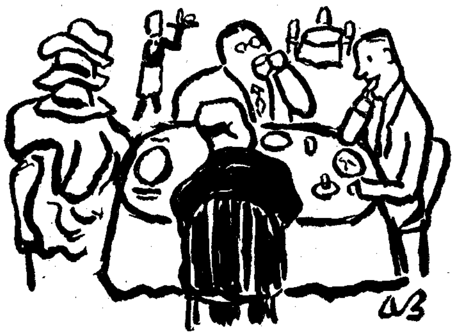
Having been hired as a critic, Kelcey found that his next problem was to get himself and his unusual medium on the press-agents' first-night list. In a strangely rakish Sunday article a few years ago, the New York *Times* explained how he solved that: "In 1915 the audience at a première was exclusive and it was no cinch to join the élite. Kelcey knew just asking would be futile, so he promptly printed up an official-looking list of all the metropolitan critics, on which was included very plainly: '*Women's Wear Daily*, Kelcey Allen.' He banked on the laziness of the press agents who would merely instruct their secretaries to send tickets out to the list furnished them by Kelcey. At first he got tickets only to the flops, but by the end of three years he was at all the premières. The tickets were not very good, so he made a point of becoming the pal of the box-office treasurers, who would exchange his ducats for front locations. Kelcey distributes his list to this day."

Mr. Allen's gratitude to press agents and box-office men has taken a tangible form. He is undoubtedly the only critic in town who remembers to send them presents at Christmas. Richard Maney, the most industrious publicist on Broadway, reports that in addition to whiskey and cigarettes, Kelcey has given him enough potato peelers, can openers, and other useful mechanisms to stock a restaurant. Mr. Maney is also irrevocably on the mailing list for all the Fairchild publications. "They pile up all over the house," he says. "It's all you can do to fight your way to the bathroom."

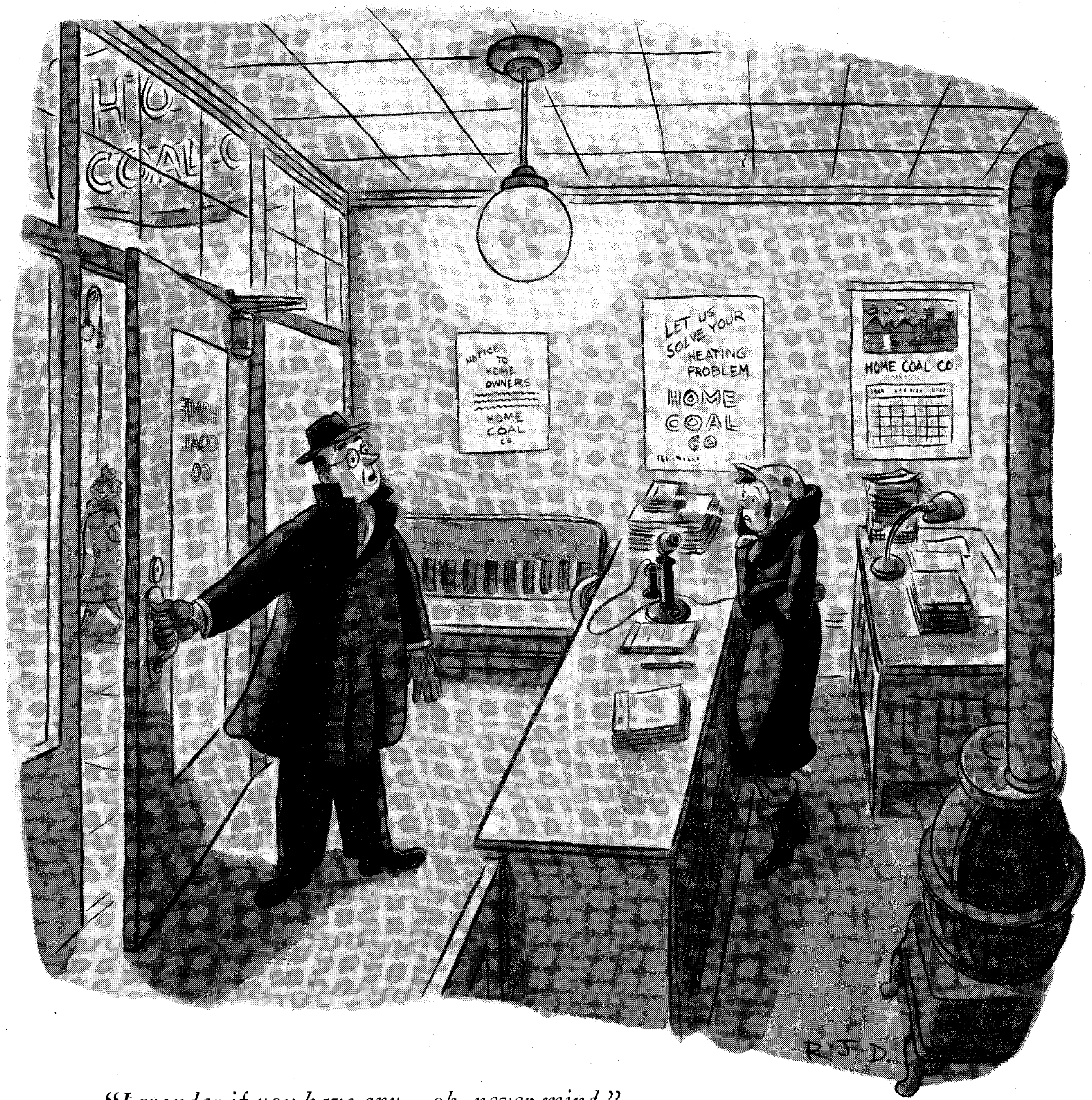
At this point, it probably ought to be explained how Eugene Kuttner got to be Kelcey Allen. The metamorphosis took place, as clearly as he can remember, sometime in 1910, when he was still on the *Clipper*. Eugene, it seems, had no special objection to being Jewish, but something, perhaps his admiration for the actors' fancy ways, convinced him that a gentile name would be a little more dressy for professional purposes. One day, while he was standing in front of the Knickerbocker Theatre and turning this matter over in his mind, two well-known performers, Herbert Kelcey and Viola Allen, happened by. Eugene made up his mind at once. "Mr. Kelcey," he said, "I've decided to use another name. Do you mind if I take yours?"

"Go right ahead," said Mr. Kelcey politely, though conceivably he may have been a little startled.

"You can use mine too," said Miss Allen, getting into the spirit of the thing, and a new man was born on the spot. Kelcey called himself Eugene Kelcey Allen until 1918, when he dropped the first of the three. "It was too long," he says.



Kelcey's equipment for criticism was probably no more singular than that of many who have occupied aisle seats at openings. He had a certain apathy about the English language ("The writing has always been incidental with me," he says) and he was a little offhand about cultivated reference ("Amphitryon 38," for instance, has a way of turning up in his conversation as "Amferon 56"). However, he loved the theatre, especial-



“I wonder if you have any—oh, never mind.”

• •

ly in its more elegant moments, and since he had been hanging around it for almost a quarter of a century, he was a profound expert on what everything in a show cost, who had done exactly what in the past, and all the insanely complicated loves, hatreds, and general chicaneries of social life backstage. In his field, he was as specialized as Sherlock Holmes, who could identify fifty-seven varieties of cigar ash but wasn’t aware that the earth went around the sun.

“Women’s Wear Daily,” which in thirty years has printed roughly three thousand of Mr. Allen’s reviews, is published in a ramshackle beehive at 8 East Thirteenth Street, from which also issue *Men’s Wear*, the masculine version, which comes out only twice a month, since the male wardrobe is never in a very violent state of flux; the *Daily News Record* (formerly the *Daily Trade Record*), a rather more general tabloid, focussing on the trade but still containing a certain amount of outside news; and *Retailing*, a weekly devoted to house furnishings. In the beginning, “Women’s Wear” was simply the heading of a column in the *Trade Record*. In 1910, however, for reasons now inscrutable, it became a separate paper and was apparently successful from the start. Today it has a sworn circulation of 39,556, a United Press franchise, an over-size tabloid format averaging thirty-two pages a day, and it is the principal concern of approximately a thousand people employed by the Fairchild Publications.

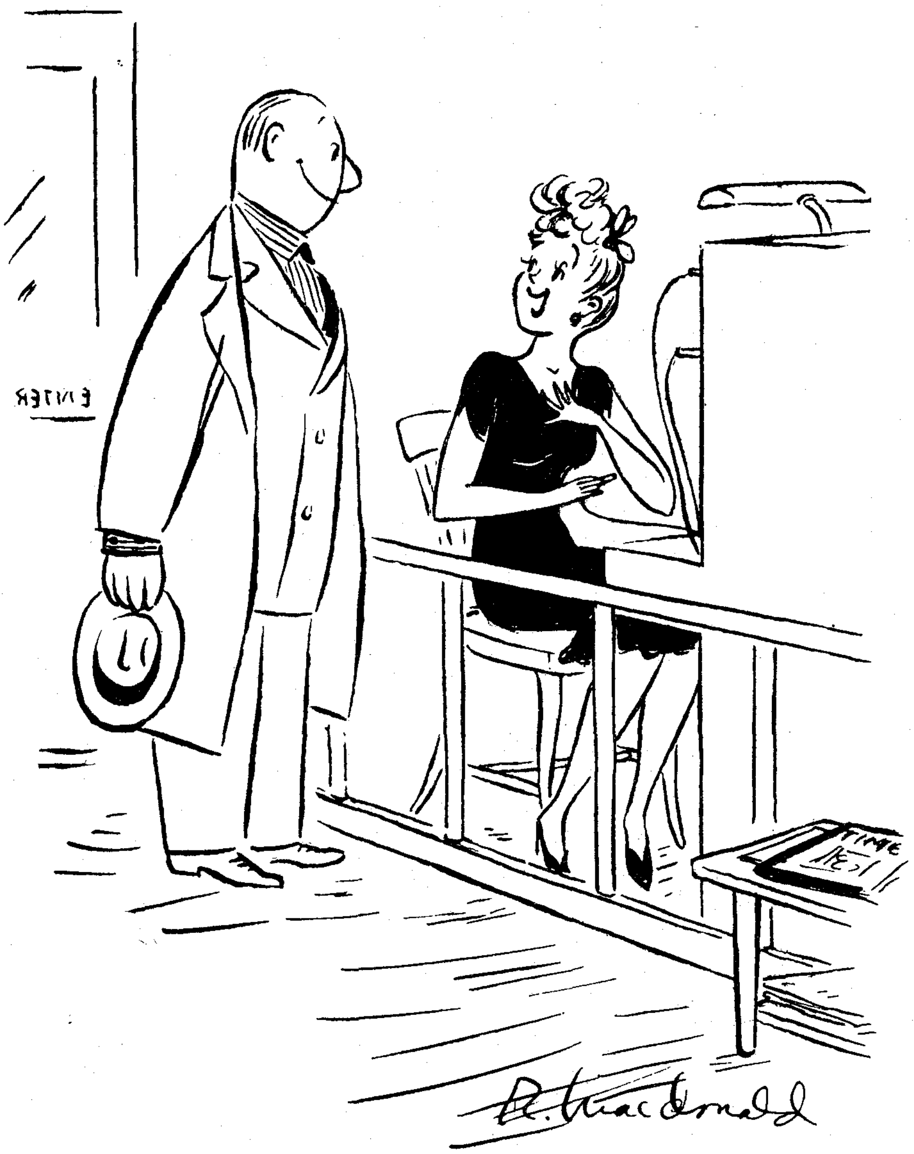
As far as anybody knows, there are no lay readers, since the contents are exclusively devoted to the interests and goings on of a world to the uneducated eye as weird as Mars. An issue selected at random, in fact, offers nothing very stimulating or comprehensible to the outsider. The most important position on the front page is given to a story headed “Pay on Covered Buttons Being Taken Up Next,” and the opening sentence is not encouraging: "Vigorous objection to the recommendation of industry committee No. 2 for a minimum wage of 35 cents per hour . . . was voted here yesterday by Max H. Zuckerman, executive secretary and counsel for the United Infants' and Children's Wear Association." Most of the rest of Page 1 is occupied by a three-column cut of a young woman wearing a black crêpe façonné frock, with a dull grosgrain ribbon at the front of her shirred corsage and a very queer hat on her head, but there are also stories demonstrating that brassières are up 6.2 per cent in Chi and that the military influence is being felt in Heim Suits. Featured articles on the inside pages include "UMPA Tying Up with Stores to Push Mink; Activity on Skunk Slackens a Bit," "More Interest in Molded Middles," and "Technologists to Hear Theiler on Winding." "Arrivals of Buyers" is clearly the most important department, though those headed "Business Troubles" and "In the Courts" (conceivably a sequel) take up quite a lot of space and must have their morbid following, too. A column labelled "Military Maneuvers" is misleading, since it is only about the effect of the war on girls' coats. In discussing his queerly disassociated medium, Mr. Allen is inclined to be vague.

"It has an absolutely independent editorial policy," he recently told an interviewer. This seemed incontrovertible, or at least pretty hard to prove one way or the other, and he was asked to be a little more specific.

"What about the war? Does *Women's Wear* cover that at all?"

"Well, not exactly," said Mr. Allen, after thought. "That is, not unless some merchant unfortunately dies."

The theatre takes up a page in *Women's Wear*, with "Amusements, by Kelcey Allen" across the whole five columns at the top. In addition to the review, there is usually a column of stage notes, gathered by the boss himself, perhaps a drawing of people without faces, illustrating the costumes worn in the play under discussion, and a couple of columns of theatrical advertising on which the critic's take is almost eight cents an agate line. This advertising also appears in the *Daily News Record* and Mr. Allen's income from both, on the basis of a gross advertising revenue of about seventy thousand dollars, is said to be in the neighborhood of ten thousand dollars a year, an estimate he will neither confirm nor deny, on the ground that it is nobody's damn business. Just before 1929, when everybody else was blowing bubbles, he bought insurance and annuities, so there is always that to fall back on, too.



"You really like it, Mr. Willoughby? It's one of those little all-purpose dresses which a girl can wear dining and dancing right from work without going home first."

The system of rewarding a critic on the basis of the amount of advertising he can bring in has naturally given rise to a certain amount of innuendo, there being those who suggest that there is more than simple amiability in Mr. Allen's willingness to endure practically anything. "He has a heart of gold and sometimes it goes to his head," a false friend remarked one night in Lindy's, and others have said that his interest in the box office is nearly as tender as the Shuberts'. Mr. Allen denies all this without rancor. His subscribers, he says, are simple, cheerful people who don't admire a destructive attitude; furthermore, he is a simple man himself, loving the theatre and able to forgive it more than most.

In addition to this benign attitude, Kelcey's criticism has other distinguishing traits. As a plot-teller, he is nearly as relentless as Burton Rascoe, providing his clients with every stupefying fact in the case. The following is probably characteristic:

> The action of "The Storm" takes place in a forest primeval in the Far Northwest. David Stewart, a pleasure-loving Englishman who has lived in large cities the greater part of his life, is invited by his friend Burr Winton to spend the winter at his cabin in the clearing. Winton is very fond of the wilderness and avoids women. They are left at the cabin by Maniteekwa, the Indian guide—the last human being they expect to see until the coming of spring. They have scarcely made themselves comfortable when there comes to their cabin Jacques Fachard, a smuggler who has been shot by a mounted policeman. With him is his daughter Manette and just before he dies Fachard commits his daughter to Winton's care.
>
> Winter had begun and it is necessary that the girl spend several months in the men's cabin. Both Winton and Stewart have agreed to share equally in all duties, but through Stewart's nature runs a streak

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

How many pigs in this picture?

Can you count 'em? You're good if you get the right total the first time. There are ten, and the mother.

"So what?" you say, "what's a litter of pigs got to do with *me?*" And the answer is, "Plenty!"

As lard, sausage, pork chops, ham sandwiches and ration stamps, these little pigs are potentially a *big* part of your 1944 diet. In fact, they're pretty important to *all* the United Nations, for pork is the biggest single agricultural item in the Lend-Lease program.

But there's one big IF. IF they grow up. Normally, nearly *half* of all baby pigs die before they reach market age.

That simple statistic highlights the wartime value of a special pig protective feed made by National Dairy.

It's a scientific emulsion of buttermilk, cheese whey, wheat germ, fish oil and other ingredients. Farmers find it helps produce healthier sows and babies — *and more pigs go to market!*

This pig feed was developed in a National Dairy Laboratory and proved on a National Dairy experimental farm. It puts to work millions of pounds of milk by-products that once were wasted. Yet it is only a small part of the broad research program that National Dairy carries on constantly.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

Kraft Sealtest Breyers

NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

GEORGE ABBOTT'S FUNNIEST COMEDY HIT
KISS and TELL
NEW YORK BILTMORE THEATRE with Jessie ROYCE LANDIS · Robert KEITH · Joan CAULFIELD
DETROIT CASS THEATRE Violet HEMING · Walter GILBERT · Betty Anne NYMAN
CHICAGO HARRIS THEATRE with Katharine WARREN · Clay CLEMENT · Patricia KIRKLAND
ON TOUR WEST COAST with Katherine ALEXANDER · Jack DAVIS · June DAYTON
Written by F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Mr. Abbott

CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
MARY MARTIN
KENNY BAKER • JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
with Paula Laurence & Teddy Hart
Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S. J. PERELMAN & NASH
Lyrics by OGDEN NASH
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
Dances by Agnes de Mille
Associate producer JOHN WILDBERG
46th ST. THEA. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

THE THEATRE GUILD presents
THE MARGARET WEBSTER PRODUCTION
PAUL ROBESON
JOSE FERRER • UTA HAGEN
OTHELLO
EDITH KING • JAMES MONKS
Production designed and lighted by Robert Edmond Jones
SHUBERT THEA. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"I COULD SEE IT EVERY NIGHT" —Burton Rascoe, World-Telegram
OKLAHOMA!
ST. JAMES Thea. New York | ERLANGER Thea. Chicago

"At $2.20 top price it's the season's most happy bargain." —Nichols, Times
Cheryl Crawford presents
PORGY AND BESS
By George Gershwin & DuBose Heyward.
ALEXANDER SMALLENS, Conductor
N. Y. CITY CENTER, Mayor La Guardia, President
131 W. 55th St. Eves. incl. Sun. 8:30, 85c to $2.20
Mats. Sat. & Sun. 2:30; 55c to $1.65. No Perf. Mon.

KATHARINE CORNELL and JOHN C. WILSON present
LOVERS AND FRIENDS
by DODIE SMITH
with KATHARINE CORNELL RAYMOND MASSEY
HENRY DANIELL, CAROL GOODNER, ANNE BURR
Staged by GUTHRIE McCLINTIC
PLYMOUTH, W. 45. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

Josephine HULL Effie SHANNON in
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
4th YEAR!
"Unforgettably funny"—Atkinson, Times
HUDSON Theatre, W. 44 St. Evgs. incl. Sunday 8:40
Matinees Sat. 2:40—Sun. at 3. No Tues. Perf.

The U.S. Army Air Forces PRESENT
Winged Victory
by MOSS HART
Curtain 8:15 and 2:15 Sharp
44TH ST. THEA. Every Evening Except Monday
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

of yellow which reveals itself when the girl is installed in the cabin.

Winton, who is clean in thought and act, notices the change in Stewart's conduct but not until the Englishman goes to her room does he lay violent hands upon him. It is only Manette's pleading that saves him from being killed.

Provisions are getting low and the toss of a coin is to decide who is to go to Calgary and bring back supplies. The chances are slim that either man will survive. Stewart loses, starts away, and then returns, refusing the test. He pleads ignorance of the trails and the certainty of his death. Winton admits the argument and Stewart proposes the girl shall decide by cutting out from a tree where each man had marked his agreement as partner, the cross made by the man she chooses to make the venture. She refuses and her plight is relieved by the reappearance of the Indian guide with supplies and a warning of a forest fire.

In an opportune absence of the others Stewart steals forth and thrusts a knife in Winton's cross on the tree. The forest fire bursts and a huge tree topples upon the cabin, injuring Stewart and temporarily blinding Winton. Stewart confesses his duplicity and Manette admits she loves Winton.

Of this phantasmagoria, Mr. Allen observes in general, "It is a well-written and finely constructed melodrama. There are humorous passages to relieve the tension."

He is certainly the most prodigal user of quotation marks in modern letters. A casual reading of his department for a single month yields words like "shady," "sporty," "tip," "job," and even "opening" all decently enclosed, as well as such sentences as "The act needs 'fixing up,' " "He can 'put a song over,' " and "As a hen-pecked husband, he was, to use a theatrical term, a 'riot.' " Mr. Allen's most mysterious refinement, however, occurred while he was combing out the plot of a melodrama. "The airplane," he wrote, "breaks a plane, or 'wing,' and crashes to earth." He also has a considerable talent for elegant variation. Dancing to him, for instance, is almost always a "terpsichorean effort" and elephants are seldom anything simpler than "pachydermatous beasts."

A thoughtful man, Mr. Allen makes full allowance for his customers' possible ignorance of the stage and, indeed, of practically everything else. "The stars," he has written, "are followed by a stage horse (cleverly impersonated by two chorus-men)," "The ' 'Ole' in the title of the play is the Cockney pronunciation of the word 'hole,' " "Adam and Eve lived, as we all know, in the Garden of Eden," "The word 'gold-digger' is, as far as I can learn, a new slang phrase." Sometimes, however, his information actually is unique, as when he writes "Hilda Spong contented herself with a

MAX GORDON HITS!
"Glib, daffy, enormously funny"—Morehouse, Sun
RUTH GORDON IN
OVER TWENTY-ONE
By RUTH GORDON
Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
MUSIC BOX, 45th St. West of B'way. CI. 6-4636
EVGS. 8:40. Mats. THURS., & SAT. at 2:40
"The funniest show we've seen in three years." —Walter Winchell
THE DOUGHGIRLS
By Joseph Fields
Staged by George S. Kaufman
LYCEUM 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

"Reminded me of a lot of people I used to know in Glen Cove, L. I." —WOLCOTT GIBBS, The New Yorker
DECISION
BELASCO Thea. 44 St. E. of B'way
Eves. Incl. Sun. 8:40 Mats. Sat. and Sun.

"Smash hit!" Winchell
MILTON BERLE in
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
SENOR WENCES CHRISTINE AYRES SARA ANN McCABE
NADINE GAE TOMMY WONDER JACK McCAULEY
and SUE RYAN
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
IMPERIAL THEA., 45th St. W. of B'way. No Perf. Mon.
TWICE SATURDAY & SUNDAY 2:35 & 8:35

Le Gallienne and Schildkraut
The CHERRY ORCHARD
NATIONAL, W. 41 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"THE FUNNIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD"
ROBERT REUD presents
ZASU PITTS in
RAMSHACKLE INN
By George Batson
"A HUMDINGER OF A PLAY, AS UTTERLY DELIGHTFUL AS 'ARSENIC AND OLD LACE'!" —Rascoe, World-Tele.
ROYALE THEA., 45th St. West of B'way
Evgs. Incl. Sun. 8:40 MATS. SAT. & SUN.

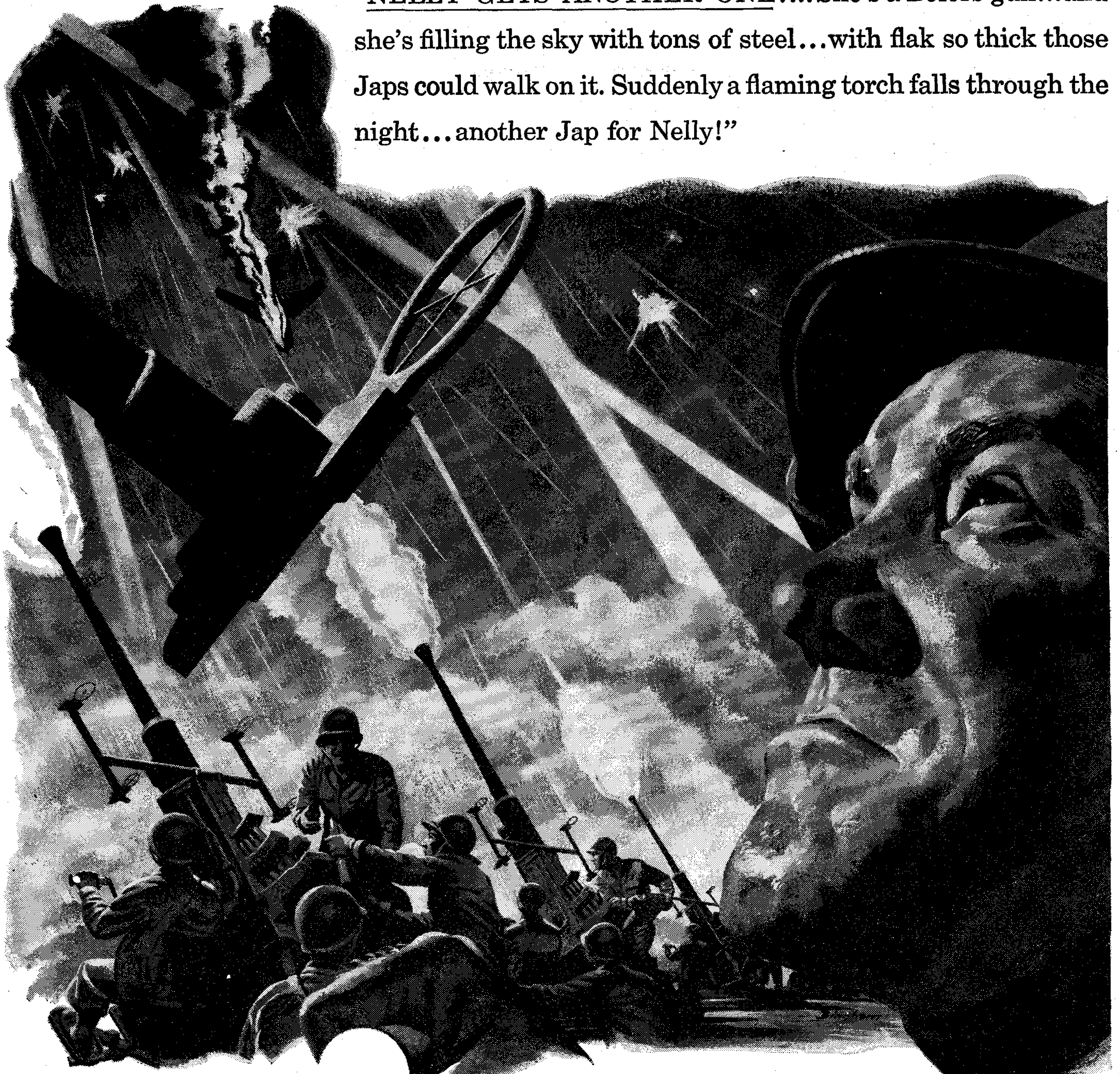
"BERGNER is MAGNIFICENT" Life Magazine
Robert REUD & Paul CZINNER present
ELISABETH BERGNER
in The TWO MRS. CARROLLS
By Martin Vale
with VICTOR JORY
BOOTH Thea., W. 45 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed., Sat.

"Good . . . for the whole family."—Nichols, Times
50c $1 & $1.50 Plus Tax Sat. Nights Only 50c to $2.50 Plus Tax
Sonja Henie & Arthur M. Wirtz present
SECOND EDITION
STARS ON ICE
CENTER THEATRE, Rockefeller Center. CO. 5-5474
Eves. 8:40, Sun. 8:15. Mats. Wed., Sat. 2:40; Sun. 3
No Monday Perf. • Mail Orders Filled

"A RIBALDY AMUSING FARCE COMEDY" —George Jean Nathan
Meyer Davis presents
WALLFLOWER
The Laugh Hit
by Mary Orr & Reginald Denham
CORT, 48th St. E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Additional Amusement Advertising on page 38

"NELLY GETS ANOTHER ONE!...She's a Bofors gun...and she's filling the sky with tons of steel...with flak so thick those Japs could walk on it. Suddenly a flaming torch falls through the night...another Jap for Nelly!"



Chrysler Searchlight Reflectors and Bofors guns are used together on our battleships for night fighting.

BUY WAR BONDS

"Nelly" was a tough gun to make . . . she used to require so much handwork that only a few could be produced in a year. Today, certain of her precision parts are finished by a revolutionary process called Superfinish . . . the same process that gives Chrysler engines the smoothest moving parts in history. Thanks to Superfinish and to the employment of other automotive methods, the production of parts for Bofors guns has been speeded incredibly since Pearl Harbor.

WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER DIVISION

Industrial Engines • Marine Engines • Marine Tractors • Navy Pontoons • Harbor Tugs • Anti-Aircraft Cannon Parts • Tank Engine Assemblies • Tank Parts • Airplane Wing Panels • Fire-Fighting Equipment • Air Raid Sirens • Gun Boxes • Searchlight Reflectors.

CHRYSLER

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

THE NATION-WIDE CHRYSLER DEALER ORGANIZATION OFFERS OWNERS SERVICE FACILITIES TO MEET THEIR TRANSPORTATION NEEDS

"AN IRRESISTIBLE DELIGHT!"
—BARNES, Herald Trib.
ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr.
presents
Margaret Elliott
SULLAVAN & NUGENT
in
JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
Comedy
the Voice of the Turtle
with
AUDREY CHRISTIE
MOROSCO, 45th St. W. of B'way.
Evenings 8:35 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:35

MICHAEL TODD presents
BOBBY CLARK in
Mexican Hayride
with JUNE HAVOC GEORGE GIVOT WILBUR EVANS
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
SONGS BY COLE PORTER
WINTER GARDEN B'way & 50 St., Mats. Wed., Sat.

"A Triumph" —BARNES Herald Trib
JAN KIEPURA
In THE NEW OPERA COMPANY'S Production of
THE Merry Widow
with MELVILLE COOPER
DIRECTED BY FELIX BRENTANO
Choreography George Balanchine
Conductor Isaac Van Grove
MAJESTIC, W. 44th St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

"THE TALK OF TWO CITIES"
TOMORROW THE WORLD
BARRYMORE THEA. NEW YORK
Ralph BELLAMY • Shirley BOOTH
SELWYN THEATRE CHICAGO
Elissa LANDI • Paul McGRATH

CARNEGIE HALL MAR. 22 WED. EVG. 8:30
FRANCESCATTI
Violin Recital (Baldwin) Judson Mgt.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
50th St. & 6th Ave.
Samuel Goldwyn presents
DANNY KAYE
"UP IN ARMS" in Technicolor
Released through RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.
Gala Stage Show • Symphony Orchestra
1st Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

Chesapeake House
Continental Cuisine • Superb Service
Charming Atmosphere • Cocktail Bar
Luncheon 95¢ up • Dinner $1.50 up
191 MADISON AVENUE (34th St.)
Opp. B. Altman—Tel. MU. 4-9432

ROCK with ROCCO
AT CAFE
ZANZIBAR
B'WAY bet 50th & 51st
3 SHOWS NIGHTLY — 8-12-2
DINNER $2 • CI 7-7380

very small rôle (she played it as a personal favor to Mr. Miller)" or when he comments on the impropriety of an actress making love to her second husband in a play directed by her first. "Surely here is a situation never conceived by the dramatist or novelist or even the writer of moving pictures," he says, and adds regretfully, "but it is with the play that we have to deal." The necessity of dealing with a play when there are more interesting things to talk about often besets him, but he downs temptation like a man. "The gowns are magnificent," he said in his review of "Roberta," "and are described on page 2."

Like most reviewers, Mr. Allen is often pushed for time and this may account for the fact that certain phrases recur in his prose like commercial plugs in a radio program. To him almost every first-night audience is "large and fashionable," "the supporting rôles" are always "in good hands," "if you are looking for risqué or suggestive lines, the play will not disappoint," and "the production" is invariably "tasteful," or "elegant," or "brilliant," or any one of fifty other words expressing rapture.

Finally, just as Kelcey loves plays and players, he has an intense, almost physical passion for the theatres that enclose them. There is scarcely a house in New York that he hasn't described at one time or another as "magnificent," but for a long time his affair with the Henry Miller was notorious. "An architectural delight," "a credit to the community," and "exquisitely beautiful" were some of his phrases for it and he probably would have gone further if he could have found the words. Once or twice, in fact, he has even given a theatre priority over what was in it. "The new and magnificent Selwyn," he wrote in 1918, "opened its door last night to an admiring public and as yesterday's paper contained a full description of the interior, I shall write of the play."

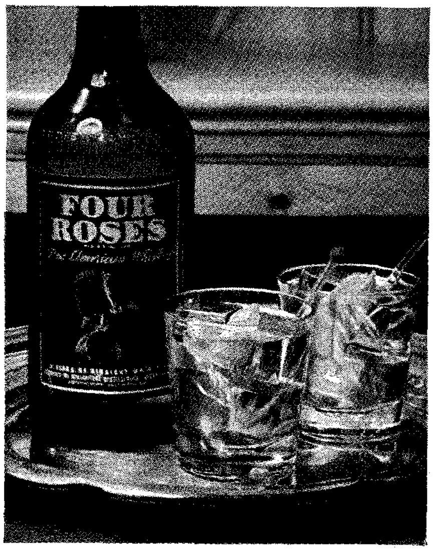
Any examination of the body of Kelcey's writing is complicated by the existence of a man called Thomas R. Dash, who serves as a sort of wild card in the critical deck. Mr. Dash, an associate editor of *Women's Wear*, is apparently a man of powerful education, and from time to time, growing weary of busts and fabrics, he decides to relax by accompanying his paper's critic to the theatre. For the most part he is content to sit there quietly, but now and then, especially when the offering is Shakespeare or something Russian, culture has its way with him, and he writes the review himself. Since it is not unknown for him to sign Mr. Allen's name to these essays, it is not always possible to detect the alien hand. On the whole, Kelcey apparently would rather not discuss his gifted collaborator. "He's a very brilliant authority," he says evasively. "Uses words that long."

As he approaches his seventieth birthday, Kelcey Allen is an established Broadway institution, as the phrase too often goes. Short and stout (he is five feet four and weighs two hundred and ten pounds), alarmingly hoarse, nearly bald, always dressed in unenterprising brown or gray, with a full lower lip, a bulbous nose, and a face that generally looks as if it might have been carved from a coconut, he is better known to first-nighters than any of the other current critics, with the exception of George Jean Nathan, who is, of course, a formidable bon vivant as well. The equipment that bulges his pockets—flashlights, gumdrops, extra spectacles, untidy bundles of valuable documents—is often the subject of intracritical humor, as is his habit of snoozing comfortably on the aisle though noisy death may be overtaking every character on the stage.

In spite of his personal celebrity, however, the esoteric nature of Mr. Allen's publication has made his work rather mysterious to most of his colleagues. There are critics who have been in the business for years without ever finding out what Kelcey said about anything, and Stark Young, an anchorite employed by the *New Republic*, has never been quite sure what it was he was writing for, either. Kelcey takes his literary obscurity impassively. He has never distinguished very clearly between the *Nation* and the *New Republic* himself and anyway, if people don't read what you write, they can't argue with you about it.

Except at the theatre, Mr. Allen generally encounters his fellows only at the meetings and dinners of the New York Drama Critics' Circle. Here his behavior is rather suppressed, like the Dormouse. He was one of the founders, but his idea of the group's function has never been that of the rest. They organized primarily for the purpose of correcting the childish selections of the Pulitzer Prize Committee by making sensible ones of their own; Mr. Allen's aim was purely social—he just wanted to meet George Bernard Shaw. "I figured when one of those big English writers came over, we ought to all get together and give him a dinner or something," he says. At the meetings he votes for the best play of the year along

Guess which trophy the guests gave him



THEY DID IT more as a friendly gag than anything else.

But when they put that plaque up there beside the other trophies their host had won, they were sincere in wanting him to know that his Four Roses Old Fashioneds rated a special token of appreciation.

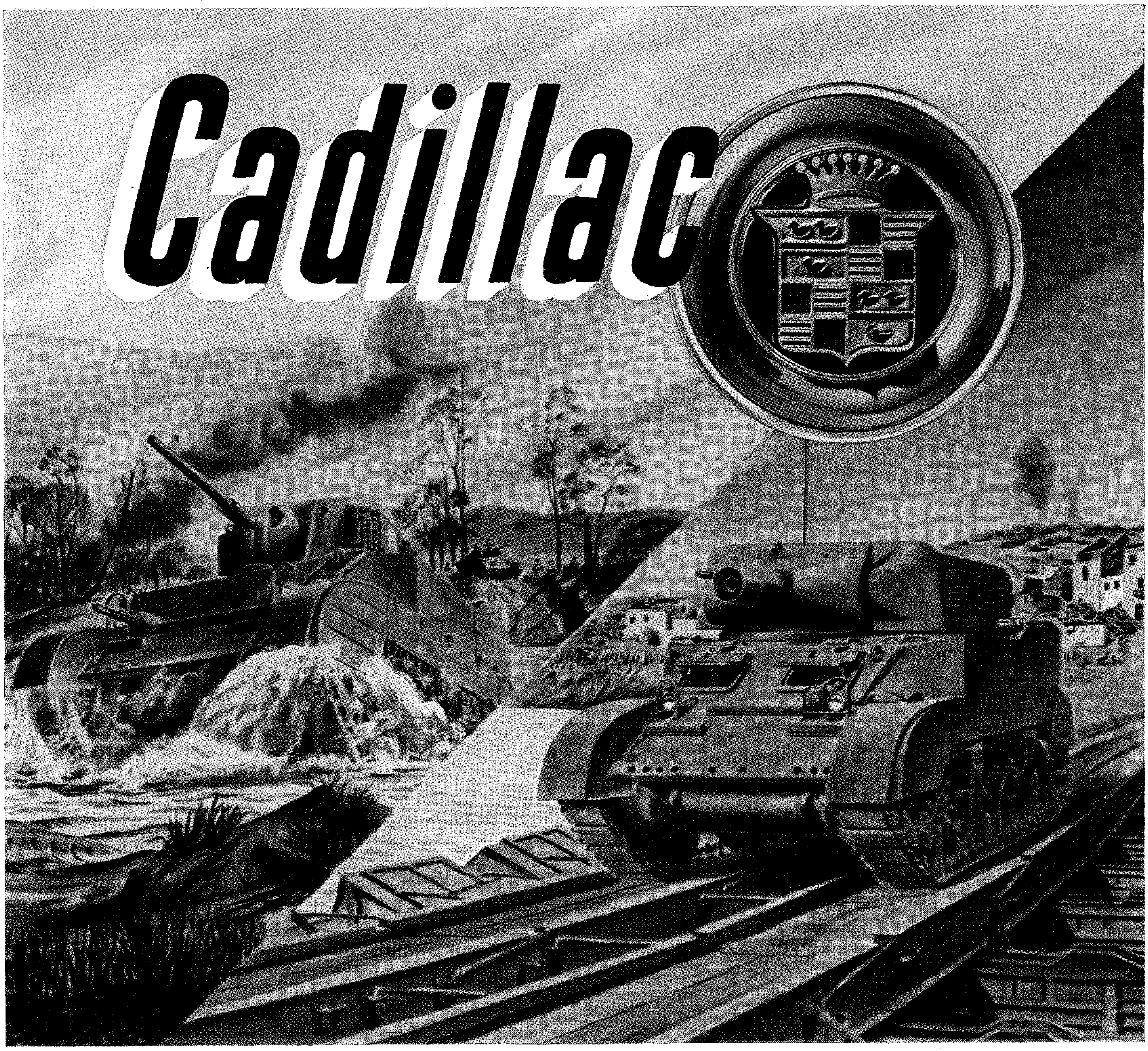
Perhaps *your* guests will never go so far as to award you a trophy for serving drinks made with Four Roses. But you can be certain they'll find *some* way to tell you how extra special your cocktails are!

Perhaps, these days, you can't always get Four Roses when you ask for it. But if your dealer is temporarily out of it, please be patient and try again. He'll be getting more, soon.

FOUR ROSES

A TRULY GREAT WHISKEY

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies — 90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City



Some go Through – Some go Over !

Under the direction, and with the cooperation, of Army Ordnance—Cadillac has developed, and is building, what have proved to be two of the most effective pieces of armament in the Arsenal of Democracy.

One is the M-5 Light Tank—a fast, quick, highly maneuverable weapon, armed with a high velocity, 37 mm. cannon. This tough, speedy, hard-hitting tank is one of America's great "surprise weapons"—ideal for upsetting enemy formations. Like a speedy halfback, it darts through the slightest opening in the line, or "runs the ends," as the need may be. It is almost as fast as a motor car.

The other is the M-8 mounting the Army's 75 mm. Howitzer cannon. Utilizing the same chassis as the M-5, it gives to demolition artillery a degree of mobility it has never known before. With this weapon, big guns can follow their targets—maintain positions of utmost advantage.

The two units that give these weapons their power and maneuverability were Cadillac peacetime developments; the Cadillac V-type engine and the Hydra-Matic transmission.

The quickness with which these peacetime units were sent to war not only attests their inborn quality of design and construction—but it indicates the splendid manner in which Army Ordnance has utilized the nation's resources to astound the world with its armament program.

Every Sunday Afternoon . . . GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR—NBC Network

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

ARMY NAVY

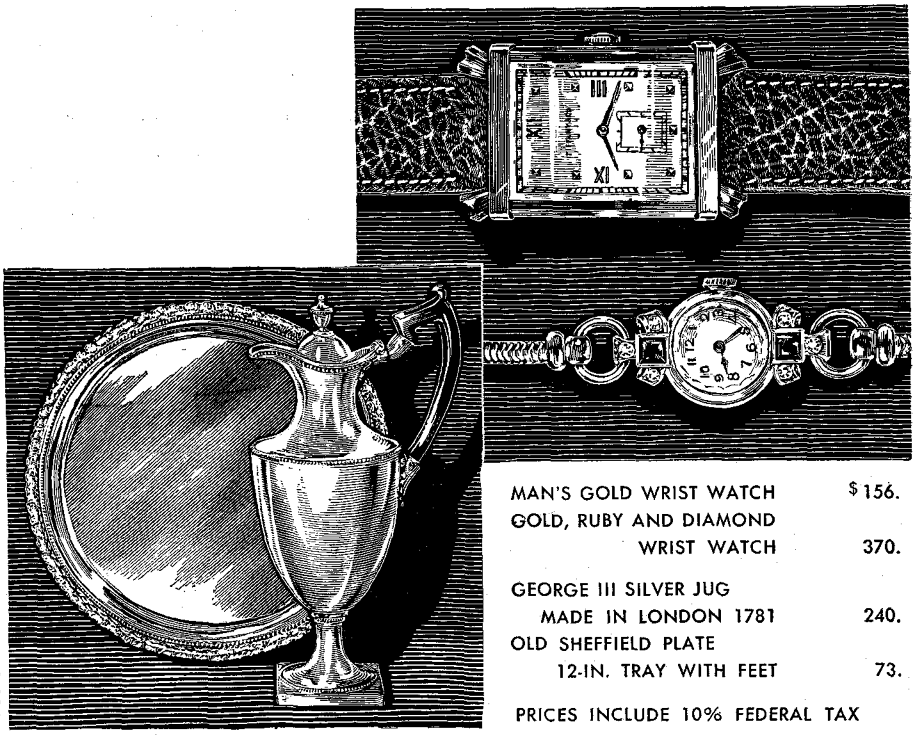
LET'S ALL
BACK THE ATTACK
BUY WAR BONDS

with everybody else, but his heart isn't in it, and he really comes to life only when plans are being considered for the annual banquet. "Maybe we ought to have it at the Astor this year," he is apt to mutter, since the Astor seems to him a handsome, sociable place, agreeably populated with actors and serving good, sensible food. He is always overruled, usually in favor of 21 West Fifty-second Street. He feels this is a mistake. "One time up there we had this boar's head with an apple in the mouth," he says. "Just give me a chop."

Kelcey's opinion of his colleagues is guarded. They are nice fellows, but with the exception of Joseph Wood Krutch, whom he regards as a profound man, they seem to him a little superficial and given too much to bright remarks. There is no one today to take the place of William Winter, who could turn you out a good, meaty review on anything and do it in longhand. Kelcey has a rather mystic feeling that something went out of criticism when its practitioners took to typewriters. He can write either way himself. Sometimes his estimates of other workers in the vineyard are conditioned by what may or may not be non-sequitur. "This young Otis L. Guernsey, Jr., on the *Trib* seems like a good writer," he observed once, and added thoughtfully, "I hear his folks have money."

An innocent admiration for wealth and stylish living, in fact, is probably the real keynote of Kelcey's character. When pinned down, he has to admit that most of his favorite plays have been drawing-room comedies, especially the works of Noel Coward. He has an idea they are instructive socially. "The way the fellows act when a lady enters the room," he says, "you can tell that's the way it ought to be."

Certain actors also have his approval for their lofty behavior on the stage. Of all those who have played Father in the saga of the Day family, for instance, he was most taken with Louis Calhern, who had, it seemed to Kelcey, "that real aristocratic style about him." This also works in reverse. Though admiring "Angel Street," he is inclined to be indignant about the way Leo G. Carroll gets himself up to play an English policeman. "A fellow dressed like that would be a disgrace to Scotland Yard," he says. In a way he misses the old days, when you could always tell an actor by his long hair and his distinguished clothes. He was in the Lambs Club once when he mentioned this and he used it as an example. "You take a look around this room," he said, "you'd never suspect some of these



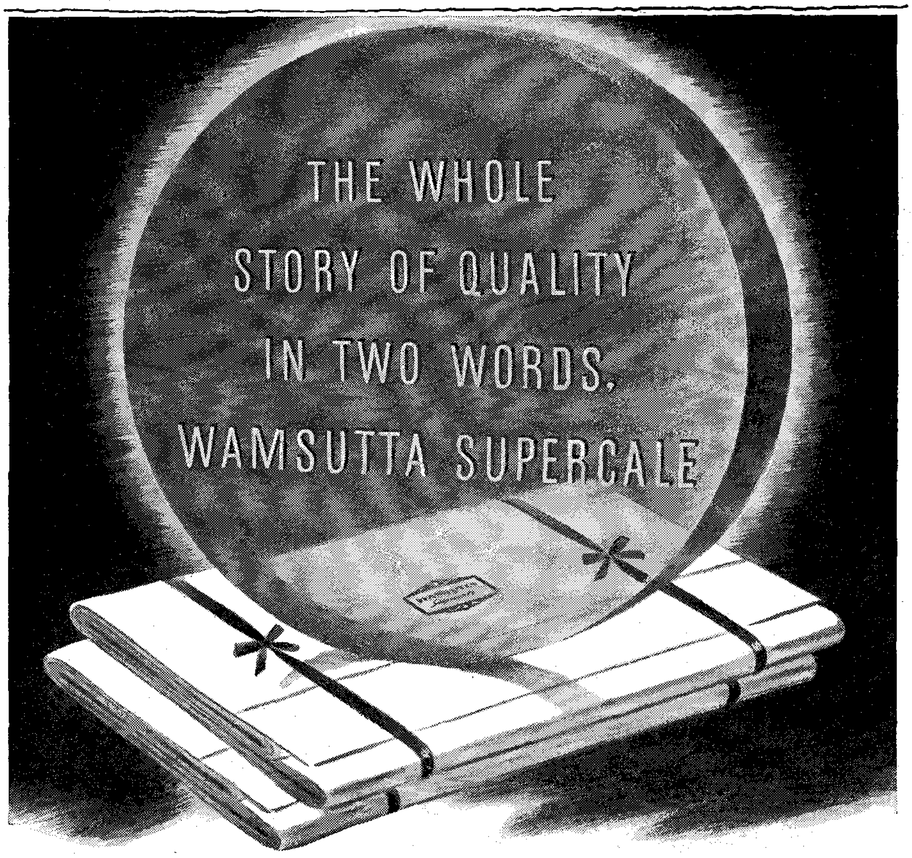
MAN'S GOLD WRIST WATCH	$156.
GOLD, RUBY AND DIAMOND WRIST WATCH	370.
GEORGE III SILVER JUG MADE IN LONDON 1781	240.
OLD SHEFFIELD PLATE 12-IN. TRAY WITH FEET	73.

PRICES INCLUDE 10% FEDERAL TAX

THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND PRICES ARE TYPICAL OF OUR LARGE AND VARIED STOCK, BUT SPECIFIC ARTICLES MAY NOT BE AVAILABLE AT ALL TIMES.

TIFFANY & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET NEW YORK



Wamsutta SUPERCALE*
*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SHEETS
Somerset Towels • *Springfield Blankets*

LISTEN: MARCH 11, 1944

At 6 (yrs.) Morton Gould started composing. At 30 he is overhauling Franz Joseph Haydn's opus numbers. Musical director of the *Cresta Blanca Carnival* (CBS, Wed. 10:30 to 11 p.m. EWT) Gould is equally at home in short- and long-haired music. 16 of his original compositions were performed by America's major symphony orchestras last year — more than any other American composer. Mitropolous of Minneapolis called his *Symphony No. 1* "The American Leningrad Symphony;" its premiere was with Fritz Reiner's Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra last March, and it is heading for an active life with other famous orchestras. Gould writes symphonies, concertos for violin, viola and piano, concertettes (which take 12 minutes to play, 2 weeks to write) and he was recently commissioned by Jascha Heifetz and Vladimir Horowitz to write a violin concerto and a piano solo. His new piece "Cowboy Rhapsody," written for Dr. Artur Rodzinski, conductor of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, will have its first airing in the near future. The YMCA, now celebrating its one-hundredth anniversary, has commissioned him to write a commemorative symphony dedicated to the youth of the world. His quality is as noteworthy as his industry.

★

Following CBS' "first" broadcast of the new Russian anthem, the first American broadcast of the French underground anthem, "The Chant of Liberation" went over CBS' *Report to the Nation* program on Washington's Birthday. The song was originally published in the French underground newspapers, ferreted to England, there recorded by a gifted French chanteuse. If you haven't heard it you should like the amount of whistling in it, since one of the most widely used techniques of annoying the Kraut today is to whistle at him.

★

More episodes from community-minded CBS affiliate-stations:

Last Christmas pretty nearly everybody in the United States landed at once on Spartanburg, S. C., to visit a soldier, and promptly jammed the hotels and rooming houses beyond capacity. Visitors who couldn't get shelter were walking the streets. The USO, the Traveler's Aid, and the CBS affiliate station WSPA went into a fast huddle and came out with a broadcast to the citizens. Within a day the doors of 153 Spartanburg homes were flung wide to the "stranger within the gates;" another 95 homes followed suit next day...

★

Last summer Station WCHS, (CBS affiliate in Charleston, W. Va.) borrowed a 100-quart cooker, four 20-quart cookers, and a County Home Demonstration Agent. WCHS then went on the air with the following offer to the housewives of Kanawha County: "Anyone bringing in produce can get it preserved at the rate of 3¢ a pint or 5¢ a quart if she will do part of the labor herself." If, for instance, you brought in 50 chickens to put up, you had to bone your own chickens. The project met great enthusiasm, ran for over two months, resulted in putting up thousands upon thousands of jars of palatable and point-free nourishment.

★

A double-headed educational job is being done by station WHCU (CBS affiliate in Ithaca, N. Y.) in the public schools of the Central New York State area. First, WHCU regularly broadcasts CBS' *American School of the Air* every school day. Second, each week 3000 pupils in the fourth, fifth and sixth grades listen in their classrooms to special programs discussing current events, geography, nature subjects, and civics. Instituted by WHCU, these programs have the blessings and cooperation of the Ithaca school board as well as Cornell University.

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

fellows of being actors." His companion, another critic, took a look around the room but remained suspicious.

There has inevitably been some pain and embarrassment connected with Kelcey's feeling for the fashionable world. For a long time he read with awe of the fabulous parties given by Mrs. Brock Pemberton, the wife of a producer. Every celebrity in reasonable working order seemed to go to them, and for Kelcey the reports in the papers were like news from the Court of St. James. Perhaps he didn't actually expect to get asked to one, but one day, when a letter on Mrs. Pemberton's stationery came in the mail, he opened it with anxious haste. It was not an invitation to a party; Mrs. Pemberton, in an official capacity, simply thought it would be nice if Mr. Allen would give her a pint of his blood for the Red Cross. It is one of the few things about which he is inclined to brood. "When she's giving a party, she's never heard of me," he told Frank Case, the proprietor of the Algonquin, "but when it's blood she wants, I'm O.K." For a while he even thought of incorporating these sentiments in a letter to Mrs. Pemberton, but in the end he gave it up. "It would have been too sarcastic," he says. "Anyway, I guess my greatest gift is I never try to force myself in on anybody."

What must have been Kelcey's most nerve-racking social experience was one he had in Paris. It is also a staggering example of the time and money the Broadway mind is willing to put in on even the most negligible practical joke. The leading humorists were S. Jay Kaufman, a press agent, and B. J. Perkins, general European manager for *Women's Wear*, and to begin with they took over the Montaigne restaurant for a party of one hundred at ten dollars a plate and invited Kelcey to be guest of honor. When the time came for speeches, Mr. Kaufman, as toastmaster, got up and announced that when the Secretary of the "Ministry of the Friends of France" heard that the critic of *Women's Wear* was to be honored as *"le grand littérateur d'Amérique,"* he insisted on taking part. The Secretary was an imposing character actor from the Comédie Française, who had been coached for the occasion by Sacha Guitry himself. He made quite a speech and at the end of it he kissed Kelcey on both cheeks and hung around his neck a Guatemalan military medal which had cost Mr. Kaufman twenty-four dollars in a pawnshop. Kelcey was also informed that the decoration entitled him to wear a pink ribbon in his button-

Luscious lips..thrilling lips...

A few deft strokes of Mary Dunhill lipstick make lips smoother, gayer! Five shades: Luscious, Thrilling, Banner Red, Medium and Brilliant . . . $1.25 plus federal tax.

Mary Dunhill
Fifth Avenue, New York

AT BETTER STORES FROM COAST TO COAST

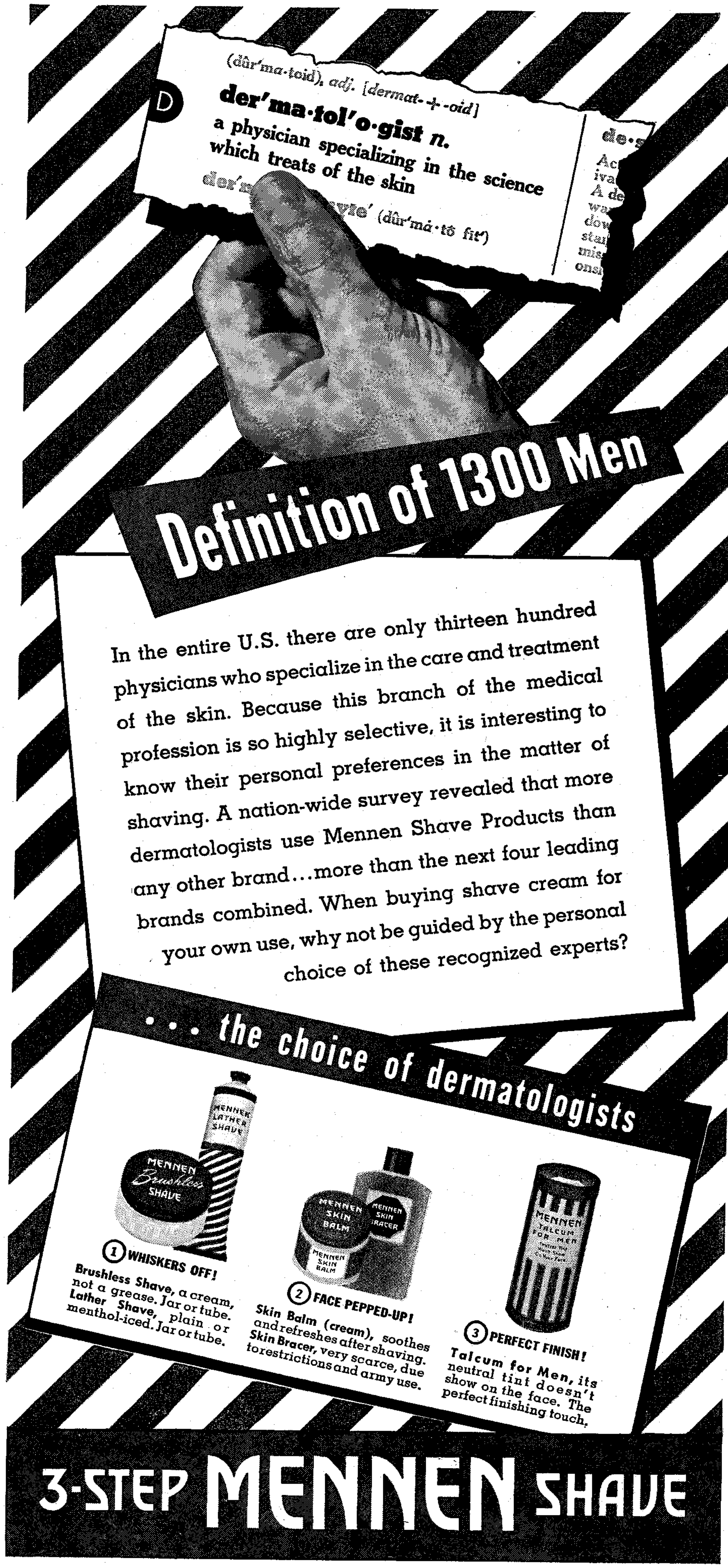
hole. The next day, wearing the ribbon and suffused with pleasure, the great American writer showed up at the Guaranty Trust Company, where a friend of his was an official. This man looked curiously at his lapel. "What the hell's that thing?" he asked, poking it with his finger. "You having a baby?" Kelcey laughed uneasily and went away without committing himself. That night, however, after a trip to the genuine Ministry of Fine Arts, he was ready for his clever friends. "Aw, I knew you fellows were kidding all the time," he told them amiably.

The only other account of Kelcey's trip abroad involves a shock to someone else. Howard Benedict, also a press agent, was in Granada, where he had gone to forget if he could the sights and sounds and fierce, familiar faces that had begun to torment his dreams back on Broadway. He was poking around the Alhambra late one afternoon, relaxed and almost at peace, when a hoarse voice called his name and a rumpled gray suit advanced upon him through the soft Spanish twilight. It was, of course, the critic for *Women's Wear Daily*. "Hello, Kelcey," said Mr. Benedict, feeling for the moment as drunk as a mink.

THERE is not much to be said about Mr. Allen's domestic life. For the past twelve years, he has lived in a three-and-a-half-room apartment on the sixteenth floor at 300 West Twenty-third Street, for which, with his usual tendency to be cryptic about money, he says he pays rather less than a hundred dollars a month. It is not remarkable in any sense, except for such details as "a sleeping board" under his mattress, which is supposed to banish insomnia, neat labels—"Shirts," "Underwear," "Sox"—pasted on his bureau drawers, and a medical reference book in which he has a rather gruesome habit of looking up his friends' symptoms.

Mrs. Allen, an amiable woman who can take the theatre or let it alone, was born Ann Ahern in Portland, Connecticut. Her husband's description of their courtship is fond though telegraphic. "I met her on an excursion boat," he says. "She was looking for a chair and I volunteered to find her one. I was lucky enough to secure two. She permitted me to call on her and soon after we were married."

The Allens are not around the apartment very much, since they have no children, and Kelcey's business takes him out all day and a good part of the night. His usual schedule gets him up and about Times Square by eleven o'clock in the



(dûr'ma-toid), *adj.* [dermat- + -oid]
der'ma·tol'o·gist *n.*
a physician specializing in the science which treats of the skin

Definition of 1300 Men

In the entire U.S. there are only thirteen hundred physicians who specialize in the care and treatment of the skin. Because this branch of the medical profession is so highly selective, it is interesting to know their personal preferences in the matter of shaving. A nation-wide survey revealed that more dermatologists use Mennen Shave Products than any other brand...more than the next four leading brands combined. When buying shave cream for your own use, why not be guided by the personal choice of these recognized experts?

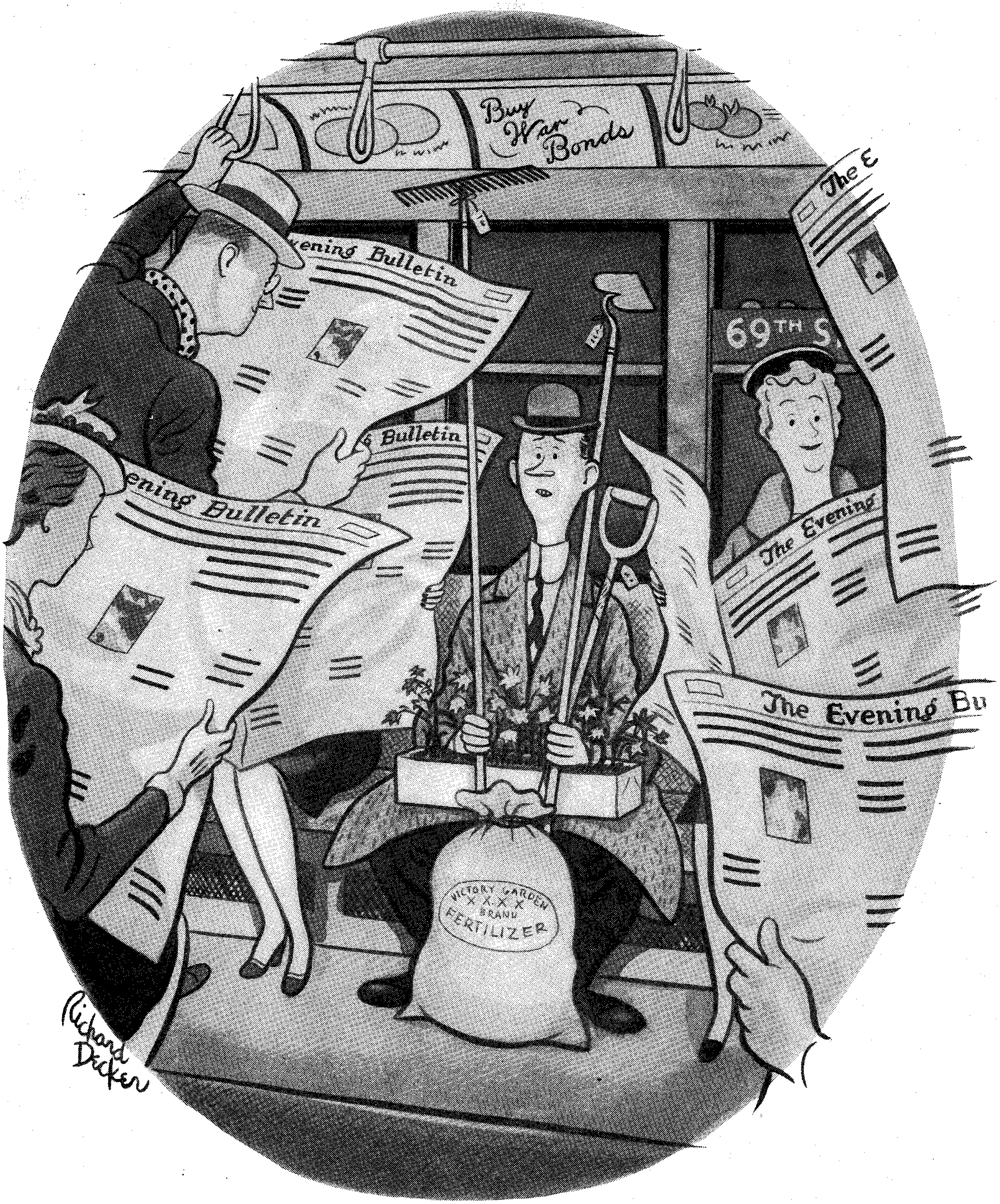
... the choice of dermatologists

① WHISKERS OFF!
Brushless Shave, a cream, not a grease. Jar or tube. **Lather Shave,** plain or menthol-iced. Jar or tube.

② FACE PEPPED-UP!
Skin Balm (cream), soothes and refreshes after shaving. **Skin Bracer,** very scarce, due to restrictions and army use.

③ PERFECT FINISH!
Talcum for Men, its neutral tint doesn't show on the face. The perfect finishing touch.

3-STEP MENNEN SHAVE


Buy War Bonds
Evening Bulletin
Bulletin
The E
69TH S
Evening Bulletin
The Evening
The Evening Bu
VICTORY GARDEN
X-X-X
BRAND
FERTILIZER
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia—nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

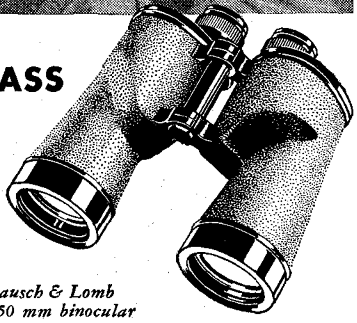
It's quite possible that we have, in the picture above, perpetrated an unintentional injustice. For home owners and gardeners are particularly numerous among the nearly 4 out of 5 Philadelphians who daily read The Bulletin. Strong point of The Bulletin circulation (in excess of 600,000) is that it *goes home* in this *city of homes.*

(*Advertisement*)

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

BINOCULARS LIKE THIS MUST PASS

a "swimming" test


Bausch & Lomb 7X, 50 mm binocular

Bausch & Lomb developed the first waterproof binocular—a binocular which can be immersed in a tank of water, yet due to its water-tight construction, not a drop of water can get into the interior to fog the optics or interfere with its perfect functioning.

This engineering achievement required a complete redesign of the instrument, complete re-tooling and revised manufacturing procedure. All this was accomplished without interrupting the scheduled even flow of needed binoculars to the armed forces.

Based on this redesign, both the Army and Navy now specify that *all* binoculars supplied to them be of waterproof construction.

Facilities of this plant — developed through 90 years of service to outdoor enthusiasts, to science and industry—are busy today fighting a war. After Victory new miracles of optical science for better living will come from the drafting tables, the glass furnaces and the precision finishing rooms of Bausch & Lomb, optical headquarters of America.

BAUSCH & LOMB
OPTICAL CO. ROCHESTER, N. Y.
ESTABLISHED 1853

AN AMERICAN SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION PRODUCING OPTICAL GLASS AND INSTRUMENTS FOR MILITARY USE, EDUCATION, RESEARCH, INDUSTRY AND EYESIGHT CORRECTION

Halo Salon-Swirl SHOPS
PERMANENT WAVES
HAIR DYEING
hair stylists
Tel. PLaza 3-4646 • 4563
444 MADISON AVE., at 49th ST., Suite 1702

Luncheon
Cocktail Hour
Dinner = Supper
The Café Lounge and Bar
CONTINUOUS DANCING
FROM FIVE O'CLOCK
SAVOY-PLAZA
FIFTH AVE. AT 58TH ST.

morning, where, unless he has some reason for going to his office, he hangs around most of the day, smoking cigars and collecting what Rennold Wolf used to call "six million dollars' worth of useless information." Most of his writing is done in a small office at 1476 Broadway, which he had been sharing for fifteen years with Bide Dudley when the latter died in January. He seldom goes to the Fairchild headquarters, on the ground that there are too many young women employed there, squealing and bumping a man around.

Kelcey gets his mail at the Hotel National (in its carefree days, as the Hermitage, a well-known hangout for ladies of flighty habits) because it is handy and there is usually somebody there to talk to. He has a lively correspondence with out-of-town buyers who want to know what to see when they come to town and he answers it conscientiously, recommending practically everything either on postcards or little sheets of notepaper with a caricature of him at the top. The United States mail also serves him as an office boy, since he is always sending himself memoranda through it, scrawling anecdotes and useful facts on postcards and dropping them in boxes rather than bothering with a notebook. Like everybody else these days, he gets a lot of mimeographed mail and this he humorously stamps "Deceased" and returns to the mailman.

Before the war, Kelcey's greatest interest outside his work was driving a car. He had a Buick, equipped with every brilliantly useless accessory the dealer could think up, and each year he turned it in, with two hundred and fifty dollars, for a new one. He never went anywhere in particular in his car, since he dislikes the country, but it kept him busy and out in the air. Now he just likes to sit around restaurants with his friends or else to drop in at box offices or hang around backstage with the hands. He doesn't drink or play cards or even read anything much not connected with his job, and, with the theatre the way it is, he is left with a good many evenings on his hands.

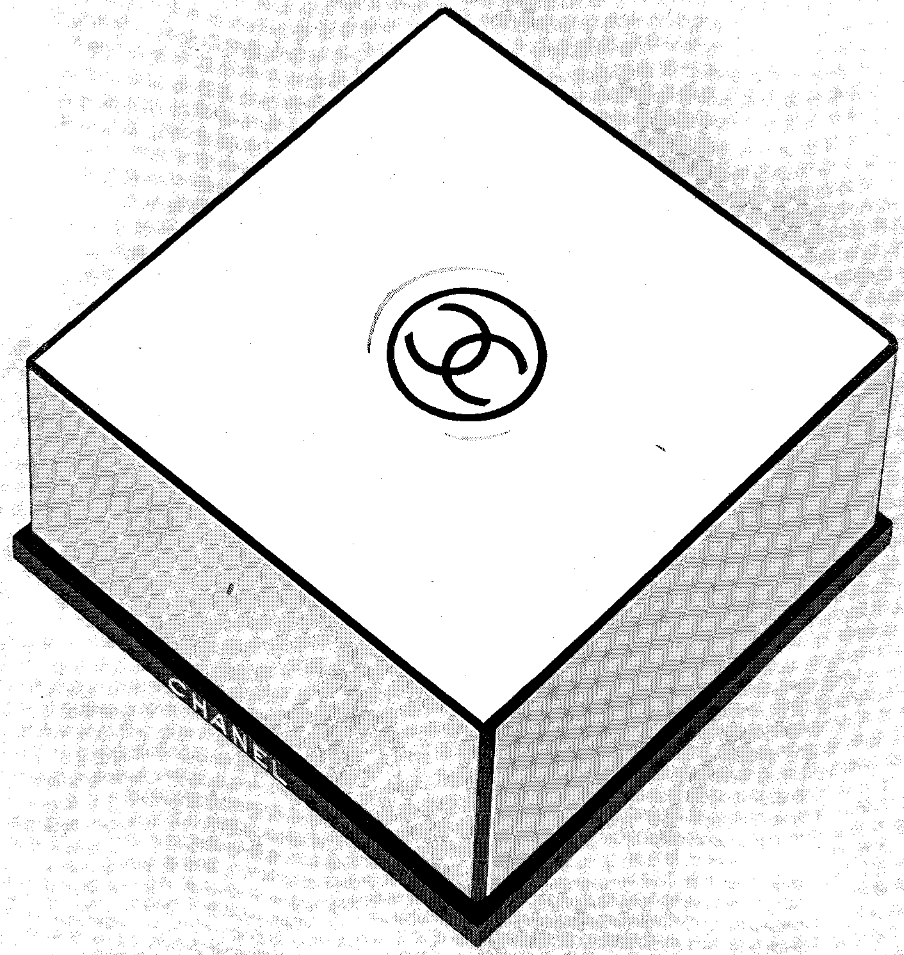
"I don't know, you get pretty tired," he says. "I guess I just like to walk around and chin with the fellows."

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

6. The FORGIVEN portion of the tax is either $50 or three-fourths of the SMALLER of the 1942 tax (line 4) or 1943 tax (line 5), above, whichever is LARGER. —*From instructions for Form 1040.*

Let's not only forgive, let's forget!



A VERY FINE FACE POWDER

WITH THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME...

CHANEL

Skylark
Lilting Fragrance
NET 9 FL. OZS.
BARBARA GOULD
Skylark
BARBARA GOULD
Skylark

—gay and spirited as young laughter

Perfume, $1.50 and $3.75
Lilting Fragrance, $1.25 and $2.25
Face Powder, $1.00
Dusting Powder, $1.00
Talc, 50¢ (*all prices plus tax*)

barbara gould

OF ALL THINGS

THE Germans' third attempt to eliminate the Allies' Anzio beachhead has been a failure. If the Nazis knew anything about the democratic way of life, they would know that three strikes is out.

•

Our government plans a lend-lease shipment to Russia of thirty-six million pounds of over-age butter. It is believed that the friendship of the two countries is firm enough to stand this strain.

•

No doubt the Germans are happy to hear of the negotiations between Finland and the U. S. S. R. Peace in Finland would give the Wehrmacht another splendid opportunity to shorten its lines.

•

A correspondent reports that Jap troops charged our Marines on Cape Gloucester shouting, "To hell with Babe Ruth!" America will remember this insult when peace terms are made.

•

There are pitiful stories of the plight of Florida tourists who are finding it hard to get home. We hear that the Gripsholm may be sent down for a load or two of refugees.

•

The Democrats of Louisiana have nominated James H. Davis, a composer and singer of hillbilly tunes, for governor. He won four years in the executive mansion by promising better government eight to the bar.

•

One soldier-vote bill provides that members of the armed forces will get a federal ballot if they can't get a state one. It looks as if Congress may be willing to act only if the local boys fail to make good.

•

Senator Byrd says he is not a candidate for President, but his backers believe he will run if drafted. Any leap-year proposal is naturally hard to resist.

•

A fifty-four-room apartment on Fifth Avenue has stood vacant for two years. A family which is not on good terms with itself should find it an ideal home.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

CIGARETTE OF THE MINORITY

Virginia Rounds are expressly created for that limited audience which makes a sharp distinction between what does for everybody and what is acceptable to them. It is a cigarette for those who make a cult of doing all things somewhat better, particularly when the better costs so little more. The nicest twosome, you and Virginia Rounds —made of bright tobacco for bright people.

Benson & Hedges
VIRGINIA ROUNDS
CIGARETTES
London
NEW YORK
Montreal
20
Virginia Rounds

Smart folk to whom you offer
a Virginia Round know
they cost a little more

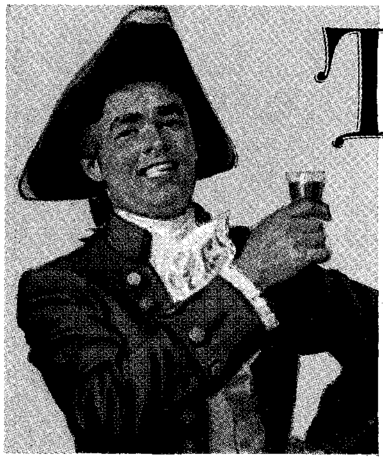
A PRODUCT OF

Benson & Hedges

A name that means more than a firm or
a tradition, being a hallmark of quality.

VIRGINIA ROUNDS

Care in the Making is Revealed in the Taste



There is a smooth and delightful difference in the taste of Mount Vernon that has its own tale behind it. ❧ In the first place, this mild and softly delicate rye always has been made in the limited quantities that permit the utmost watchfulness over quality. ❧ Then this good start is followed up by longer aging than is usually the case with even the costliest bottled in bond whiskies now available. ❧ The result is what you might expect — not merely a superlative rye, but superlative satisfaction in each drink made from it.

Mount Vernon
Bottled in Bond
Mount Vernon
Brand
Straight Rye
Whiskey
Bottled in Bond
Under Supervision of U.S. Govt.
Distilled By
100 Proof
The Mount Vernon Distillery Company
Baltimore, Md.

Mount Vernon

BRAND

Bottled in Bond . . . 100 Proof • This Whiskey is 4 Years Old
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

THE MILLER OF THE CREUSE

IN France, in the days not long before Munich, when we sat and talked in the cafés, there were some who spoke of the doom throbbing overhead and the quicksand beneath our feet, but there were more who spoke of the Loterie Nationale. Since the government, the men who were preparing Vichy, had no bread to offer, they were feverishly tossing cakes to the populace, and the Loterie Nationale was the best cake of all, the prettiest cake, with tricolored icing. You did not get it all at once. It was cut into slices and labelled *1e Tranche*, *2e Tranche*, and so on. You bought a ticket, or a *carnet* of tickets, and you might win anything from two hundred francs up to five million when the lucky numbers were drawn, with a deal of fanfare, from a great golden ball.

The craze spread over France like the measles. Here was a chance to get rich painlessly, which few Frenchmen had hitherto believed could be done in a manner that was not only legal but almost a patriotic duty. Counts, cooks, and concierges rushed to buy tickets. Even the hard-headed peasants of the Creuse, where my husband, Aristide, and I spent our summers on his parents' farm, had caught the contagion and were drawing from the traditional wool sock to buy tickets.

In the spring of 1938, the *gros lot* of five million francs had been drawn by the miller of Lavaud, a Creusois village neighboring ours. There had been some to-do made over him in the papers, as there was over all the winners, and when we arrived for the summer we were naturally curious to see what happened when a Creusois miller suddenly became a millionaire.

"Does he make *la bombe* [whoopee], like the Avignon hairdresser who won last time?" I asked la Mère Christine, my mother-in-law. My ideas of a French miller were derived largely from French songs, in which the miller, like the monk, is invariably the cock of the village, feared by all husbands and cherished by their wives.

"Oh no, he is not like that—not at all, at all!" la Mère Christine assured me. The miller's wife was an old school friend of la Mère Christine and she knew the family well. "He has always been a worker, hard at the task, and the mill has done well," she went on. "He was already well off when he won the lottery. You will see him; we will go someday."

Several times during the succeeding weeks, Aristide and I suggested visiting the miller, but it was difficult to pry la Mère Christine loose from the farm, where she felt that life could not go on without her. First it was the haying, then the wheat, and summer was well on its way before she was finally persuaded to name a day. On the appointed morning, the trip hung in the balance; she did not know—one of the cows might calve that day. But la Mère Marie, her mother, whose legs were now crippled but whose tongue was not, finally drove her off, asking her if she thought everyone with a bubble on his stomach which didn't know whether to go up or down needed her to tell him. La Mère Christine threw her arms in the air, tied on her bonnet, and started off, with an air of disclaiming all catastrophes.

The dew was still on the fields and hedgerows as the three of us set out on the seven-mile walk to Lavaud. We climbed the steep path, among holly, scrub pine, and pastures, where only the sheep would go, up to the Croix de Jacques, where the moors began. The heather was in full bloom, waves of mauve pink through deep purple, as far as the eye could reach. The path wound deviously and often disappeared; alone, I sometimes lost myself up there and had to follow the bark of a herding dog to find my way home. At last we came over the top of a hill and down into the next valley, among cool groves of birches and young oaks, and suddenly the path widened and came out on the road by the fountain of Lavaud.

Before we went to the miller's, la Mère Christine had other visits to make to family and friends. She seldom came this far and did not want to hurt anyone's feelings by missing them. Besides, there was I, the daughter-in-law from *l'Amérique*, to be presented. Wherever we went, we must sit and partake of dark bread, cheese, and white wine, and we lunched at the little inn kept by a cousin. By the time we finally reached the mill, I could feel the great wheel turning in my head.

The mill stood off by itself in a grove of fine trees. Below it ran the Thaurion, a mountain stream full of great rocks rounded by the water, and the noise of its water and of the wheel made a constant thunder. The mill and the house, which was joined to it, were, like all the others of the countryside, built of granite blocks, squared, solid, with no attempt at grace or beauty, but fulfilling their needs and functions with no waste.

We entered the mill and waited in the counting room, where the men brought their wheat. There was a fine white dust over everything and the strong smell, half sweet and half sour, of ground wheat. At last Mme. Rochetaillade, the miller's wife, came in with her mending in her hand. She was a tall and robust woman, but harmonious in her movements. Her face was strong-featured and burnt to a ruddy golden tone, with fine wrinkles from the sun and wind. At sight of la Mère Christine, she exclaimed and threw her arms around her. "Christine, it is you; how glad I am! It isn't often that you come! Come in, all of you, and sit down!"

We followed her into the common room, the kitchen and living room of the house, and sat down at a massive oak table. The house shook with the thunderous undertone of the mill. An old woman, as skinny and strong as weathered grapevine, was sweeping the floor with a twig broom, for the flour dust sifted everywhere. When we came in, she took up a basket of cabbage leaves and carrot tops and went out to feed the rabbits. A boy of five, in beret and black apron, hid himself in the corner by a homemade grandfather's clock and watched us with bright eyes. The miller's wife unlaced a child of two from his cradle, where crisscrossed ropes had held him narrowly confined. He emerged, flushed and tousled and beautiful, as from a cocoon.

While we admired the baby, I thought I noticed an uneasiness on Mme. Rochetaillade's face, but it was gone in a moment. She was gently courteous to me, as a stranger. She and la Mère Christine gossiped vivaciously for a few minutes; then, happening to glance through the window, Mme. Rochetaillade cried, "Here comes Robert! He will be glad to see you." We saw him coming down the road, walking with a firm stride, vigorous and assured. He was tall and broad-shouldered, with a long ruddy face drawn in straight and simple planes, level blue eyes, and a blond mustache. A few moments later he was in the room with us. His voice and look were those of a man completely sure of himself. Somehow, instead of his dusty clothes, I saw a leather jerkin and coat of mail, pointed helmet, and ringing steel boots. He would have borne their weight easily.

He spoke warmly to la Mère Christine, but was clearly a man of few words. After he had brought a bottle of excellent white wine from the cellar and filled our glasses, la Mère Christine spoke of the *gros lot* and asked him what charm he carried.

"I don't carry charms," he said. "Did

it goes to your heart!
Intoxication
the stirring new perfume by
D'Orsay
$18.50 and $10
eau de toilette $5

you say that the daughter-in-law is *américaine?* My nephew was in America five years, building aluminum kilns in Penn-sylvanie—is that right?" He turned to me. "He came back not long ago. A funny country, he says. Everyone there believes in Father Christmas. Father Christmas, it is the President. He tells them stories, my nephew says. He tells them, 'You are smart, you are rich, you have resources! You are all going to have automobiles, airplanes, helicopters!' And they believe it. But never does he talk to them about working. If you don't sweat for them, the resources make nothing!"

"But you, Robert," said la Mère Christine. "Now you have won the Loterie, aren't you going to have a big car and an airplane?"

He laughed indulgently. "*Bien sûr que non!*" he said. "What would I do with them?"

"Wouldn't you like to travel?" I asked him. "See other countries?"

"What country?" he asked. "No, I should be bored."

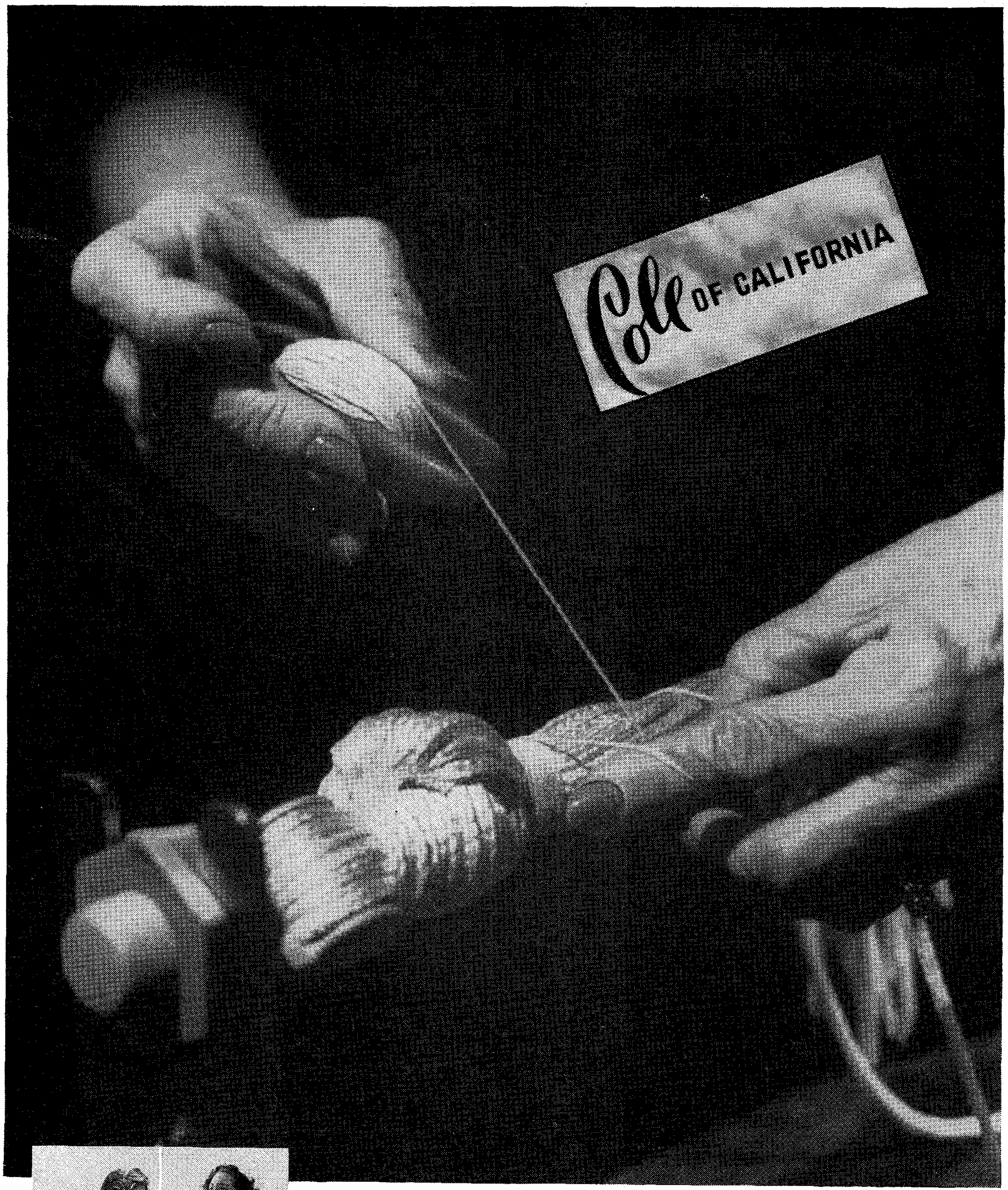
"Well, Paris, then?"

"Me in Paris?" He laughed. "I have never been further than Guéret." Patiently he tried to tell me, speaking slowly because I was a foreigner. "You see, I am a miller; I stay a miller. Nothing can change that. If I stopped being a miller, what should I do? You can't make yourself a do-nothing when you have worked since you were ten." He finished his glass. His words came clearly and evenly above the hum of the mill. "No, I shall do as I have always done. I have only hired a servant to help Louise in the house. And perhaps I shall buy a truck to deliver the flour." He rose. "That reminds me; I must bring some now to Thevenau's farm. Don't leave. I shall be right back."

AFTER the miller had gone, the shadow I thought I had seen earlier in his wife's eyes came back. Suddenly she began talking excitedly, her strong hands twisting together in her lap.

"You can't imagine, Christine!" she said. "Of course, I *am* glad we won the Loterie—glad for the children, anyhow. For us it's too late, too late to learn to be rich. And somehow, you know, all that money we didn't earn—I can't quite feel it's ours, even yet! I was more peaceful before. Yes, much more peaceful."

She leaned on the table and spoke slowly, looking off down the road, her hand on the baby's head. "You should see it to believe it! Even yet they come,



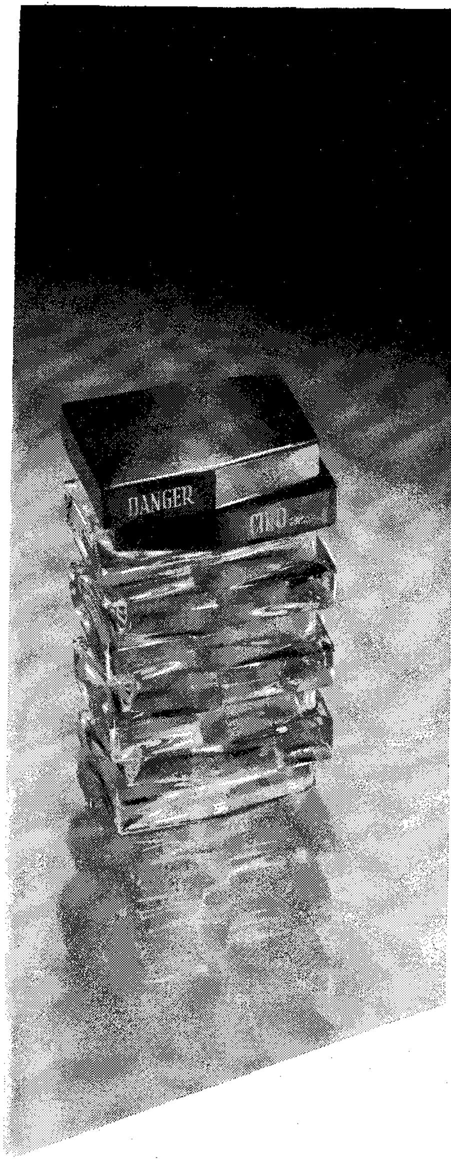
THEY WEAR THE SAME LABEL

TATTING FOR WAR

Borrowed from her fireside workbasket . . . this homely tatting bobbin. Now she capably wields it, a small but vital task, at Cole of California's wartime plant to reinforce sections of deadly bomb-carrying parachutes . . . made for the U. S. Army Ordnance. Borrowed, too, is this worker's time from her home where she will return, she says, when she has given everything she can for lasting peace.

Awarded to
PARACHUTE DIVISION
COLE OF CALIFORNIA
•
BUY BONDS
UNCEASINGLY

Keep asking——some Cole Swim suits are available at the better stores.



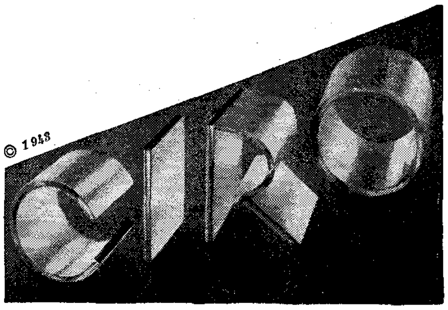
There's no escape from it!

Danger

Ciro's ardent, lingering, persistent perfume.

$12 · 2750
(plus taxes)

© 1943



five or six people a day, to ask for money!

"People are bad. Bad and stupid. In every mail we have letters threatening us, from bandits who say they will set fire to the mill, steal our children. Christine, I'm afraid! We're off by ourselves here. We could cry out; no one would hear us. I can't let Michel play out of my sight. I asked Robert to buy two Great Danes, and he has taken a new helper, a giant of a fellow.

"I'm afraid. I think people are crazy. The other evening one of them came on a bicycle. A young man. A do-nothing. A crazy man. He began talking like all the others—a wife, children, sickness, no work, a few thousand francs would be enough. Robert refused, so he took a revolver out of his pocket and put it to his head. 'If you won't give me what I ask,' he cried, 'I kill myself, here before you, in the court of your mill! Would you kill me?' "

"Did he kill himself?" Aristide and I asked together.

"He? He went off on his bicycle, shouting insults at us."

"There are all sorts," said la Mère Christine.

The old servant entered. "Madame Louise, a young woman to see you," she said.

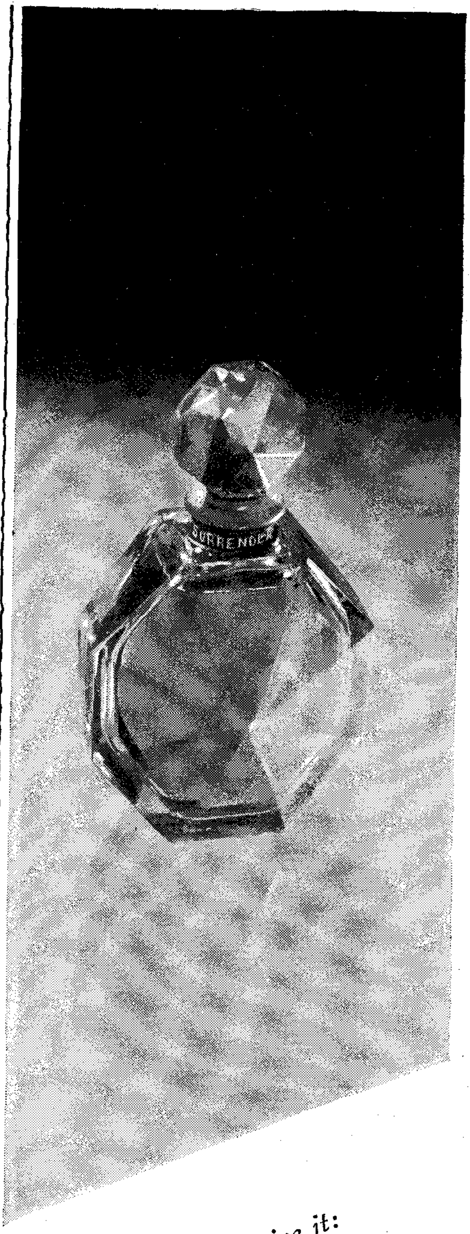
Mme. Rochetaillade seemed to shrink, then pulled herself together. "Send her in here."

A young girl came in. She was obviously none too pleased at the sight of all of us. She was pretty and chic, even jaunty, and would have decorated a café of the boulevards, but here she struck a false note. She looked us over, then spoke to Mme. Rochetaillade. "Could I see you alone, Madame?" she asked.

"I am with my friends," replied the miller's wife. "Sit down. You can speak before them."

The girl made the best of it. She took a chair and drew it close to Mme. Rochetaillade. "I am in great need, Madame," she said. "My name is Ginette Duclos. I have come all the way from Nancy to see you. I am a modiste and have two children. I was not married to their father because he was Portuguese and had lost his papers. But he was to become a French citizen and we were to be married, only he was killed in a street accident. And now I am alone with the children and I am not strong in the chest. I need help, Madame! A little of your great fortune, only a crumb, would be such a lot to me!"

Madame Rochetaillade's face was puzzled and unhappy. "You have



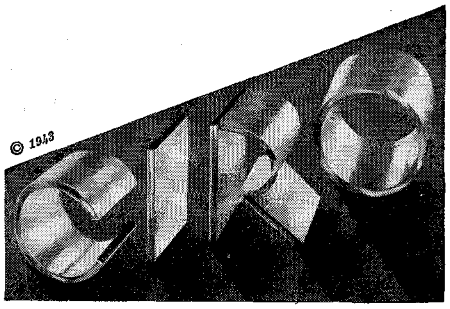
She will if you give it:
He will if you wear it:

Surrender

the perfume that spread Ciro's fame . . . and many a woman's!

$5 · 10 · 1750 · 32
(plus taxes)

© 1943



two children? Where are they now?"

"I left them with a neighbor. Such darlings, beautiful as your own! Wait, here are their pictures!" She pawed through a green imitation-leather pocketbook and found a photograph. As she pulled it out, a small square of white cardboard fell on the floor. "There, here is Jacquot and here Lolotte," said the girl, handing over the photograph. She dabbed at her eyes. "My poor little ones!"

Madame Rochetaillade looked undecided. Mechanically she stooped and picked up the square of cardboard. As she handed it back to the girl, she glanced at it and her face stiffened.

"This—it's yours?" she asked.

"Thank you. My railroad ticket," said the girl. "All the way from Nancy, such a dirty trip. Ah, Madame, your heart is with us, I know!"

The eyes of the miller's wife never left the ticket as the girl put it back in her bag. When the bag snapped shut, Mme. Rochetaillade rose stiffly. "I regret I can do nothing for you," she said, and her voice was cold and sharp.

The girl's face grew mean; somehow the game had gone wrong. She tried some more. She grew voluble and wept. Mme. Rochetaillade edged her to the door and stood there until she had left. We watched her go down the road, her head high and resentful, her high heels sending up vicious little puffs of dust.

THE mill wheel stopped suddenly and the silence was deafening. The miller's wife stood there in the doorway, tall and red with anger. "*La petite misérable!*" she said.

"What was it she dropped?" asked la Mère Christine.

"A return ticket in second class," said Mme. Rochetaillade. "In second class, and she said she was in want! I—I ride in third class!" With an effort she turned to us. "But I am impolite. Another glass?"

She poured it for us and then turned and went again to the door. There was fear in her eyes as she shut it with a quick movement and then came back to us, as though shutting out a danger that was formless and nameless, against which she knew of no defense, except to thrust it out of her mind, to barricade herself within her own safe and close daily life.

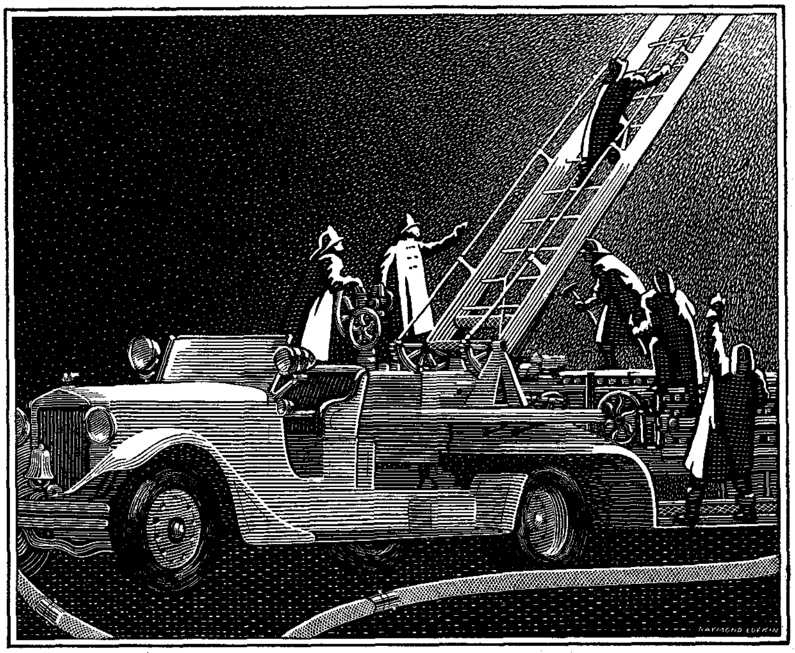
—MARY MIAN

•

Of 233 persons reported missing from their homes during the year, 265 were later found or had returned home.—*Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune.*

Very gratifying!

1842 ATLANTIC MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY 1944



DANGER!...
RISING VALUES

Replacement costs have soared. They may rise still further. Insurance based upon the lower valuations of a year or two ago may represent a serious hazard. Your broker can tell you whether now is the time to check your coverage. Ask him, too, about these 6 Atlantic advantages—

★ UNQUESTIONED FINANCIAL SECURITY
★ SERVICE OF YOUR OWN BROKER
★ PROMPT, UNGRUDGING SETTLEMENTS
★ PROFIT-SHARING DIVIDENDS
★ 102 YEAR-OLD COMPANY
★ NON-ASSESSABLE POLICIES

Each year more brokers are placing more fire insurance with Atlantic, to obtain the utmost in protection, economy and convenience for discriminating clients. Why not ask your broker today about Atlantic quality fire insurance?

ATLANTIC
Mutual INSURANCE Company
FORTY-NINE WALL STREET NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

Albany · Baltimore · Boston · Chicago · Cleveland
Dallas · Newark · New Haven · Philadelphia · Pittsburgh · Rochester
Fire, Marine, Inland Transportation, Fine Arts, Jewelry, Fur, Registered Mail, Automobile and Yacht Insurance

Buy War Bonds and Savings Stamps
FOR SMOOTH PERFECTION

The GOSSARD Line of Beauty
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., Chicago • New York • San Francisco
Dallas • Atlanta • Toronto • Melbourne • Sydney • Buenos Aires

CHEZ NINON
INC.

GOWNS

Custom made and made-to-measure department

785 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

MARKETS AND MENUS

SO many enterprises dealing in foodstuffs turn out, on investigation, to be either pretentious or sad that when, once in every other blue moon, a perfectly sound little business without chichi or ballyhoo raises its head, prolonged applause seems in order. Casserole Kitchen, a recently organized affair at 782 Madison Avenue (66th), offers, I think, a sensible, practical solution to one of the problems of wartime housekeeping. The place doesn't set up to be a catering concern but modestly aims at easing the neighborhood householders around the difficulties of marketing for and preparing a good, simple meal. This, I am pleased to say, is exactly what it does, with singular success. Casserole Kitchen is unfortunately closed on Sunday, but on every other day of the week a most capable home cook turns out one good entrée, which is usually cooked and sold in a casserole. Deliveries are made only as far as ten blocks away, but the shop furnishes neat baskets for those who come in themselves to collect the main dish for their dinner. The steam table is looked upon with disfavor by the Kitchen's right-minded management, so no attempt is made to keep the food hot. Therefore, if a bit of heating up is too much for your cooking equipment or skill, the service won't help you any. For less handicapped householders, the arrangement is just about ideal.

The new concern's cooking is of the kind which is wistfully called "home," and the materials used would satisfy most home cooks, too. For instance, the lobster that goes into the Newburgh (Fridays) comes from the finest shellfish arriving alive and kicking from Maine, Thursday's roast turkey is prepared from excellent birds which are raised on a nearby poultry farm, and so on through the week. My favorite dish is Saturday's corned-beef hash, turned out with an eye to the convenience of Sunday breakfasters. This hash, which is utterly delicious, departs from Yankee tradition only in that the crust is very light. The Kitchen, to allow for a second frying or baking at home, sends out its hash beautifully moist for the customers to deal with as their upbringing dictates. With this and all other dishes is included an unusually well-mixed field salad and freshly baked rolls.

HERE is another cheerful bit of gastronomic news. Those broiled shrimp for which shrimp lovers have heretofore had to hunt out a good Italian restaurant can now be served in the home. Of course, there was really nothing to keep them from being served in the home right along except the fact that few women are foolhardy enough to ask a cook to do the messy work involved in splitting open the raw shrimp. Wynne & Treanor, at 712 Madison Avenue (63rd), have handsomely put an end to this difficulty by adding shrimp-splitting to their useful bag of tricks, so now all a cook has to do is let the creatures marinate in olive oil and garlic for several hours before she broils them. To my taste, shrimp done this way make a more interesting dish than broiled lobster.

IF you haven't had a look around Rahmeyer, at 1022 Third Avenue (61st), lately, you probably don't know how well stocked the place is with out-of-the-ordinary foods. There is a Scotch blood pudding (unrationed), which I can't report on myself, but which people who like Scotch blood pudding say is all it should be. There are also a very fine Canadian smoked eel and delicious, lightly smoked herring. My real interests, however, are the shop's much simpler provisions—the excellent Patna rice, for one thing. Ambitious New Englanders can find rye and graham flour and all the other necessary ingredients of brown bread. There is whole-grain rye, too, which, mixed with rice, makes a quite acceptable substitute for wild rice. The two grains have to be boiled separately, as the rye takes much longer to cook than the rice.

YOU may be having trouble in getting the right quality and quantity of spirits, but there appears to be no end to the hors-d'oeuvres which go with drinks. Du Barry Foods, at 332 West 21st Street, has a canned lobster paste that, mixed with mayonnaise, chives, and a bit of chopped celery, makes an unusual spread for canapés. The firm also has herring tidbits, done in white-wine sauce and wonderfully good with-

You are the Hope of the World

NOT in the Halls of Congresses and Parliaments—

Not in the Staff Rooms of Generals and Admirals—

Not in the meeting halls of societies and organizations—

It is in none of these places that a great new world will be fashioned and grow to new greatness.

It is in *your* home . . . *your* living room—in your mind and in your heart. *Yours* is the strength that must set the world aright.

Yes, *you* are the hope of the world.

A wiser, broader-visioned, more understanding you.

A you of vision and the capacity for greatness . . .

A you who knows the ways of human beings . . . people of this land and other lands . . .

Who hears the news . . . the music and the drama of the world.

Who hears its laughter and its sobs—who understands the work and the games of everywhere.

A *you* who knows the aspirations and ambitions and strivings of others like yourself—folks who speak a common language of dreams and longings . . . and have the will and the wit to make dreams into realities.

Yes, it is *you* who are the hope of the world.

For no home, no village, no nation and no world can be more great or noble than the individuals who people it . . .

* * *

NO American can look to the future without a deep and sober regard for the children of America . . . his children . . . citizens of the future.

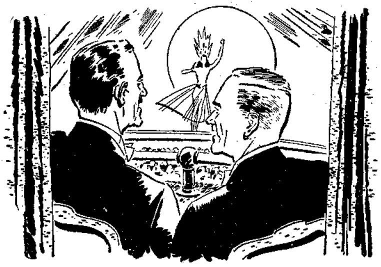
The Blue Network and its affiliated stations have taken this important audience with great seriousness. Thus, it is no accident that children are offered a wide variety of good, wholesome entertainment—the Blue Playhouse . . . the entertaining and instructive Quiz Kids . . . the pure adventure that is part and parcel of every child's ambitions . . . Terry and The Pirates, Dick Tracy, The Sea Hound, Jack Armstrong, Hop Harrigan, Captain Midnight, The Lone Ranger, Storyland Theatre, Land of the Lost, Coast to Coast on a Bus.

It's radio for all people of all ages . . . on "The Blue"—great music, complete, accurate news, great ringing forum, pure drama, adventure, variety, comedy! Listen, America!

THIS IS THE* Blue *NETWORK

AMERICAN BROADCASTING SYSTEM, INC.

One man tells Another



"Personna is the Blade to Buy"

"How come?"

"Just because they give the finest shave you ever had. A once over with a Personna is as good as a twice over with any other blade I ever used. And every one is perfect! No duds. It's a joy to know you don't have to try 2 or 3 to find a good one. Is Personna worth what it costs? To me, it's worth many times more!"

10 FOR $1.00 *and worth it!*

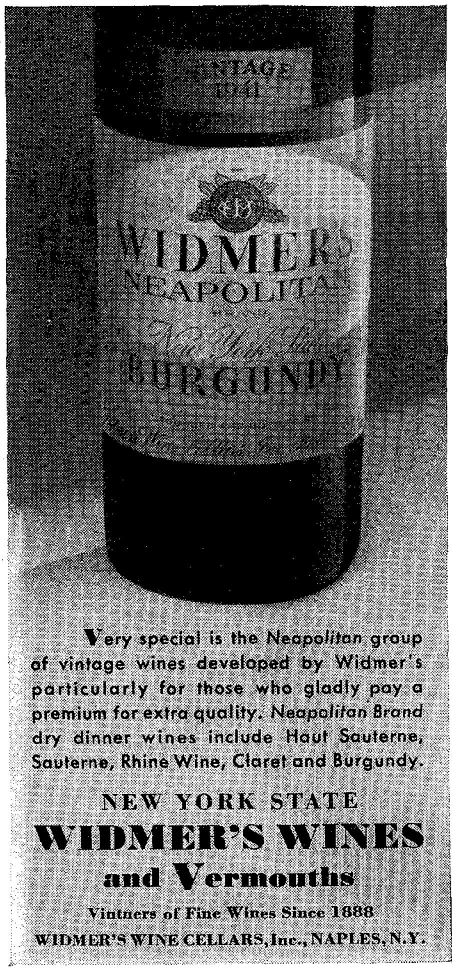
PERSONNA

Precision Double Edge Blades

SWEDISH STEEL • HOLLOW GROUND

PERSONNA
Precision

If your dealer can't supply you send check direct to:
PERSONNA BLADE CO., Inc., 599 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, 22



Very special is the *Neapolitan* group of vintage wines developed by Widmer's particularly for those who gladly pay a premium for extra quality. *Neapolitan Brand* dry dinner wines include Haut Sauterne, Sauterne, Rhine Wine, Claret and Burgundy.

NEW YORK STATE
WIDMER'S WINES
and Vermouths
Vintners of Fine Wines Since 1888
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, Inc., NAPLES, N.Y.

out any fixing up. There are, too, fresh-tasting Du Barry raspberries, put up in a very light syrup, which make a pleasing, simple dessert. Perhaps I had better add that the 21st Street address is merely a place where telephone and mail orders are taken.

I HAD thought that the little shop of Plumbridge, at 21 East 65th Street, held no surprises for me and that I had eaten my way reverently through all its confections. It seems, though, that the Plumbridge prunes, which are as fine in their own way as the same shop's famous caramels, had somehow or other got by me. These superior fruits are of a size and tenderness which must be seen and tasted to be believed. They are pitted and stuffed with prunes of the same fine quality and each, incredible as it may seem, is wrapped in silver foil. —S. H.

•

TO BE ATTACHED TO FORM 1040

Collector, dear: You seem to owe
me something of a refund—though
to work it out I didn't go
to Lybrand, Ross Brothers &
Montgomery.

Indeed, I sought no help at all;
my income being rather small,
I didn't think it fair to call
on Patterson, Teele & Dennis.

In other words, I've tried to spare
some tax accountant wear and tear;
to save, perhaps, a graying hair
for Loomis, Suffern & Fernald.

And though I'm no accountant, sir,
I've done my damnedest not to err,
by methods which might not occur
to Chirnside, Roberts & Langston.

Perhaps I'm wrong on Item 3,
and should my refund greater be
than shown, Collector, think of *me*—
not Phagan, Tillison & Tremble.

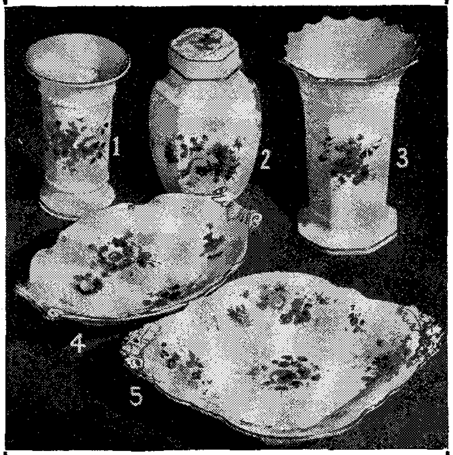
—AL GRAHAM

•

Saturday, January 29. Boston & Worcester Bus Terminal, Park Square 1:30 P.M. Take bus to Kingsbury Street, Wellesley. An outing in the woods between and over rocky summits and around many swamps and small ponds. Several surprisingly good views. Occasional bushwhacking. Arrive near starting point without any street walking.—*Appalachian Mountain Club Bulletin.*

Wholesome schedule, by and large.

Largest Stock of Fine China and Crystal in New York



ROYAL CROWN DERBY

One of the most charming of Royal Crown Derby patterns is their famous English Posies, which appears to such excellent advantage in the exquisite pieces shown above. Vivid natural garden colors on the finest English Bone China.

1. Spill Vase, height 4¼ inches. Each $11.00.
2. Tea Caddy with cover. Height 4½ ins. Each $7.50.
3. Flared Vase, height 5¾ ins. Each $15.00.
4. Ornamental and practical Oval Trays. 6-inch size, $3.75; 7-inch size, $4.75.
5. Square Trays. 8-inch size, $7.50; 9-inch size, $8.50.

PLUMMER Ltd.

7 East 35th St. and 695 Fifth Ave.,
NEW YORK CITY

COLLECTION FOR SALE?

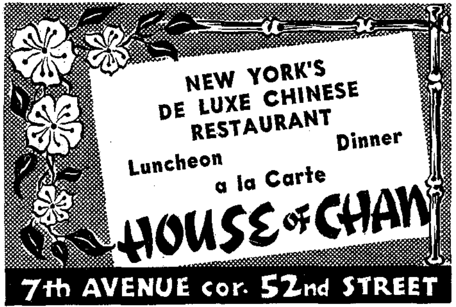
Let the World's Leading Stamp Auctioneers Sell for YOU

LIBERAL CASH ADVANCES
WEEKLY AUCTIONS

Write for free leaflet "HOW TO DISPOSE OF YOUR STAMPS"

H. R. HARMER, Inc.

32 East 57th St., New York 22, N. Y.
Tel. PLaza 3-6482



7th AVENUE cor. 52nd STREET

Convenient for theatre-goers—
Luncheon • Dinner
Spécialtiés:
Soupe à l'onion
Moules Marinière

A LA FOURCHETTE

342 W. 46th St. CI 5-9744
CLOSED SUNDAY

EST.
1830

Imported
Sherries and Dessert Wines

We sincerely believe that fine Spanish and Portuguese wines maintain their traditional supremacy over any other aperitif and dessert wines in the world. Each of our selections represents a fine example of the historic sherry and port varieties and has been chosen with most scrupulous regard for the particular use for which we recommend it.

SHERRY

CLUB DRY SHERRY*
Pale, nutty and medium dry

COCKTAIL SHERRY*
Fine Amontillado, pale and dry

DIAMOND BACK SHERRY
Splendid, full rich dinner sherry

LA GOLONDRINA*
Full dry, a true connoisseur's sherry

CHOICEST OLOROSO
Magnificent, soft wine of "cream" character

*We recommend chilling for service as aperitif.

PORT

BLACK LABEL TAWNY PORT
Delicate and flavory

GREEN LABEL TAWNY PORT
Fine, medium bodied wine—dry finish

RED LABEL PORT
Mellow and full bodied

GOLD LABEL TAWNY PORT
A great wine, soft and very full-flavored

CHOICEST TAWNY PORT
"Bellows Select," perfection in tawny port wine

BELLOWS & COMPANY
Importers and Dealers in Fine Wines
Brandies, Whiskies and other Spirits
BUSINESS ESTABLISHED 1830

New York   *Colorado Springs*   *Chicago*

THE THEATRE

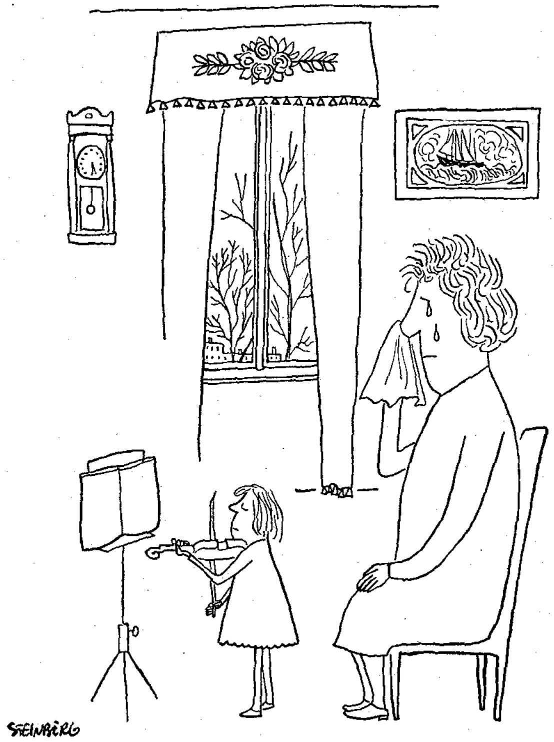
SO LONG, SVOBODA

LIKE "The Moon Is Down," "Thank You, Svoboda," which collapsed at the Mansfield after five performances, was a play about simple men and their resistance to the German invader. John Steinbeck reduced this vital theme to a sort of gentle whimsicality; H. S. Kraft, adapting a novel by John Pen, brought it, I'm afraid, very close to absurdity. Mr. Steinbeck's rebels were sentimentally drawn and their plots were as impractical as the Townsend Plan, but there was a thinly poetic quality about them as well as some suggestion of dignity of purpose; Mr. Kraft centred his revolt about a dialect comedian, a scarecrow comic, who blew up a bridge mainly because the invaders had confiscated his savings, which amounted to eleven dollars in American money. This strange character was pretty baffling all around. Sometimes he seemed to be presented as the village idiot, a man as clouded and incoherent as Lennie in "Of Mice and Men;" sometimes he was just a lovable old caricature, like Frank Bacon in "Lightnin';" and at the end he turned up as a rather shrewd and competent saboteur. In all these manifestations, he spoke in a curious dialect, without articles, that had no relation to the idiom of anybody else on the stage, though several of them were also Czechoslovakian peasants. Mr. Pen's novel demonstrated that even a Caliban can turn against his conquerors, and it had reality and some satirical flavor; Mr. Kraft's version was in essence a burlesque of this idea, and for Caliban he substituted an actor called Sam Jaffe in a series of interesting but not very closely related impersonations.

The curtain went up on the evening preceding the occupation of Czechoslovakia. The head men of the village (remarkably like those in Mr. Steinbeck's piece) were gathered at the inn, explaining the crisis to one another in the tightly packed exposition which so often seems to be necessary these days in establishing political background. These characters symbolized all shades of opinion from appeasement to selfless patriotism, and Mr. Kraft's work here, while not subtle, was clear and sensible. Svoboda, the station porter, was presented at this point explicitly as a Shakespearean halfwit, playing love songs on a penny whistle and courting a widow who lived on a garbage dump by slapping her heartily on the backside. In a mild way, the first act of "Thank You, Svoboda" was quite promising, but in the second Mr. Kraft got busy on his plot and from then on things came apart as rapidly as possible. The action was intricate and under the circumstances I see no particular point in bothering you with it. In addition to Svoboda and the village fathers, there were the usual infamous Nazi troopers, but since Mr. Kraft never seemed precisely sure what kind of play he was writing, everybody's behavior, though energetic, just struck me as rather aimless and incomprehensible. My principal feeling at the end of the evening was that somebody had made a hell of an effort to provide me with a picturesque character in an original and imaginative play, and that it was ungrateful of me to be bored silly by the whole business.

Mr. Jaffe's accomplices, using accents that included cockney, Irish, Yorkville, and Brooklyn, were so totally subordinated to the star that they often seemed more in the nature of an admiring audience. I caught glimpses of Arnold Korff, Francis Compton, Adrienne Gessner, and Whitford Kane, all of whom I admire, but what they did was dim to me.

"BRIGHT BOY," at the Playhouse, was also a work of fractional merit. For an act and a half it looked as if Naval Lieutenant John Boruff might be going to write a pleasant enough little comedy about goings on in a preparatory school—something about a fresh kid, who thinks he can buy popularity, and a tentative love affair between another of the boys and his housemaster's daughter. Right in the middle, however, the author abandoned any attempt to represent life and switched to a lunatic combination of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" and "The Rover Boys at Putnam Hall." So many strange things happened at Brown Hall, which was the name Lieutenant Boruff selected for his hotbed of juvenile delinquency, that it was hard to sort out the major oddities. Two new boys were rivals for the presidency of the senior class a few weeks after their arrival at school, and the result of the election, it appeared, depended a good deal on who won an elocution contest, all of which would have been unusual in my day. One of the candidates introduced a girl into the other's room with some half-hearted notion of discrediting him with the faculty, but, like most of the ideas in "Bright Boy," this one soon trailed off into apathy and confusion. A student stole two hundred and sixteen dollars and an expensive watch but was let off with an indulgent reprimand when he explained that it was all part of a scheme to buy himself into office. The headmaster, who was not only Mr. Chips but also a rich and interminable lecturer on democratic theory, acquiesced gently when his pupils made up their minds that the no-smoking rule was just some kind of senile foolishness and decided to ignore it. Altogether it was quite a school. The play, incidentally, had at least five tentative and possible endings before Lieutenant Boruff got around to the real one, a structural oddity that must have made things a little tough for those of my colleagues who had to leave early to make deadlines. With the exception of Liam Dunn and Ivan Simpson, the members of the cast seemed to be actually in their teens. They were attractive



FROM COAST TO COAST...GRATEFUL MULTITUDES HAIL

Zenith's Crusade to Lower the Cost of Hearing!

TO THE hard of hearing men, women and children of America, a new world of happiness has been opened! At a cost which, for the first time, brings a fine type of hearing aid within reach of all, the new Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid is lifting the cloud of misunderstanding and missed opportunities from the lives of those who have *suffered in silence.*

As this mighty Zenith crusade sweeps ahead, it is *revolutionizing* the cost of hearing. It is enabling men and women to be restored to full usefulness in vital wartime work . . . children to be saved from failure and unhappiness . . . the hard of hearing, and their families and friends, to rediscover the enjoyment that comes when normal sounds are heard again.

From coast to coast, America has given this crusade an enthusiastic welcome. The proof is in the deluge of orders pouring in from every part of the nation . . . orders which *continue* to exceed all anticipation. Please accept our apology if you have been unable to secure a Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid. We are making every effort to supply the demand. Our production is increasing daily, but we shall *never* break faith with our hard of hearing friends by sacrificing quality for speed or quantity.

You have waited years for this crusade that lowers the cost of hearing. Note carefully the advantages which the new Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid now brings you—and we feel sure you will decide never to pay *more* and get *less* in a hearing aid. You will find it worth your while to wait a little longer, if necessary, until Zenith's precision production facilities can meet the needs of your community.

In the meantime, you are invited to attend the demonstration now going on at local optical establishments franchised by Zenith. Let your ears decide—you will not be pressed to buy. No salesman will call at your home. Send for our free descriptive booklet. The coupon below is for your convenience.

NEW ZENITH RADIONIC HEARING AID BRINGS YOU ADVANTAGES UNKNOWN BEFORE

Another Zenith "First"!

ONLY ZENITH GIVES YOU:

1 **The fine precision quality that modern knowledge and engineering make possible in a hearing aid, yet priced at only $40,** complete, ready to wear. *One model*—no "decoys" . . . *one price*—$40 . . . *one quality—our best.* You need not pay more or accept less.

2 **Four-Position Tone Control.** The flick of your finger instantly adjusts it to the effective combination of low, medium and high tones for individual needs in varying surroundings, hearing deficiencies in any range. No further adjustments needed.

3 **Special Battery-Saver Circuit.** Insures economy in battery consumption . . . results in substantial saving of battery life and battery replacement expense.

4 **Zenith Quality—Zenith Guarantee.** Zenith, world's leading manufacturer of radionic products exclusively, is fortunate in having the knowledge of precision production that makes possible this quality hearing aid at a remarkably low price. Guaranteed for a full year, with unique service insurance plan.

The Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid is available through reputable optical establishments franchised by Zenith.

Accepted by American Medical Association Council on Physical Therapy

$40 READY TO WEAR

Complete with Radionic Tubes, Crystal Microphone, Magnetic Earphone and Batteries. One *model*—no "decoys"... *one price*—$40 . . . *one quality—our best.* Covered by a liberal guarantee.

To Physicians: A detailed scientific description will be sent upon request. Further technical details will appear in medical journals.

*

There are cases in which deficient hearing is caused by a progressive disease and any hearing aid may do harm by giving a false sense of security. Therefore, we recommend that you consult your otologist or ear doctor to make sure that your hearing deficiency is the type that can be benefited by the use of a hearing aid.

BY THE MAKERS OF

ZENITH
LONG DISTANCE RADIO

RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

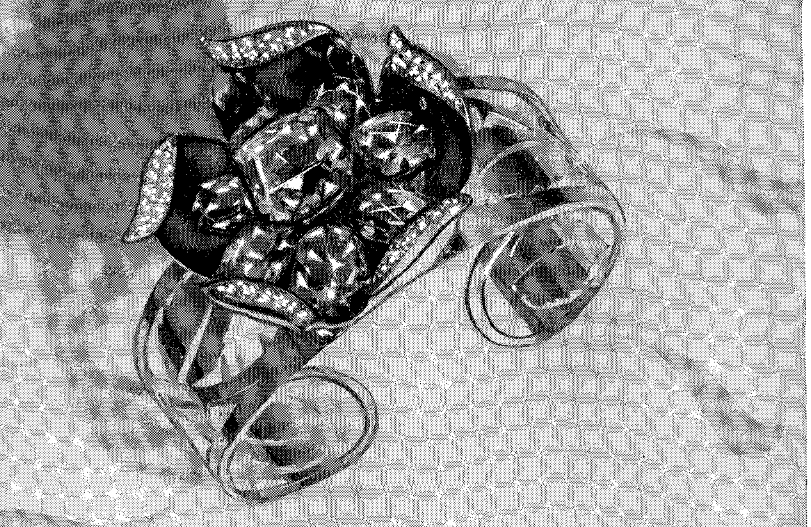
COPYRIGHT 1944, ZENITH RADIO CORP.

Zenith Radio Corporation, Dept. NY-12
P. O. Box 6940A, Chicago 1, Illinois

Please send me your FREE descriptive booklet on the new Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid.

Name..........
Address..........
City.......... *State*..........

Cartier



Yellow sapphires and diamonds fashion the exquisite blossom that can be detached from this handsomely designed gold bracelet and worn separately as a clip—$1390. . . Price includes Federal Tax.

Large selection of Cartier Easter Gifts.
Special gifts for those in the service.

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

COSMOPOLITAN

point of view, one perfect suit, ready for any occasion. Forstmann wool, misses sizes.

$39.95

Oppenheim Collins
Smart Woman's Specialty Shop
33 West 34th Street, New York 1
Garden City White Plains

enough, though hardly resembling anything you'd be likely to encounter at Groton, or even Lawrenceville.

THERE have been so many bad farces almost exactly like "Mrs. Kimball Presents" that I sometimes suspect that they are all turned out by the same author, a man wearing a tight blue overcoat and a derby hat. All these works are fast, vulgar, silly, and based a good deal on the proposition that a joke is no good until it's been made at least three times. The one recently at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre was about a couple of unsuccessful Hollywood actors who took a penthouse on Sutton Place, got jobs in a Broadway hit because of this stylish background, and then found their lives complicated by the fact that one of them was wanted by the police—for passing a bad check, I guess it was. In order to get this straightened out, one man had to pretend he was butler, the other had to pretend to make love to a rich female producer, and everybody had to run in and out of the season's most preposterous set as if pursued by the Japanese. A joke about carving up a papier-mâché chicken was made not three but five times. Altogether, it was quite a shambles, though typical.

Arthur Margetson, as the actor turned butler, never worked harder in his life or to so little purpose. The others included Vicki Cummings, Michael Ames, Bruce Evans, and Jesse White. I have nothing to say to them except goodbye. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

The Colonel scurried up a tree while the dog closed with the bear and killed him with four well-placed bullets.—*Lancaster (Pa.) New Era.*

One of those little smooth-haired fox terriers, probably.

•

She had just been granted an interlocutory decree of divorce from Lawrence D. Adams, pharmacist, by Superior Judge William S. Baird when she began talking about her freedob—an dabout how she could get marrie dagain.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Your forehead feel hot?

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer*]

The Seattle Sorosis Club will hold a dessert luncheon today at 12:30 o'clock at the Federated Clubhouse, when Mrs. Arthur Browning and Mrs. W. E. Schloeman will be the hostesses. Mrs. H. E. Maltby will read a paper, "The Lay of the Stout-Hearted Tree Lover."

THE MAGNA CHARTA OF THE U. S. MERCHANT MARINE

From the Merchant Marine Act of 1936, as amended: "It is necessary for the national defense and development of its foreign and domestic commerce that the United States shall have a merchant marine (a) sufficient to carry its domestic waterborne commerce and a substantial portion of the waterborne export and import foreign commerce of the United States, and to provide shipping service on all routes essential for maintaining the flow of such domestic and foreign waterborne commerce at all times, (b) capable of serving as a naval and military auxiliary in time of war or national emergency, (c) owned and operated under the United States flag by citizens of the United States insofar as may be practicable, and (d) composed of the best-equipped, safest, and most suitable types of vessels, constructed in the United States and manned with a trained and efficient citizen personnel. It is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to foster the development and encourage the maintenance of such a merchant marine."

(Public Act 835)

HE'S PUMPING OIL ACROSS THE OCEAN!

"Skipper of the oil fields," you might call him, for he's steering rich black crude on a course that will take it across the oceans of the world.

In both war and peace, the oil industry worker is in close partnership with seafaring men. They buy his oil to fuel their ships, carry his petroleum products to overseas markets . . . and bring back vital materials for his tools and equipment.

To him, and to the millions of miners, ranchers and farmers, factory and office workers who have a direct or indirect stake in our foreign trade, today's huge and efficient U. S. merchant marine is good news. For it assures us enough shipping to secure our foreign trade.

This new seafaring independence is the direct result of the Merchant Marine Act of 1936.

In that momentous Act, Congress declared that a large and all-American merchant marine is *"necessary for the national defense and development of (our) foreign and domestic commerce."*

That policy has guided American Export Lines in peace and in war. New U. S.-built ships and citizen crews helped us carry the products of American farms and industries to Mediterranean, Black Sea, and Indian Ocean ports before the war.

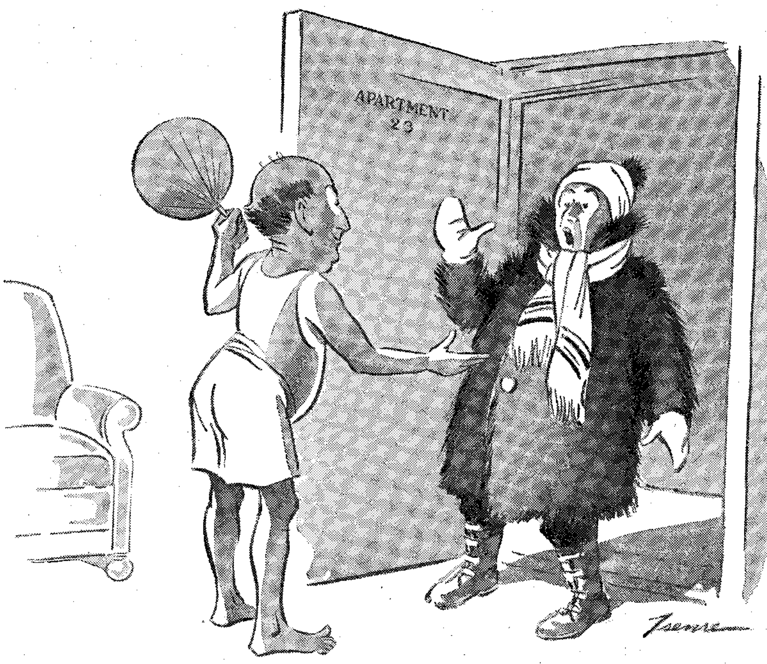
Today, under War Shipping Administration direction, our share of the new shipping supplies many Allied fronts. Tomorrow, we will be proud to help maintain America's new-found major place on the world's oceans.

American Export Lines E

25 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY 4

N. W. AYER & SON

American Export Airlines, too, with giant flying boats, are shortening the supply lines to our fighting men.



"Welcome to the tropics, neighbor!"

"Must be just like Labrador up on your floor. Boy, I'll be glad when I can move to a building that has the new system of 'personalized' heating control developed by those Minneapolis-Honeywell engineers. Then each of us can have the exact temperature we like—dial it in just like our radio!"

Apartment owners, operators and rental agents, architects, engineers and contractors, for further information about this revolutionary development for post-war heating installations, send for booklet "Personalized Heating Control for Apartments." Address **MINNEAPOLIS-HONEYWELL,** Minneapolis, Minn., or 221 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y. Advt.

CAN-CAN...

in diamonds, sapphires, rubies and gold.

JOHN RUBEL CO.

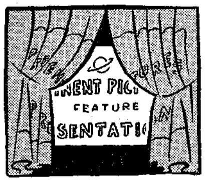
JEWELERS

777 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

(at 59th Street)

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Story of An Outrage


…ENT PIC…
FEATURE
…SENTATI…

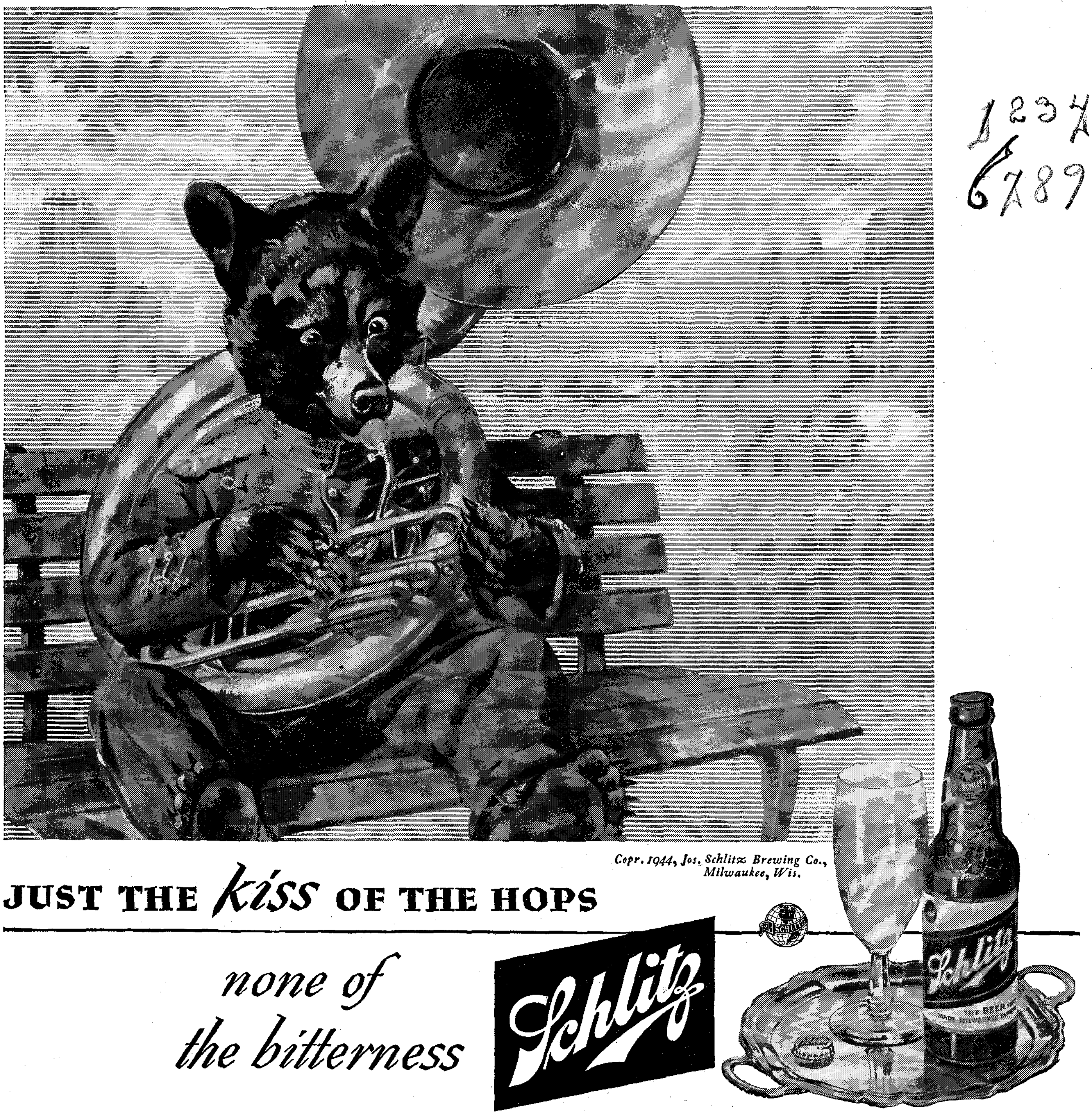
USING documentation where possible but relying mainly, I guess, on imagination, Twentieth Century-Fox has made "The Purple Heart," a picture about the fate of the fliers who were captured by the Japanese after the bombing of Tokio. The story ends with a death sentence, pronounced by a Japanese court that would hardly be acceptable in American or any other rational kind of jurisprudence. The trial comprises a good deal of the action of the picture, and as it runs its course, the difference between the Japanese notions of justice and our own, especially in regard to a military enemy, are brought home. You don't know for sure, unless you're informed on an international scale, whether every detail of Japanese legal procedure is accurate down to the ground, but your impression is that this is precisely the way the so-and-so's would act in the circumstances. As for the torture that some of the boys undergo, there's not much disputing that.

The sheer imagination called for, in the making of this film, by the fact that it's all about an event that happened a long way off in a country to which, at the moment, there is no chance of going on location, is impressive. A dream, or perhaps you should call it a nightmare, world has been made out of whole cloth. That and the forceful timeliness of the story are what hold your interest. However, a good many distractions come along, and the undodgeable truth is that this is not an artistically perfect production. In an effort to confine the action to an hour-by-hour account of the long ordeal of these fliers and still fill the dramatic need for occasional spurts of excitement, too much has been squeezed into too small a confinement of space and time. A homicide and a suicide, for example, which you would think would probably occur somewhere else have been crammed into the courtroom along with the rest of the proceedings. Also, in the scenes in the cell where the Americans spend their nights, there's a shade too much characterization for comfort. Farley Granger, as the kid who is afraid of fear, has been called upon to demonstrate his problem a little too lengthily and with a couple too many

It's something different

You'll agree that Schlitz is truly different when you taste its delightful freedom from bitterness. Brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops, Schlitz is as famous for its delicacy as for its real beer character. Its famous flavor is in tune with American taste.

12345
67890



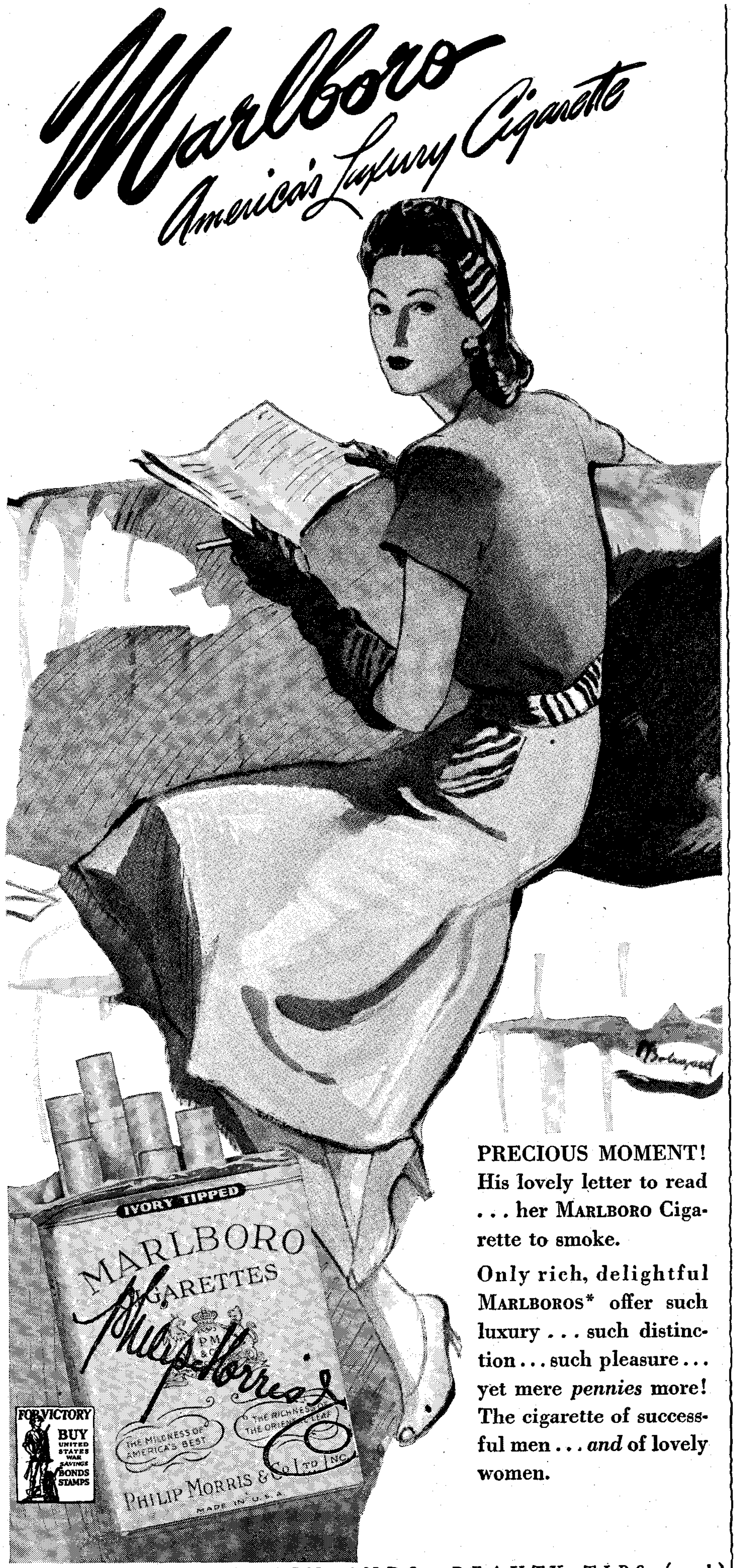
Copr. 1944, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

JUST THE *KISS* OF THE HOPS

none of the bitterness

Schlitz

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS


Marlboro
America's Luxury Cigarette
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
Philip Morris
PM & Co
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
THE RICHNESS OF THE ORIENTAL LEAF
PHILIP MORRIS & Co LTD INC
MADE IN U.S.A.
FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS

PRECIOUS MOMENT! His lovely letter to read . . . her MARLBORO Cigarette to smoke.

Only rich, delightful MARLBOROS* offer such luxury . . . such distinction . . . such pleasure . . . yet mere *pennies* more! The cigarette of successful men . . . *and* of lovely women.

*IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red)

closeups. Sam Levene, as a smart, tough lieutenant from C.C.N.Y., has been required to use a few unnecessary sentences in describing his background. John Craven, as a sergeant, has been too painstakingly built up as a poetic type; he quotes too much. Dana Andrews, as Captain Ross, a pilot with a wife and child, is almost too average.

Still, all these fellows are plainly affected by the stature of the parts they are playing, and to a large, gratifying extent, they are convincing as a bunch of American soldiers in a desperate plight. As for the Chinese actors who have once more been obliged to play Japs, they go about their work with a game willingness. How the picture came to be called "The Purple Heart," which seems a rather misleading title, I don't know.

YOU'VE got to be a real Danny Kaye lover to admire his first screen vehicle, "Up in Arms." Apart from his function in it, the picture is just a big musical about Army life, fraught with improbabilities. There is vocalizing by Dinah Shore and a romantic scuffle between Dana Andrews and Constance Dowling, but Kaye is the main dish and there's plenty of him. In case you haven't seen him at work, he is an extremely active comic with vocal and facial muscles which by now must be almost over-developed. The school he belongs to is the one that says that if you'll just be sure and keep going, you're bound to hit on something that will murder them. By my own calculations, his percentage of hits in times at bat hovers around .600, which, after all, isn't a bad average. In "Up in Arms," he is somewhat involved in the story, in that here and there he takes time out to play a shaky little hypochondriac who is drafted, gets into scrapes with the officers, and somehow winds up a hero, but he is obviously less at home furthering the plot than running through his repertory of gags, songs, imitations, buttons, and novelties. These don't often have much to do with Life or Experience, but they're plenty bizarre and, a little bit more often than not, funny.

—DAVID LARDNER

•

IN CONGRESS
YESTERDAY

SENATE

Passed bill changing the name of "skim milk" to "dry milk solids."

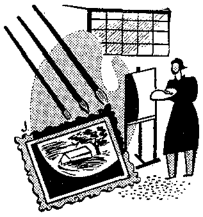
HOUSE

Engaged in political discussion.—*Washington Post.*

Natural letdown after the tax bill.

THE ART GALLERIES

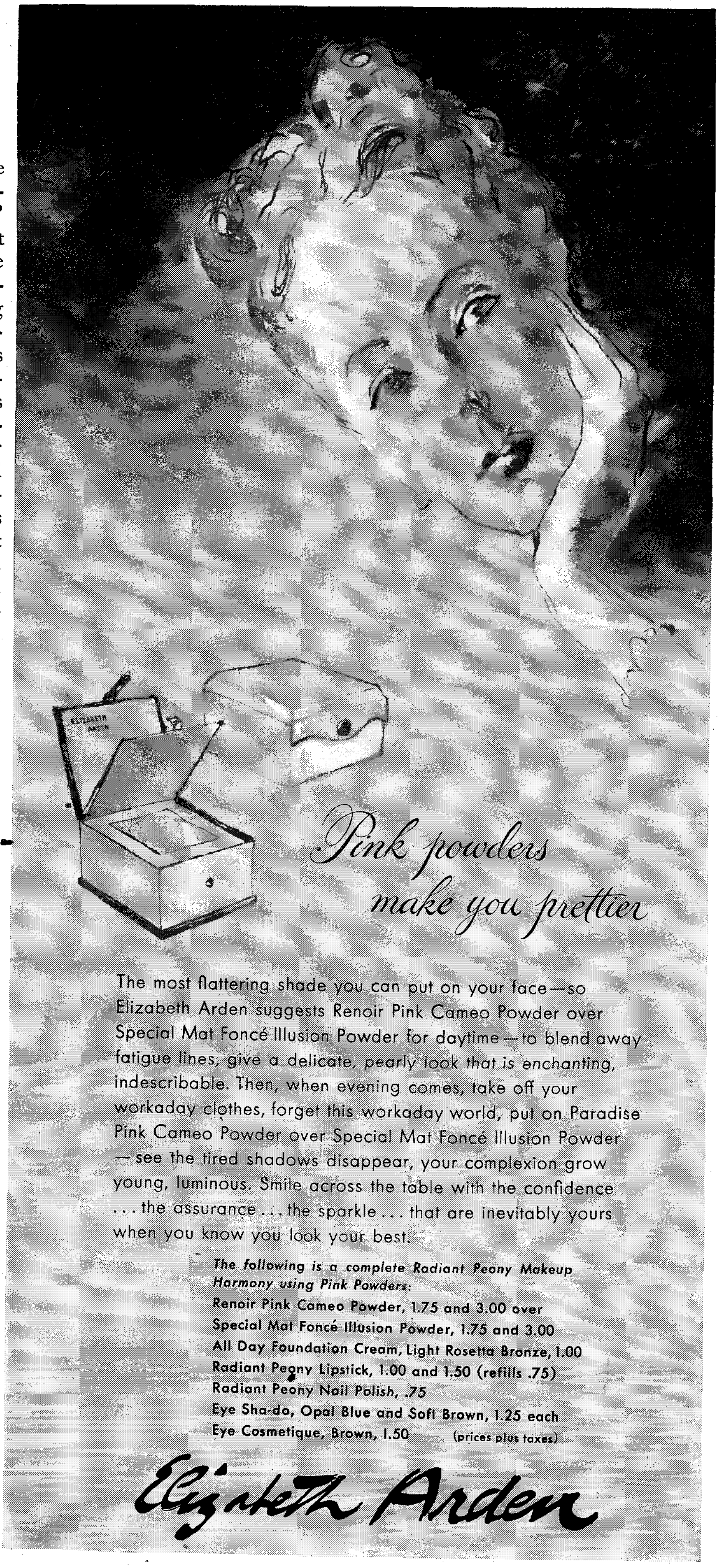
Titles Don't Mean Much



A GOOD rule *to follow* in approaching "theme" exhibitions is, don't let their titles scare you. The title is usually just something the dealer thought up to give an appearance of unity to a group of pictures he is planning to show, and since the common procedure is to get the paintings together first and then christen the collection, the best thing that can be said for the title is that it is an afterthought, and it's generally either a vague or a misleading one at that. We have two shows this week that are good examples. One, at Mortimer Brandt, is called "Color and Space in Modern Art," and the second, at Nierendorf, is called, even more imposingly, "Gestation and Formation." (I'll explain what that means later on.) Both are focussed on the works of the modern schools, the first, so to speak, by definition, and the second—well, because it is. Both contain a number of excellent pieces. If it weren't for the titles, both would pass as exceptionally well-selected and well-arranged group exhibitions. When I'm given a title, however, I can't help trying to find an application for it, but somehow it always floors me.

Take the "Color and Space" show, for instance. Here the thesis is, as explained in the catalogue foreword, that the modern artist has a freer, more "buoyant" concept of space and a more vibrant way of using color than his elders, and an impressive array of artists has been collected in support of the point, from Miró and Matisse to Chirico and Braque among painters, together with a small group of sculptors that includes Calder, Duchamp-Villon, and Isabelle Waldberg. The trouble is that I don't think the point has much validity in the first place. Calder, certainly, has developed new spatial concepts in his sculpture, and Miss Waldberg—she's a Swiss and a newcomer to the galleries here—is apparently one of his imitators. But Duchamp-Villon, despite his position in the modern movement, is intrinsically completely classic in his approach. The same disparities appear among the painters selected.

Where one work seems to prove the show's point—say, Yves Tanguy's "Gouache" or the Matta "In France"

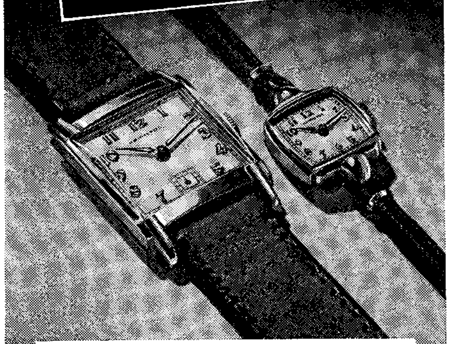

ELIZABETH ARDEN
Pink powders make you prettier

The most flattering shade you can put on your face—so Elizabeth Arden suggests Renoir Pink Cameo Powder over Special Mat Foncé Illusion Powder for daytime—to blend away fatigue lines, give a delicate, pearly look that is enchanting, indescribable. Then, when evening comes, take off your workaday clothes, forget this workaday world, put on Paradise Pink Cameo Powder over Special Mat Foncé Illusion Powder—see the tired shadows disappear, your complexion grow young, luminous. Smile across the table with the confidence . . . the assurance . . . the sparkle . . . that are inevitably yours when you know you look your best.

The following is a complete Radiant Peony Makeup Harmony using Pink Powders:
Renoir Pink Cameo Powder, 1.75 and 3.00 over
Special Mat Foncé Illusion Powder, 1.75 and 3.00
All Day Foundation Cream, Light Rosetta Bronze, 1.00
Radiant Peony Lipstick, 1.00 and 1.50 (refills .75)
Radiant Peony Nail Polish, .75
Eye Sha-do, Opal Blue and Soft Brown, 1.25 each
Eye Cosmetique, Brown, 1.50 (prices plus taxes)

Elizabeth Arden

WHEN FINE AMERICAN WATCHES CAN AGAIN BE MADE
Hamilton
WILL MAKE THEM



Sorry you can't buy that Hamilton Watch today. Hamilton is making precision timepieces for Uncle Sam only now. But, when American watches can again be made, Hamilton will once more make America's preferred gift watch—a watch worth waiting for.

THE WATCH OF RAILROAD ACCURACY

FREUDIAN COMPLEX?
How
DOROTHY ROSS
toys with it!

- Never a cover
- or minimum
- charge
- Cocktails from
- 23c

23 Room

- HOTEL
- GEORGE WASHINGTON
- 23 LEXINGTON AVENUE at 23rd STREET

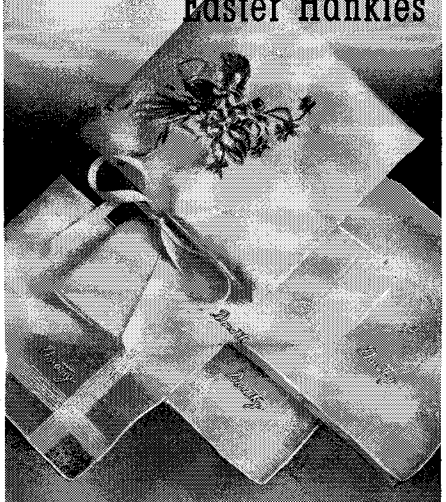
The Wedgwood Room
At Supper
GRACIE FIELDS
Britain's most beloved entertainer... now America's Sweetheart, too
At Dinner and Supper
LEO REISMAN
and his Orchestra
Cover from 10:30, $2
SUNDAY DINNER-DANCE
Mischa Borr and his Orchestra (no cover)
The Waldorf-Astoria

—there's another, like the Juan Gris "Violon et Guitare," which even more positively disproves it. For if Tanguy and Matta strive deliberately for an effect of forms floating almost disembodied in space, Juan Gris did exactly the opposite. He was, after all, an Abstractionist, and since abstract painting, with its insistence on pure pattern, amounted almost to a denial of the very space theories the show advances, his canvas is as compact and two-dimensional as the other examples are free and unbounded. One could go through the list finding other opposites—setting Georges Braque's strict, sombre "Le Balustre" against Kandinsky's boldly Expressionist "Composition, 1910," John Marin's very spatial and also very fine "Cliffs and Sea" against Marsden Hartley's tightly composed "Migration"—that would all lead to the same conclusion. What the show proves, if anything, is that modern art is a great deal too complex and varied in its impulses to be summed up as neatly as the gallery has tried to do.

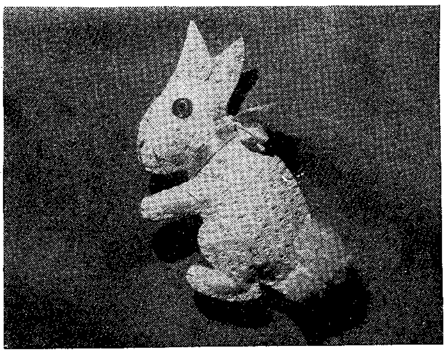
The Nierendorf affair also tries to sum up modern art in a phrase and fails to get away with it. Its title, "Gestation and Formation," is a little awkward; what it means, I gather, is that all modern painting can be divided into two main impulses—one of improvisation, or "gestation" (as represented, say, by the Expressionist and Futurist movements, in which new shapes and symbols are freely invented), and the other of crystallization, or "formation," in which the forms are more rigidly dealt with. I don't see, however, how this differs very much from the standard Romantic-versus-Classic differentiation. Moreover, since a number of the painters are represented in both sections, in the first by earlier works and in the second by later ones, one gets the confused impression that what the show really proves is that artists' styles tend to become more fixed and less experimental as the painters grow older, a process, of course, that is not confined to this generation but has gone on for ages. There are a number of excellent pieces in the show, among them a fine oil called "Tree," by Piet Mondrian, and another called "Rain," by Kandinsky, both early, as well as a curiously patterned "Landscape with Gate," by Josef Scharl, and a handsome abstract "Composition," by Carl Holty.

E. E. Cummings, apart from his other activities, has written some of the most delicately haunting love lyrics of recent times, but that does not

Very Special Easter Hankies



Lovingly sent in satin
Exquisite sheer hand rolled Swiss hankies, with her name hand embroidered. In a lovely satin case, spring-like with violets.
4 hankies for $10; 6 for $15
Postpaid
Don't delay. Send her full name and address.
MOSSE
659 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22



BUNNY "GLAD EYES"
Here it is—in time for Easter! A delightful little white rabbit that winks his pink eye when you press his tail. He's all HAND MADE of white leather. Complete with battery and pin for your lapel or purse. $2.50 Postpaid. "Bright Eyes" Horse also available in colors at the same price. Send check or money order today. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s.
GIFT CLUES, Dept. N, 337 E. 42nd St., N.Y. 17, N.Y.

FOR 66 YEARS
language students all over the world have come to Berlitz for superior training in modern languages. 9 a.m. to 9 p.m.

BERLITZ
630 Fifth Ave.
(at 50th St.)
Circle 6-1416

IN WASHINGTON
IT'S A MUST!
LA SALLE DU BOIS
for Luncheon and Dinner
1800 M Street, N. W.
In New York City:
36 EAST 60th STREET • 10 EAST 52nd STREET

necessarily mean that he can paint. It is technique, or the lack of it, that hinders the transition from one art to another, and such canvases of Cummings's as I have occasionally seen in years past were marred because he just didn't know how to handle brushes and pigment well enough to get his ideas across. It is pleasant to record that he has now got through that awkward stage completely, and his new oils and water colors, at the American British Art Center, convey that curiously glancing, oblique commentary of his almost as well as his best writings do. I liked most his small, sketchy-looking, but really knowingly painted landscapes, such as "Spring, New Hampshire," "Country Road, New Hampshire," and "Evening." . . . At Durlacher there is a collection of seventeenth-century still lifes that is worth noting. They are mostly dining-room pieces, since the time was, of course, one of the peak eras for this genre of painting. It was a time that saw the rise of the bourgeoisie, when wealth spread down from the titled to the middle classes, when homes grew more luxurious and the fashion demanded that above every dining-room sideboard there should be an oil painting, picturing the fruit, fish, game, or just plain beef the guests were to share at the table. How well the artists met this demand is shown by the exhibition, which lumps Dutch, French, Spanish, and Italian examples in about as toothsome and appetizing a collection as could be imagined. Tastiest of all, perhaps, is a "Still Life" by Juan Sanchez Cotan, which disposes apples, pomegranates, celery, and so on, on a canvas that is both succulent-looking and handsomely painted. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

Word was received this week that Mrs. Gertrude Higgins, teacher at the 36th Street school, was severely bitten by a dog on the school grounds. Principal Gail Mahoney observed that it could just as easily have been a child.—*Los Angeles Southwest News-Press.*

Nasty situation there, all around.

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

"Walking will clear your thoughts as well as tone you up physically," is Miss Hurst's final observation. "I often work out plots and situations for my books while walking."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

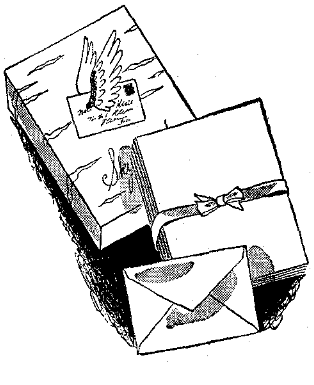
She [Fannie Hurst] doesn't think about anything special during her walks, certainly doesn't concoct plots.—*The New Yorker.*

An intimate greeting . . . AIR-BORNE!

Swiftly the letter arches across the sky, tying a strange land to the familiar things of home: The curve of a banister, the prattle of a child, the musk of an attic after rain. . . . A quick greeting . . . *air-borne!* There's something special about a letter sent by air mail. It has a special intimacy and importance. And it should be written on special paper. Light-weight stationery — just the right kind. . . . And *any* letter should be on the right paper, keyed between you and *him!*

Sky Lark

Styled for air mail by Kellogg
Available in white and colors



Always keyed properly — Kellogg Stationery. Styled to perfection and fine-textured. Be it regular mail or air mail, there's a Kellogg design for every mood. . . . Write to him today. He'll prize a letter from *you* on stationery

by KELLOGG
FINE STATIONERY

ON DISPLAY
200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY
and for sale at leading department stores
and fine stationers

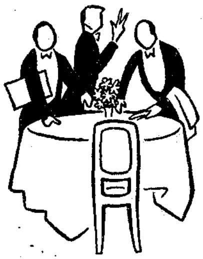
Kellogg is a Division of United States Envelope Company

3T 185

TABLES FOR TWO

What Seems to Be the Trouble?

IT has not been altogether easy to keep a straight face these past few months when your friends, both in uniform and in mufti, mournfully shook their heads and told you that the end of night life, as they had all come to know and love it, was in sight. At Christmas time, you may recall, there weren't going to be enough bottled goods to get the clubs past New Year's. Now New Year's has been dead and buried a long two months, and in most places around town the drinks are not only just as plentiful but considerably less debilitating than the ones you got during the holidays. Then, a fortnight or so ago, people began mumbling that Internal Revenue was really going to turn the trick at last, for the new tax bill would kite all cabaret checks twenty-five per cent. None of the admirers of New York's night life appeared to be at all happy over the fact that their favorite pastime had thus finally been elevated to its proper place in the hierarchy of sports, which is, in the eyes of the government, exactly five per cent more elegant than the boxing matches at the Garden. Pondering all this while leafing through announcements that this or that establishment had stocked up with some such eminence as Celeste Holm or Irene Bordoni or Ethel Waters to see it through Easter, you came inescapably to the conclusion that there was a great deal of agitation about nothing. The situation seemed best summed up by a young lady whom this department has under contract for that sort of work. It was on a stormy, stay-at-home evening last week that she surveyed the seething crowd at the Zanzibar. A slight shadow crossed her lovely brow and she turned her innocent face to me. "What," she inquired, over the merry hell Maurice Rocco was giving a piano up on the stage, "ever became of Lent?"



ONE of the best ideas anyone has had for a long time was getting Irene Bordoni back on the rostrum. It's the small rostrum of the small Vie Parisienne, but no matter; it suits her a lot better than the tangled and confused part she had in "Louisiana Purchase" a few seasons past. There is something very impressive about the way an old music-hall girl does her act. There is no elaborate costuming, no garland of posies clutched to the bosom, no chiffon handkerchief dangling at one side of the dress, no magnificent entrance, not even any frenzied greetings to the tablefuls of imperfectly disguised claque. Looking as slim as she did fifteen years ago in "Paris," waving the same diamond eyes and the same saucy bangs, Miss Bordoni simply walks onstage and starts singing. Some of her songs are new; some, probably inevitably, are what Fannie Brice used to call "sed French sonks," and if we can't have Fannie Brice and Paula Laurence to horse them, we certainly might as well have Miss Bordoni to sing them straight. (The matter of why we can't have Fannie Brice and Paula Laurence ought to be investigated.) Even more inevitably, one of the songs is "Do It Again," which Gershwin wrote for her back in the twenties and which gets a special Bordoni application of playfulness.

Along with Miss Bordoni, and to round out a highly profitable evening, you have Tommy Dowd, palming a canary cage (with canary) and doing other pleasant feats of minor magic along with a very good line of patter. In a lifetime of painful experiences with stage magicians, I have heard only three or four who should ever be allowed to open their mouths in public. Mr. Dowd is one of them.

ANOTHER fine and seasoned music-hall girl, Gracie Fields, is in full control of the situation in the Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf, or almost full control. The Wedgwood Room is a fairly large carbarn, and occasionally Miss Fields sings right into a microphone, which seems, at close range, to swallow certain of the peculiarly comic breaks in her voice. Most of the time, though, she keeps well away from the machinery, which is fortunate, for watching her face is just as important as hearing what she sings. Miss Fields, it can safely be said, has never been funnier in her life, and, like Miss Bordoni, she is obligingly generous with encores.

SPIVY'S ROOF, which has been getting along without any Spivy for months, is back to normal again, or something like it. Spivy's numbers, both the ones she's picked up during her long sabbatical and those which have served her in good stead through the years, have, of course, a rather definite tendency toward what I'm afraid can be described only as the single entendre. The remarks of Fred Keating, a reformed magician now treading the even more devious ways of a master of ceremonies, have been flavored with the same sort of spice. Probably the whole thing should be listed on the menu, along with the roast-beef sandwiches, as a *specialité de la maison*. Spivy's diction is crisper than ever and her left hand seems more at home on the piano keyboard, and Keating is now and then rather entertaining, especially when he lapses into his old routine and does a little sleight of hand.

MAURICE Rocco stands out as practically the one good deed in a naughty world at the Zanzibar, which is something of a surprise when you consider that Ethel Waters is also on the bill. Miss Waters seems tired of something—the weather, maybe—and at least one of the songs in her repertoire is fairly unappetizing. So, for that matter, is most of the rest of what is audible from the stage of the Zanzibar. Still, Rocco, when he is left to his own devices and is not compelled to put on a minstrel suit and work with a line of girls, is a very satisfactory apology for everything else. His approach to the piano is nothing if not forthright; disdaining anything as old-fashioned as a piano stool, he towers above the instrument he adores, slapping out rhythm in a complicated fashion which requires the services of hands, feet, shoulders, and head all at once. Occasionally, tortured and haphazard fragments of lyric issue from his lips, and as he sings he sweeps the audience with monstrous and completely irrelevant leers. No one, I am sure, after experiencing Rocco's frenetic presentation of "Shoo-Shoo, Baby," will be satisfied with anyone else's version.

—R. E. M. W.

•

CHERUB, MEET ALEC

The faults of my friends
Which I freely condone
Are always the ones
Which resemble my own.

—*"The Cheerful Cherub" in the New York Post, Jan. 20, 1944.*

When noticing another's faults,
It's true, I must confess—
The ones that bother me the most
Are those I, too, possess.

—*"Alec the Great" in the Post, same edition.*

THE RACE TRACK

Miami and Points North

WAYFARERS who beat their way back from Miami last week were noisier about the high prices they had to pay for everything in the Magic City than they were enthusiastic over the payoffs on Arcaro's mounts at Hialeah. Arcaro, as you know, won the Widener with Four Freedoms on Saturday and before that had brought home three daily doubles.

On the whole, returning travellers, who for some reason expect you to break down and cry over their hardships, blamed visiting black marketeers with pockets full of hot money (as profits which won't be reported in income-tax returns are sometimes called) for the scarcity of reservations on the better trains, for the rates they had to pay at a hotel if they could get into one, for the fearsome tariffs at the plush night spots, and for the ten-dollar bottles of whiskey (you paid only five during prohibition) at the package stores. One of the rough boys tells me that last month he saw hundred-dollar bills being tossed around in restaurants and bars in Miami more freely than twenties were when he was in the liquor business during the lush years after the last war.

The native Miamians, who haven't done at all badly this winter, are said to be quite annoyed about what they naïvely call the gasoline shortage. They appear to feel that it's outrageous to have to slip a couple of dollars to the man at the pump, like any ordinary tourist, when they want him to fill up the tank. What infuriates them most is that they don't dare complain out loud. It wouldn't be public-spirited.

ALTHOUGH most of the horses in Florida this winter were something less than distinguished, the Hialeah Race Course, which is the new corporate name of the Miami Jockey Club, did all right. During its fifty-day meeting, $36,788,127 was handled in the tote, which is only a couple of million less than was bet at Hialeah and Tropical Park together in 1942.

Getting back to the Widener, you may recall that two years ago several

Navy Grey

Conforming to the Navy's recent regulation establishing a distinctive color of its own—Brooks Brothers are equipped to supply Officers with Slate Grey Uniforms to replace their former khaki working outfits. Lightweight Tropical Worsteds and Wool Gabardines are now ready for Spring. Made with black buttons, to be worn with black shoulder boards. Brass buttons and gold-and-black shoulder boards, as illustrated, are additional and, at this time, optional.

Tropical Worsted Blouse and Trousers, $35
Wool Gabardine Blouse and Trousers, $40

(The price quoted is for jacket and trousers. Insignia of rank and branch additional.)

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS, SUPPLIES & ACCESSORIES

346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
NUMBER ONE WALL STREET, NEW YORK 5, N. Y.
46 NEWBURY, COR. BERKELEY STREET, BOSTON 16, MASS.
710 PACIFIC MUTUAL BLDG., LOS ANGELES 14, CALIF.
1021-111 SUTTER STREET BLDG., SAN FRANCISCO 4, CALIF.

At the
PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES • INC
30 EAST 57 STREET
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

Public Auction Sales of

ANTIQUE FURNITURE • RUGS
PAINTINGS • SILVER • CHINA
JEWELRY • FIRST EDITIONS
AUTOGRAPHS • MSS • OTHER
ART & LITERARY PROPERTY

Mainly liquidation of wealthy estates, making available to present day collectors accumulated treasures of the past—property of permanent international worth.

Sale March 21-25, Inclusive

Furniture, paintings, objects of art, engravings and books.
Part Two. Estate of the Late
J. P. MORGAN

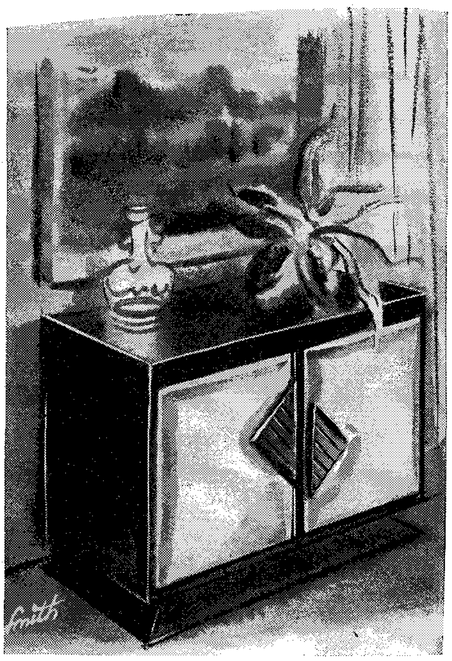
Ask to be placed on our Free List for Advance Announcements

Always a Pleasure
WINES OF DISTINCTION
COOK'S Imperial AMERICAN WINE
AMERICAN WINE CO · ST. LOUIS
BERNHARD

of Mrs. Payne Whitney's racers went from Aiken to Miami just for sun baths and sea bathing, and that the least likely one of the lot, The Rhymer, won the big race, to the surprise of everyone. There was nothing so casual as that about the Greentree Stable's excursion from Aiken this year. Stir Up won the Flamingo Stakes, and a purse of $14,825, which, together with Four Freedoms' $29,350 share of the Widener, puts the Whitney establishment at the top of this year's winners. From all accounts, the most impressive thing about the running of the Widener was the riding of Arcaro, who beat Atkinson on the favorite, Sun Again. It seems that after Four Freedoms took the lead in the stretch, Sun Again passed him a sixteenth of a mile from the winning post. It takes a lot of skill to save the day in a spot like that, and, in such a spot, give me Arcaro.

Four Freedoms may not be the best colt who ever won a Widener Handicap, but he's by no means the worst. He ran in the colors of the Greentree Stable, though he really belongs to Colonel Jock Whitney, who transferred all his horses to his mother last summer in some kind of family lend-lease. Also, if you're interested in something besides mutuel prices (Four Freedoms paid $17.30), the colt's dam is Nea Lap, a full sister to Phar Lap, who Australians insist was the greatest horse in the world.

THERE'S plenty of room for argument—enough room to swing Whirlaway by the tail in—about the new crop of three-year-olds. Stir Up, who won the Flamingo, isn't a good work horse; that is, he won't gallop as well in the mornings as his trainer would like him to. He wasn't exactly a Count Fleet in the afternoons either last season, for he won only three of his twelve starts. I have an idea that he'll do better this year, for he disposed of Stymie rather easily in the Flamingo, and Stymie is a fair sort of colt. I'm not so sure about Director J. E., who is not without admirers. Some of my roving horse-watchers report that he's only a flashy sprinter, and others say that he had bad luck in the Flamingo. His bad luck may merely have consisted of having had to run a furlong or two with Stir Up. Pensive, the Calumet Farm colt everyone went mad over just before the Futurity last autumn, finished third in a little race at Hialeah last week, but since it was his first start of the season it probably doesn't mean a thing one way or the other. Lastly, Olympic Zenith, who won the Louisiana Derby in New Or-



modern lacquer
cabinet . . . gleaming, satiny finish . . . leather upholstered doors . . . tray drawers and storage space . . . useful, beautiful!

Modernage
162 East 33rd St.
OPEN MON. & THURS. EVES. till 9

IN THE INFORMAL
Cotillion room
MYRUS
WIZARD OF MENTAL TELEPATHY
(Also for Luncheon)
HARGER & MAYE
DANCE TEAM FROM "EARLY TO BED"
STANLEY MELBA
AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Continuous music. 2 shows nightly—9 P. M. and Midnight. Supper Cover: **$1.00** Weekdays; **$1.50** Saturday and Holiday eves. Sundays **$4.00** minimum 6 P. M. to 11 P. M. . . . *Closed Mondays.*

Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE & 61st STREET

COCKTAILS at
The LOMBARDY
Home of the famous HUNT BAR
Sophisticated Entertainment
Late afternoons and after theatre
Hunt Breakfast Sundays 12 to 4—$1.50
111 E. 56th St., N. Y., PLaza 3-8600

Even in War-Time
THE **DEWITT CLINTON**
a KNOTT *hotel*
ALBANY, N.Y.
is *better* than GOOD!
John J. Hyland, *Manager*
They ALL speak well of it

leans last month, made a very favorable impression on horsemen who wintered there.

BEING an old admirer of the Whitney stable, I went down to Belmont Park the other morning for a look at Pukka Gin, the colt Jack Campbell, the Jockey Club's handicapper, rated the best two-year-old last season. Some eleemosynary bookmakers recently made Pukka Gin the favorite for the Kentucky Derby—at 6 to 1, if you please. I wasn't crazy about the colt when he won the Champagne Stakes last October; he was too light and leggy. I like him now, though. He has grown, and filled out in all the right places, and he has a particularly handsome head. To me, he looks almost fit to run. He ought to be, for he jogged miles every day at the Fair Grounds this winter. The way he trains will, of course, determine what engagements he fulfills, but I wouldn't be surprised if his first start is in the Experimental Handicap at Jamaica next month, in which he's been saddled with top weight at 126 pounds.

I also popped out to Aqueduct to see Apache, my favorite horse in the Belair Stud stable. He looks bigger and better than ever. If I were to do my first touting of the season it would be Apache for the Paumonok Handicap. Apache hasn't been out on the track yet. That's just as well, because workmen are busy banking the turns of the racing strip. I've lost count how many times this has been done since the track was reduced five years ago from a mile-and-a-quarter to a mile, but none of the changes has been entirely satisfactory. I'm afraid that this new one won't be either. The ground, for one thing, won't have time to settle properly before the meeting begins.

IT'S Colonel Martingale's guess that the automobile parking lots of the New York tracks won't be open this season. This will be good news to the people who made a nice dollar last year looking after cars in nearby back yards.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

DON'T GIVE IT A SECOND THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*Adv. in the Topeka Daily Capital*]

Tens of thousands of nurses' aids are now in active service in every community in the United States. We have seen them at all hours of the day and night giving aid to those who are ill. Our thanks to them for what they are doing.

PENWELL
FUNERAL HOME

the Colonel's lady
and Judy O'Grady
are sisters under the skin
But

their skins are different . . .

HELENA RUBINSTEIN RECOMMENDS A CLEANSER FOR EACH...

. *Pasteurized in two formulas, one for dry, one for oily skin, 1.00 to 4.50*

Water Lily Cleansing Cream for the normal skin, 1.00 to 3.75

Herbal Cleansing Cream Special for the more mature skin, 1.00 to 5.75 plus taxes

Helena Rubinstein

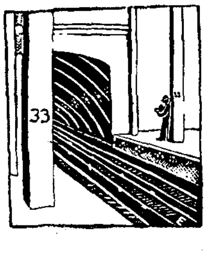
At leading stores everywhere

THE ARMY LIFE

XXXIX—PASSIVE

THE relative importance of an overseas command can be at least partly judged by the renown of the U.S.O. entertainers who are dispatched from the States to cheer its homesick members. Not long after Pearl Harbor, Panama, where I have been stationed for some months, was visited by stars such as Al Jolson and, as the older soldiers down here still breathlessly recall, Jinx Falkenberg. Nowadays we read enviously of the jaunts to Eastern and Western theatres of operation by James Cagney, Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Joe E. Brown, Carole Landis, and Larry Adler, but the morale-lifters who venture south, though determined in their efforts and generous with their time, and occasionally even gifted, are in the main people we never heard of before. Jascha Heifetz, a gentleman of considerable talent and unquestionably high professional standing, dropped in only a few months ago, to be sure, but he was an isolated case, and anyway he himself would probably admit that his fiddle doesn't have quite as good a figure as Jinx.

After more than two years of overseas participation in a war by which they have not actually been touched, the soldiers who are stationed in the Canal Zone are doing precisely the same things they were doing early in 1942, when they were fairly certain they would fill prominent rôles in a play to which Pearl Harbor had been the violent prologue. They are pretty well convinced by now—and have not only the U.S.O.'s choice of entertainers but also General Marshall's authoritative opinion to back them up—that the danger of an attack on the Canal is remote, since all our enemies are fully occupied thousands of miles away. However, it is necessary, of course, to maintain constant vigilance; nobody on duty here wants to have "Remember the Panama Canal" mournfully popularized in song and slogan while shipping makes the long run around Cape Horn. As a result, precautions against any kind of assault on the Canal are as thorough as ever, and the by-product of the elaborate care being taken of this precious charge is inevitably boredom. Some men who have been at their jobs here since before the war began—a few without even a furlough—have expressed the wish, in moments of exceptional dejection, that the American Army engineers who went to work on the Canal in 1904 had followed the precedent of the French and abandoned the whole project.



The Canal itself affords little amusement. Most of the soldiers tending the guns along the banks, though seldom out of sight of the Canal, have never gone through it and know less about its mechanisms than the average prewar tourist who made a trip through it on the way to California from New York. On the other hand, there are a few travel-weary souls here whose duties have required them to board ships at one end and ride to the other at so great a clip that the Atlantic and the Pacific sometimes seem to them to be no farther apart than the hot and cold taps of a sink. Nobody knows what the crossing record is, but there are soldiers whose trans-isthmian voyages number well over a hundred. I think I fit in halfway between the two groups; I have been through the Canal just once. The journey was at night, and lasted all night, and out of a sense of obligation to my future reminiscences I remained doggedly awake, resolved not to miss a particle of an experience which should be, if nothing else, novel. It turned out to be nothing else.

EVERY now and then down here we have an alert. An unidentified vessel or plane is spotted near enough to give us pause. The warning signals are received with almost pathetic eagerness. Here at last, we hope, is our chance to share actively in a war in which our participation so far has been conspicuously passive. With spirited anticipation, we grab our helmets, weapons, and gas masks and proceed briskly to our appointed stations to await developments. We just about get set when word comes through that the unknown cause of the commotion has been identified as something friendly. We chalk up another false alarm and trudge forlornly back to our normal duties. Sometimes an alert lasts longer. My memories of Panama will always be brightly illustrated by the picture of a staff judge advocate, after one tedious all-night alert, dozing off disappointedly at dawn, still festooned with the undirtied trappings of a frustrated field soldier, his needlessly helmeted head cradled on a desk's glass top which no hostile force will probably ever shatter.

Situated as they are on a tiny land bridge between the two principal oceans of this war, the soldiers whose foreign service has been confined to this region have not, unlike their colleagues in other areas, been environmentally influenced against any one member of the Axis family. Most servicemen in the Pacific naturally regard the Japs as their special foe and feel a comparatively impersonal animosity toward the Nazis. Soldiers in Italy and Africa, it seems, regard the Nazis as the principal foe and hold the Japs to be an enemy of secondary stature. Panama is the seat of the geographical impartials. If we fellows here were ever attacked, it might be either by the Germans on our Atlantic flank or by their cohorts on the Pacific. In our local aircraft-recognition classes, equal emphasis is given to the Mitsubishi and the Messerschmitt, but the students, while glad to learn to identify the peculiarities of both, have long since become resigned to the likelihood of seeing neither.

ALTHOUGH there is small prospect of our ever sending home such relevant war souvenirs as a German pistol or a Jap battle flag, those of us who are stationed near the larger cities here have one practical advantage over many Americans overseas: we can send home silk stockings. There must be thousands of women in the United States today who will always have a fond spot in their hearts for Panama—and presumably for the members of its current garrison as well—because of the silk stockings they have received from this storehouse of luxuries. Silk goods, French perfume, and Scotch are only a few of the items we can buy here in abundance, but of course we cannot send a case of Johnnie Walker through the mails. In this strange, unrationed corner of the world, there are butchers who explain apologetically, when you enter to buy a cut of meat, that their stocks are momentarily low and that they are afraid you'll have to scrape along for a few days on a dreary diet of beef and turkey till things get straightened out. In fact, we have become so spoiled down here that we were quite vexed recently at finding that our post exchanges, perhaps as a sympathetic gesture toward the inflationary trends in more temperate zones, had raised the price of a package of standard cigarettes to the record high of six cents. —E. J. KAHN, JR.

●

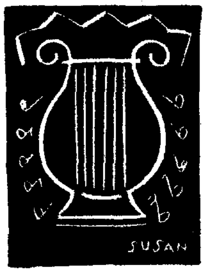
THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

[*Headline in PM*]

MIGRANT GIRLS POUR
INTO NEW YORK—
CITY DOES NOTHING

MUSICAL EVENTS

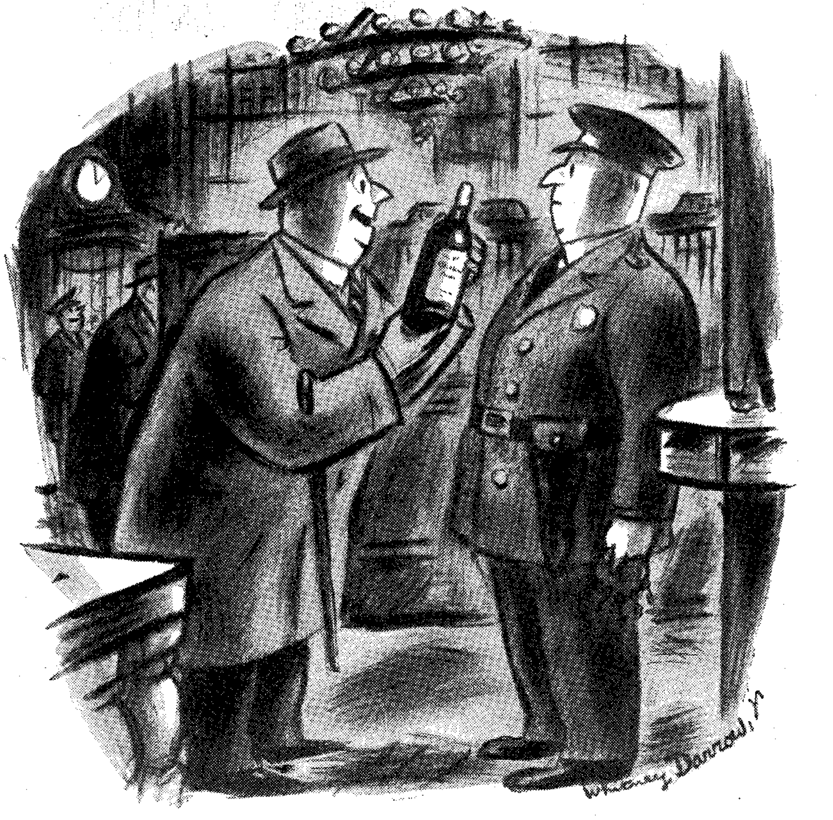
Heifetz, Hofmann, and Others



AMONG Jascha Heifetz's many accomplishments is the ability to construct a violin program that contains a good deal of music which isn't heard too often. His Carnegie Hall recital last week, for example, included three Scarlatti excerpts which he had arranged charmingly for violin and piano, Bach and Beethoven items that haven't been overplayed, Bruch's second concerto (which I, for one, hadn't heard for thirty years), a couple of fairly unhackneyed Paganini caprices in Kreisler arrangements, and the "Largo al factotum" air from "The Barber of Seville," refashioned into a violin and piano duet by Castelnuovo-Tedesco. None of these offerings was marked "first time" on the program, but a lot of them were novelties for many listeners. The new edition of "Largo al factotum" proved to be much more than a conventional violin transcription of an operatic moment. It was pertly reharmonized, had a touch of satire, and provided plenty of opportunities for expert violinism.

There's no need any longer to go into detail about the excellences of Mr. Heifetz's playing, which was as brilliant and musical as ever. Just the same, it might be said that his treatment of the rhapsodic recitative in the Bruch concerto, which had a remarkable vocal quality, was of special interest. Even though the concerto isn't a great work, it was good to hear it again, and it was by no means unworthy of the musical eloquence Mr. Heifetz lent to it. Emanuel Bay, at the piano, was an excellent collaborator.

LAST week, at a Philharmonic-Symphony evening, I also became reacquainted with another concerto that I hadn't heard in thirty years—the Rubinstein piano concerto in G major. I had last met this work at a Boston Symphony concert back in the pre-Koussevitzky days, and the pianist then, as last week, was Josef Hofmann. This concerto has a commentary, supplied by the composer, the gist of which is that its music illustrates the efforts of the piano, as an instrument, to gain admittance "into the temple of the orchestra." A


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I would like to rent a safety deposit box for my bottle of William Penn"

WILLIAM PENN Blended Whiskey, popular since '98, is blended at the high point of flavor—where fine base whiskeys provide rich, full taste and softened neutral spirits add smoothness. For better drinks, always ask for William Penn Blended Whiskey.

SPEND WISELY—OR NOT AT ALL

Unwise buying in wartime sends prices up. You can help keep prices down by buying only what you need. When you buy, check ceiling prices and don't pay more. Pay off old debts. Buy your share of war bonds.

Gooderham & Worts Limited, Peoria, Ill.

William Penn
ORIGINATED IN 1898
William Penn
Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED PEORIA, ILL.

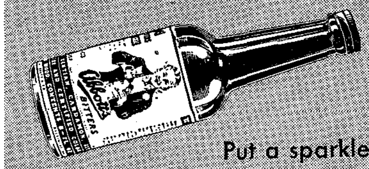
Millions "Say When" with

William Penn

BLENDED WHISKEY—86 PROOF—65% FRUIT AND GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

Head for Refreshment
Fox Head
"400" BEER
and ALE
Proudly enjoy these finer beverages — brewed for the few — with famous, sparkling Waukesha Water.
FOX HEAD WAUKESHA CORP.
WAUKESHA WISCONSIN
N-13

OPEN HOUSE
...EVERY SUNDAY
Comes the Sabbath you'll find the latchkey out and The White Turkeys dressed in their Sunday best. It's to welcome you for cocktails and real old-fashioned New England meals amid early Americana.
Brunch 12 noon to 3:00 p.m.
Dinner from 1:00 to 9:00 p.m.
THE WHITE TURKEYS
220 MADISON AVE. at 37th Street MU-3-1581
ONE UNIVERSITY PL. at Washington Sq. AL-4-3677



FOR ADDED Zest
Put a sparkle in your mixed drinks. Add a dash of Abbott's.
Abbott's BITTERS SINCE 1872
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

not unharmonious controversy ensues between the piano and the orchestra, but no official decision is reached. The work may have some value as a tonal debate, and Mr. Hofmann's playing was superb, but the concerto itself is, I suspect, on its last legs.

Scarlatti, a rather ubiquitous composer these days, was represented at this concert by a fetching suite for strings devised by Harold Byrns. There also was some skillful and attractive music from Brazil, conducted effectively by Artur Rodzinski—three dances by Guarnieri, and Fernandiz's "Batuque," the last of which showed symptoms of becoming an orchestral best-seller. The evening's symphony was Schumann's first, which was well played but sounded less romantic than some of us admirers of this symphony like it to be.

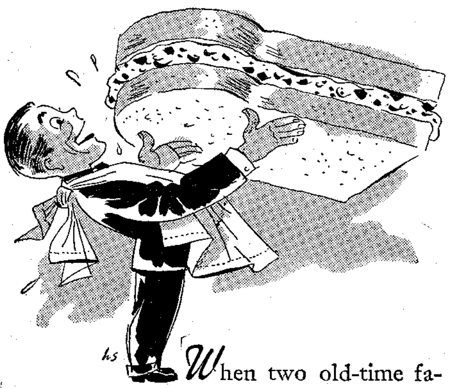
THE Metropolitan wound up its first Nibelungen Ring sequence of the year last week with "Götterdämmerung," which, on the whole, was like the "Siegfried" of the week before. George Szell again conducted a performance of great musical beauty, which is the important element in "Götterdämmerung," except for those who find something profound in the text. There was good singing and plausible acting by Helen Traubel, Lauritz Melchior, Alexander Kipnis, Herbert Janssen, Astrid Varnay, Kerstin Thorborg, and their many associates. Even the Rhine Maidens were euphonious, which they haven't always been.

An unfamiliar opera arrived in Town Hall recently. This was Smetana's "Dalibor," which, in concert form with two-piano accompaniment and with interspersed explanations of the plot, had its first New York hearing under the able direction of Paul Eisler. Mr. Eisler also provided English words for the soloists, but the chorus sang in the original Czech. I won't try to guess how much "Dalibor" loses without stage action and orchestra. From what I heard in Town Hall, I figure that it's a theatre piece rather than a natural for concerts. —ROBERT A. SIMON

CONCERT RECORDS

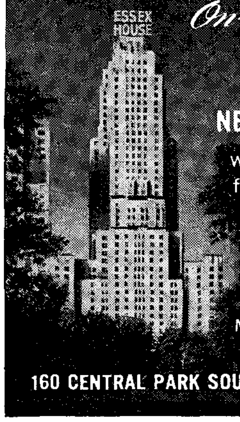
Debussy to Haydn

DEBUSSY collectors will, of course, be especially interested in a recent album (Victor DM-954) that contains the first and third of the composer's orchestral "Images." These works—"Gigues" and "Rondes de Printemps"—aren't prime Debussy, but the excellent performances by the San



A SANDWICH SPREAD WITH A SAUCY SAUCE MAKES UP FOR THE MEAT AND BUTTER LOSS
When two old-time favorite condiments get together, you've got an exciting combination. Spice-up baked-bean or cheese sandwiches with Best Foods Mustard-with-Horseradish. Use it on all foods on which you formerly used ordinary mustard.
TRY BEST FOODS MUSTARD WITH HORSERADISH
A Product of The Best Foods, Inc.

ESSEX HOUSE
On-the-park
A FAVORITE NEW YORK HOTEL
with a reputation for quality, quiet and extreme convenience.
Oscar Wintrab
Managing Director
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, NEW YORK CITY



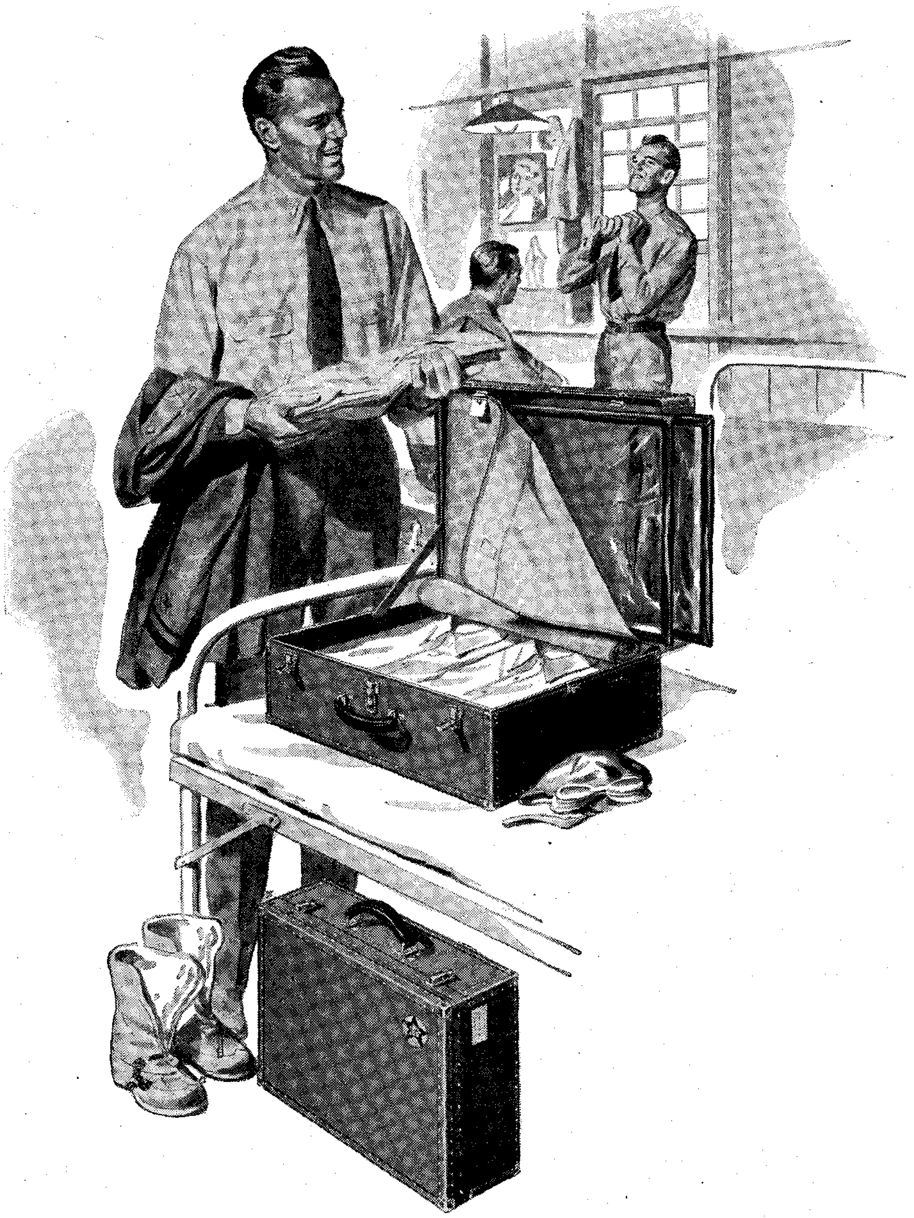
MAKERS of ART HAIR PIECES
FOR PARTLY OR ALL BALD SCALPS!
Our 32 years of experience have made many disappointed people happy again. Abnormal hair conditions, skillfully and artistically changed into natural looking appearances (not overdressed or bulky). Free consultation with Mr. Charles by appointment only.
CHARLES & ERNEST, INC.
109 East 47th Street. ELdorado 5-9289

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
Champs-Elysées
Famous for the Special Dinner
25 E. 40 ST. N.Y. · MU 4-8833

Francisco Symphony, under Pierre Monteux, provide plenty of good listening. Some of the scoring of "Gigues" was completed by André Caplet, but the whole work sounds like a Debussy orchestration, which in itself is convincing evidence of Caplet's skill. If you're a Debussyite, you probably already have "Iberia," the second of the "Images," in your collection. If you haven't, and want it, either to make a complete set of the "Images" or just for itself, you might investigate the recording by Fritz Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony (Columbia M-491).

For further French music, there is the lately issued version of Chausson's symphony, which was recorded by the Chicago Symphony under the direction of Frederick Stock (Victor DM-950). A certain sturdiness in the playing captures the latent power in the music. This is a symphony that has to be approached with affection, and, while it won't appeal to everyone, it obviously appealed to the conductor, who made a magnificent recording. A famous French overture—the one to Thomas's "Mignon"—is performed brilliantly on Victor 11-8545. The conductor is Arturo Toscanini, who turns in one of his miracles of freshness, and the playing is by the N. B. C. Symphony.

A MOZART piano concerto that isn't likely to be on many shelves is the one in A (414 in the Koechel catalogue of Mozart's music). Columbia has released it in album M-544, with Louis Kentner as soloist and Sir Thomas Beecham directing the London Philharmonic. It's a charming presentation, even though the piano hasn't quite the subtle shading of the orchestra. In the unaccompanied-piano department, there is a virtuoso exhibition of Liapounoff's "Lesghinka," which is interesting mostly for the playing by Alexander Brailowsky (Victor 11-8567). If you're in the



"Boy! This SEAPACK* is just what the doctor ordered!"

"Seapack" luggage was designed in co-operation with the Navy. According to the flyers themselves it's "just what the doctor ordered" for "shipshape" stowage of valuable personal equipment in sub-zero or tropical climates. Made now only for the U. S. Navy.

HARTMANN
Luggage

HARTMANN TRUNK COMPANY • RACINE, WISCONSIN

*Trade Mark 402,791 Registered U. S. Patent Office by U. S. Navy

WINE MERCHANTS BY APPOINTMENT

The HARVEY Tradition is *Yours* –

The quality of Harvey patrons since 1796 constitutes our proudest testimonial. To these distinguished wine-lovers, serving Harvey's is a valued tradition. It is a tradition you share each time your table is graced by a bottle of Harvey's.

HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S DRY
PALE AMONTILLADO
SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD.
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP.
HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S
CHOICEST FULL PALE
BRISTOL CREAM
SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD.
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP.

HARVEY'S
IMPORTED
Sherries & Ports

ALSO HARVEY'S SHOOTING . . . select golden sherry, full-bodied, medium-sweet. HARVEY'S HUNTING . . . fine tawny port, mellow and dry.

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N.Y.

market for a two-piano item, you ought to listen to Enesco's First Rumanian Rhapsody, transcribed and performed by Arthur Whittemore and Jack Lowe, who have converted the orchestral edition into lively and colorful pianistics (Victor 11-8515).

CHAMBER-MUSIC fanciers will undoubtedly want to hear the Beethoven quartet in A minor, Op. 132, played by the Budapest String Quartet with expertness and understanding (Columbia MM-545). Solo fiddling of quite a different sort of music is available in a doubling of Wieniawski's "Scherzo and Tarantelle" and Josef Suk's "Burleska," done superbly by Nathan Milstein against Artur Balsam's piano backgrounds (Columbia 71489-D).

CHORAL music by Brahms appears in Columbia X-MX 223, an album supplying the "Song of Destiny," sung by the Westminster Choir and played by the Philharmonic-Symphony, under the direction of Bruno Walter, and the motet "O Savior, Throw the Heavens Wide," by the same chorus, without orchestra, under the direction of John Finley Williamson. "The Song of Destiny" isn't especially eventful Brahms, but Mr. Walter makes the most of it. The motet in some ways is a more interesting offering, and the singing is first-rate.

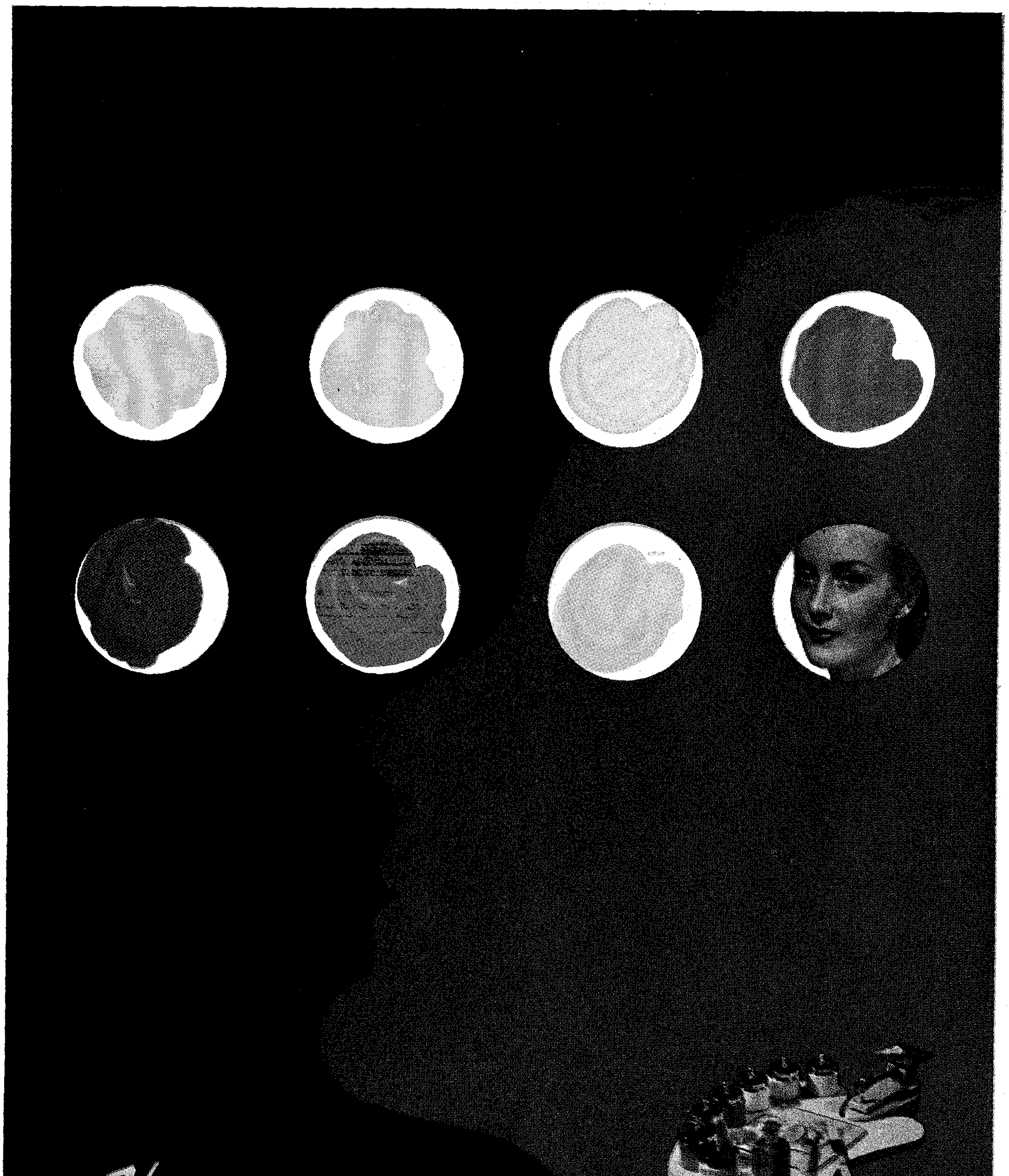
The General Platoff Don Cossack Chorus intones Gretchaninoff's "Glory to Thee, O Lord" and Tchesnokoff's "Save Thy People, O God" (Victor 11-8514) in skillful performances, with a good solo by N. Khadarick in the Gretchaninoff music and an uneven one by A. Zakhartchenko in the other work.

A NOVELTY for many record listeners is the overture to Haydn's opera, "The Uninhabited Island," which receives good treatment from the Indianapolis Symphony, led by Fabien Sevitzky (Victor 11-8487). This overture is no revelation, yet it's an interesting addition to the Haydn recorded repertory, because it is one of the first excerpts from a Haydn opera to reach the phonograph. —R. A. S.

•

MRS. VANDERBILT EN ROUTE
TO FLORIDA, MISSING FREE
MILK FUND OPERA BENEFIT
—*The World-Telegram.*

Well, Nimitz and Eisenhower are on the job!



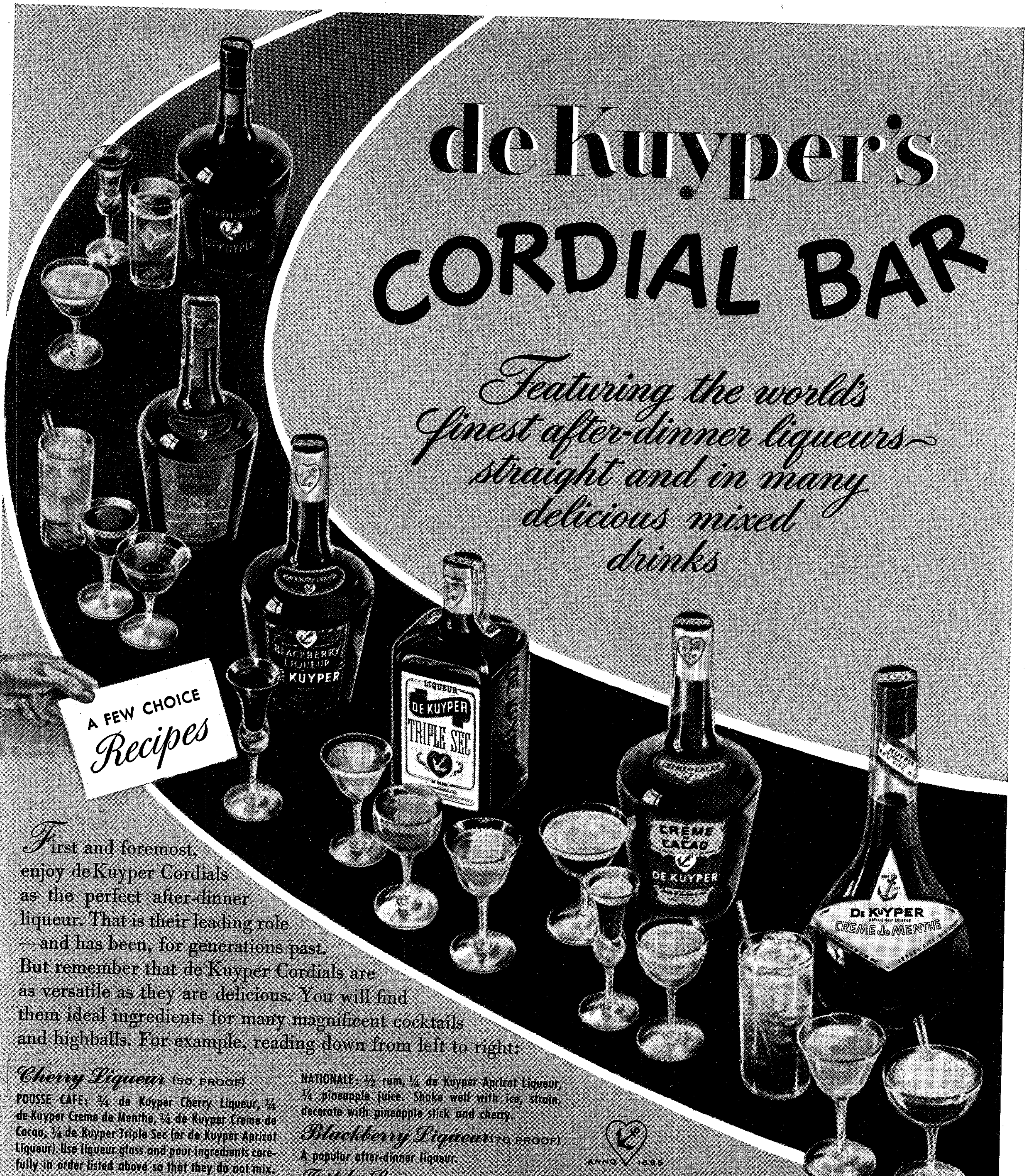
Chromoblend (blended powder base)

- as individual as the skin that wears it. • a cream foundation blended especially to your order.
- the powder base that gives color emphasis to your skin. • protects dry, sensitive skins; softens as it beautifies.
- chromablend (blended powder base) sets the tone of your makeup and holds your powder for hours and hours.

JACQUELINE COCHRAN

de Kuyper's CORDIAL BAR

Featuring the world's finest after-dinner liqueurs—straight and in many delicious mixed drinks


A FEW CHOICE Recipes
BLACKBERRY LIQUEUR DE KUYPER
LIQUEUR DE KUYPER TRIPLE SEC
CREME de CACAO DE KUYPER
DE KUYPER CREME de MENTHE

*F*irst and foremost, enjoy deKuyper Cordials as the perfect after-dinner liqueur. That is their leading role—and has been, for generations past. But remember that de Kuyper Cordials are as versatile as they are delicious. You will find them ideal ingredients for many magnificent cocktails and highballs. For example, reading down from left to right:

Cherry Liqueur (50 PROOF)

POUSSE CAFE: ¼ de Kuyper Cherry Liqueur, ¼ de Kuyper Creme de Menthe, ¼ de Kuyper Creme de Cacao, ¼ de Kuyper Triple Sec (or de Kuyper Apricot Liqueur). Use liqueur glass and pour ingredients carefully in order listed above so that they do not mix.

SINGAPORE GIN SLING: Juice of ½ lemon, dash of bitters, 1 oz. de Kuyper Cherry Liqueur, 2 oz. gin, garnish with cherry. Fill with club soda.

NORTH POLE: ⅓ de Kuyper Cherry Liqueur, ⅓ gin, juice of ½ lemon, 1 white of egg. Shake with ice, strain in claret glass, with whipped cream on top.

Apricot Liqueur (74 PROOF)

APRI-COOLER: 1¼ oz. de Kuyper Apricot Liqueur, in a 10-oz. glass, juice of ½ lemon. Stir with ice. Fill with club soda.

PARADISE ⅓ gin, ⅔ de Kuyper Apricot Liqueur. Shake well with ice, strain.

NATIONALE: ½ rum, ¼ de Kuyper Apricot Liqueur, ¼ pineapple juice. Shake well with ice, strain, decorate with pineapple stick and cherry.

Blackberry Liqueur (70 PROOF)

A popular after-dinner liqueur.

Triple Sec (80 PROOF)

WHITE LADY: ⅓ de Kuyper Triple Sec, ⅓ lemon juice, ⅓ gin. Shake with ice, strain.

BETWEEN THE SHEETS: ⅓ de Kuyper Triple Sec, ⅓ brandy, ⅓ gin. Add a dash of lemon juice if desired. Shake with ice, strain.

SIDE CAR: ⅓ lemon juice, ⅓ brandy, ⅓ de Kuyper Triple Sec. Shake with ice, strain.

Creme de Cacao (60 PROOF)

COMMODORE: ⅓ de Kuyper Creme de Cacao, ⅓ rye or bourbon whiskey, ⅓ lemon juice, ½ teaspoon grenadine. Shake well with ice, strain, serve in champagne glass.

ANNO 1695

ANGEL'S TIP: Fill a liqueur glass ⅔ full with deKuyper Creme de Cacao. Pour a little sweet cream over a spoon so it floats on the cacao.

ALEXANDER: ¼ de Kuyper Creme de Cacao, ½ gin, ¼ sweet cream. Shake well with ice, strain.

Creme de Menthe (60 PROOF)

LONG GREEN: Fill Tom Collins glass with cracked ice, pour in 1½ oz. de Kuyper Creme de Menthe. Fill with soda.

STINGER: ⅓ de Kuyper Creme de Menthe (white), ⅔ brandy. Shake with ice, strain.

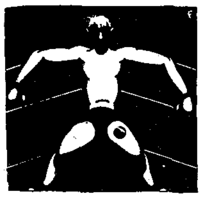
FRAPPE: Fill frappe glass with shaved or crushed ice, pour in de Kuyper Creme de Menthe.

DE KUYPER Liqueurs

Today, as for the past nine years, de Kuyper Cordials are being made in America *identically* as in Holland. Send for free Recipe Booklet, describing 12 delicious de Kuyper Cordials. National Distillers Products Corporation, Dept. ND4, No. 12, Wall Street Station, New York.

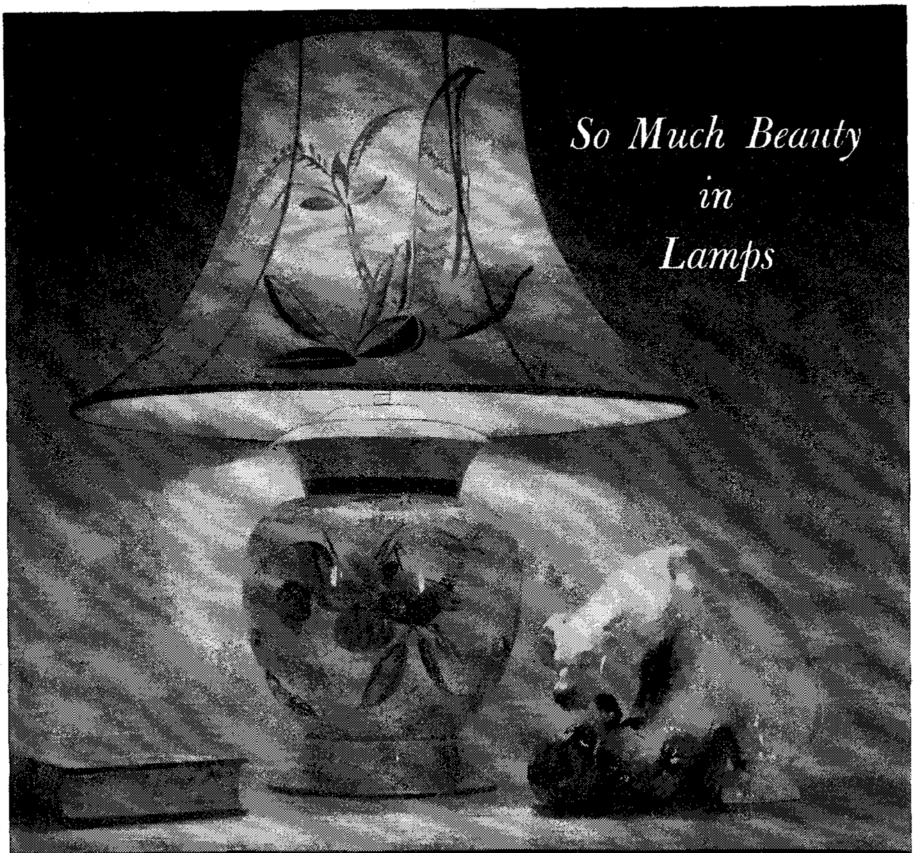
NOTES ON SPORTS

Waste of Talent



IN the world of pugilism, there's apt to be more excitement outside the ring these days than inside. Extroverted types like Chick Wergeles, manager of Beau Jack, and Frank Thomas, manager of Bob Montgomery, are plainly what the sport needs to keep it humming right now, but unfortunately neither of these fellows is of an age or physique to warrant putting him in the ring for exhibition purposes. Consequently, the public has to be satisied with Jack and Montgomery themselves, or the likes of them. Last Friday afternoon, at the weighing-in of the wo fighters which preceded their evenng's championship bout, their managers had a brisk encounter wherein Wergeles aid that Thomas was trying to sneak his boy through with an extra quarter of a pound on him and Thomas said that Wergeles was nothing but a press agent who would be back at his trade after the ight was over. "Don't yell at me," said Brigadier General John J. Phelan, hairman of the State Athletic Commission, who presided. After this rather ively session, Jack and Montgomery went to Madison Square Garden and mauled their way through fifteen dullsh rounds, Montgomery winning a lose, questionable decision and nobody aring very much by that time except he bettors.

The next lightweight championship ght, which comes off on March 31st, robably won't be any more of a thriller. t involves Montgomery and Sammy Angott, who is always able to slow a ght down to a walk by holding firmly nto the other fellow's arms. He has lready beaten Montgomery three times with this method and will probably do it gain. The bright spot in this league is ext week's bout between Jack and Al Davis, a welterweight who seems to ave one of the few punches left in a war-torn sport. There has been some lk of Jack's being the favorite in this o, and though this seems hard to acount for, such may be the case, because he odds on all of the last three fights Montgomery-Davis, Baksi-Mauriello, nd Montgomery-Jack) have been just unaccountable. In these three, there ave been favorites at unwarranted ices ranging from 2–1 to 4–1. As it



From our famous collection . . . Royal Copenhagen lamp with hand-painted silk shade, $275 complete. Royal Copenhagen figurine, $112.

667 FIFTH AVENUE **GEORG JENSEN INC.** NEW YORK

(*Advertisement*)

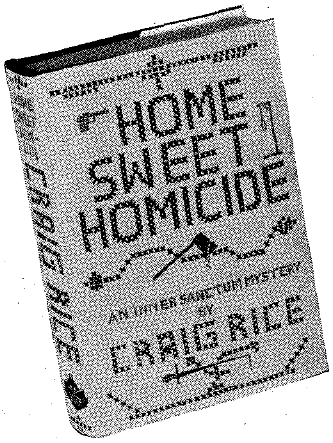
*Botany Woolens
BAA BAA BOTANY
ROWNT

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Copyright 1944, Botany Worsted Mills

"Funny how they brag when they're good."

"The best Craig Rice to date"
—The New Yorker



Home Sweet Homicide is the story of authoress Marian Carstairs, her three remarkable kids, and what they do about a couple of murders next door. Any resemblance between these characters and Craig Rice's own family is definitely *not* coincidental, and their total impact on the police, murderer—and readers—is devastating.

"Most amusing children since Penrod, artfully deceptive plot, vast supply of good fun, and ample excitement. Delightful." **—Saturday Review of Literature**

"The funniest mystery in a blue moon and first class on all other counts." **—N. Y. Herald Tribune**

Price, $2.00

An Inner Sanctum Mystery
PUBLISHED BY SIMON AND SCHUSTER

happens, the short-ender won each time, and if Jack is made the favorite over Davis, the same remarkable thing is likely to occur again.

THE track meet sponsored by the Intercollegiate Association of Amateur Athletes of America, known to its intimates as the I.C.4-A., was a pretty rough-and-tumble affair. One sprinter fell flat on his face at the start of the sixty-yard-dash final, one broad-jumper ran right through the jumping pit and out onto the track and disappeared over the banked edge, and a number of distance runners, competing in crowded fields, were knocked spinning. The meet, which was held last Saturday night, was mainly for Eastern college boys and therefore didn't boast a lot of the big names that turn up in the other track events in the Garden. A certain amount of interest was provided, though, by the team competition among the twenty colleges represented. Army came out with the biggest point total and Navy was second, which is an altogether satisfactory result for a wartime athletic contest.

There was one race, an invitation mile, which was open to older fellows. It was won, like most miles of the past two seasons, by Gilbert Dodds, but once more he didn't produce the indoor record which is constantly expected of him. In an article in the program, Mr. George Trevor wrote that Dodds might well be called "the Ruby Bob Fitzsimmons of the Banked Board Saucer." Track-meet announcers, however, may go on referring to him as Gilbert Dodds of the Boston Athletic Association.

TIP: Watch Blackpool in the English League soccer matches and the Glasgow Rangers in the Scottish League. —D. L.

•

Mrs. F. H. writes: My husband is tongue-tied and wants to have an operation. He is 28 years of age. Is he too old?

REPLY

No. The guy rope may be cut if it extends too far forward.—*Washington (D.C.) Times-Herald.*

Cut the spring line, too.

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From the Camp Wheeler (Ga.) Spoke*]

His ability to portray his characters so vividly is probably due to his intensive traveling in the Americas and Spain. He is also a Harvard man.

Grace Moore

who took the high hat out of opera, lets her hair down in a sparkling and unconventional new autobiography...

YOU'RE in for a treat with this witty, warm, and human book by the fabulous American prima donna whose garters fell as her voice rose in the Metropolitan debut that brought twelve curtain calls.

ONLY Grace Moore could have survived Charlie MacArthur's locking her in the men's room at an important reception, and...

HUMAN is the word for Alec Woollcott, as a child of nature at a swimming party, and for all the others whose unconventional moments have contributed to the fun of Grace's career.

ONCE you begin her exciting memoirs you'll follow with delight the saucy tales she tells on herself and on the fabulous folk she knew. Don't miss *You're Only Human Once.*

At your bookseller's $2.50

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

BOOKS

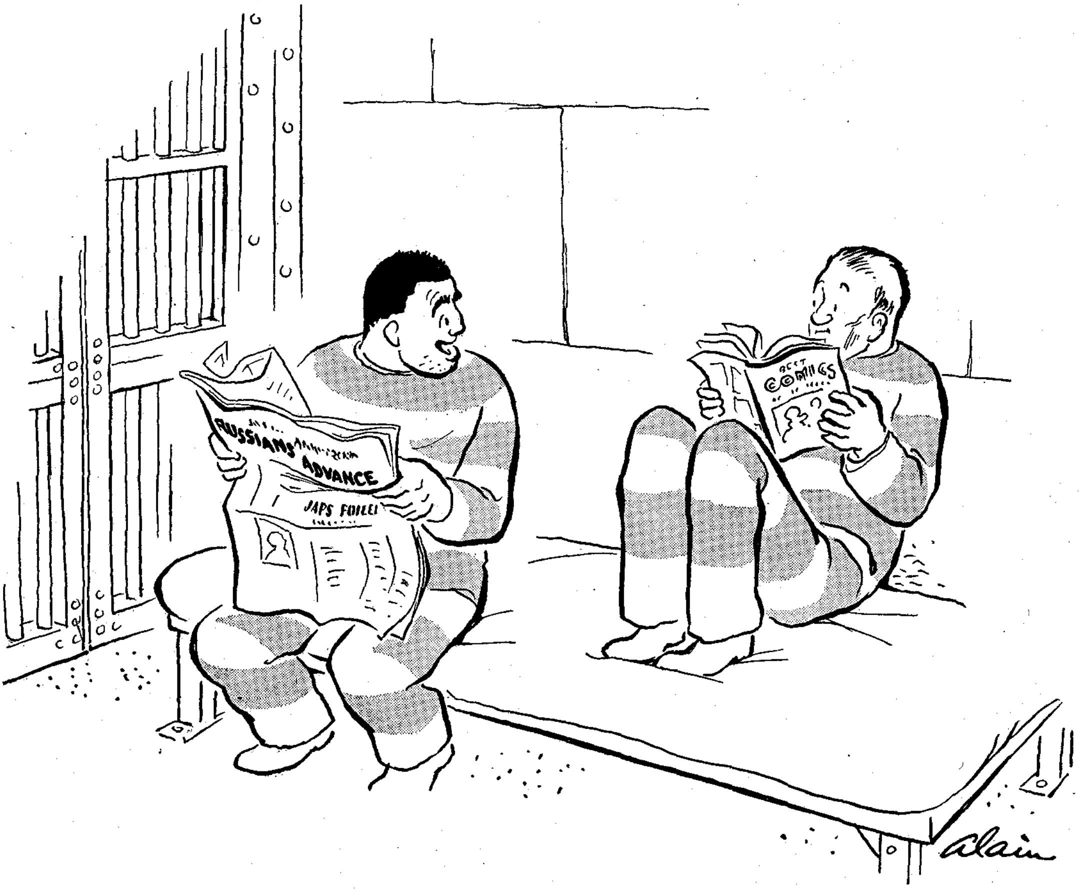
John Mulholland and the Art of Illusion

JOHN MULHOLLAND is a top-notch magician, the editor of the magicians' magazine, the *Sphinx*, and one of the world's leading authorities on professional magic. He is also probably the best writer in the field since the Englishman who called himself Louis Hoffmann. "Hoffmann" was a barrister named Lewis, who led a kind of second life as a conjuror and produced, in his "Modern Magic," "More Magic," "Later Magic," and "Latest Magic," which began coming out in the seventies, a series of treatises in the soundest tradition of British expository writing: dense, comprehensive, exact, and ornamented with Latin quotations. These books became classics and some of them are still in print. Though in some respects out of date, they are, I believe, the only works on their subject which have remained in circulation.

The literature of magic is now immense, but it mostly consists of technical writings intended for professional magicians. The articles on conjuring in the Encyclopædia Britannica have always been unsatisfactory. The best-known one was written by Maskelyne, the proprietor of the Egyptian Hall, a famous theatre of magic in London, and it is mainly in the nature of an encomium on the wonders of the Egyptian Hall. The late Harry Houdini, a great student of the subject, succeeded in getting this article cut down—it had, besides, been rather snooty about American magicians—when the new edition of the Britannica was prepared under American auspices, and had a paragraph on himself added, but it is still incomplete and out of date. Houdini had a voracious curiosity about everything connected with the miraculous and a desire to master all its arts. He read enormously and wrote several books, and he marks the emergence in his field of a spirit of scientific inquiry. But it was not till Mr. Mulholland appeared that this department of human activity was explored n all its aspects and branches by a scholarly and critical intelligence which knew how to express itself. When further Encyclopædia articles have to be written, Mr. Mulholland ought to write them.

Mr. Mulholland's new book—"The Art of Illusion: Magic for Men to Do" (Scribner)—is not one of his most interesting productions, but it is perfect for its limited purpose: to teach the beginner a few primary principles and to provide him with an effective repertoire which requires neither sleight of hand nor difficult apparatus. Mr. Mulholland makes some very shrewd remarks on the general psychology of magic, and he has selected his tricks with care. If he has not given us an up-to-date Hoffmann, this is partly the fault of the times. From the directions and diagrams of Hoffmann it was possible to learn the rudiments of sleight of hand and how to build your own apparatus; but magic has, it seems, fallen a victim to the same pressures that produce outlines of philosophy and digests of famous novels. A growth in interest in non-professional conjuring has been accompanied by an increasing reluctance to take any trouble about it, so that the amateur is likely to satisfy himself with devices that require no more skill to operate than the jokes on sale at novelty shops. Mr. Mulholland has at least tried to show him that the chief pride of the magician is derived not from exploiting mechanical toys but from putting something over on his audience, and that you can be far more amazing with an ordinary coin, a piece of string, or a pack of cards than with a pocketful of gadgets.

This whole matter of mystifying people is more interesting than may be supposed. A little acquaintance with the subject will afford a startling revelation of the common human incapacity to observe or report correctly; and anyone who has deluded an audience into believing that he was doing something which he had merely suggested to their minds, while he was actually doing something else that they were perfectly in a position to notice, will always have a more dubious opinion of the value of ordinary evidence. Mr. Mulholland has written three fascinating books, from which a great deal may be learned: two on the history of professional conjuring, "The Story of Magic" and "Quicker



"I see Mugger McGuire is going to be with us for the next few years."

RANDOM HOUSE BOOKS

THE CURTAIN RISES
By QUENTIN REYNOLDS
One of America's most beloved journalists tells his story of Russia, North Africa, Sicily and the battle of Salerno. $2.75

PIPELINE TO BATTLE
By MAJOR PETER W. RAINIER
An engineer's adventures with the British Eighth Army. Here's the whole amazing story of how the soldiers got their precious water. $2.50

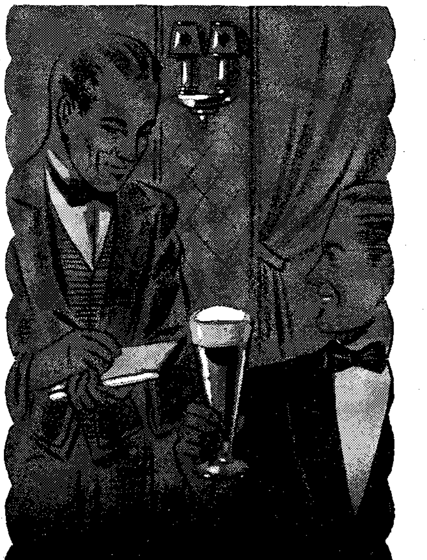
4 JILLS IN A JEEP
By CAROLE LANDIS
Four global glamour girls on an entertainment spree at the front. "Full of lift and bounce."—CHARLES LEE. $2.00

THE VISITOR
By CARL RANDAU and LEANE ZUGSMITH
"The essence of good mystery-making."—N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW. "An extraordinary climax."—SAN FRANCISCO CALL-BULLETIN. $2.00

RANDOM HOUSE 20 E. 57 ST. NEW YORK 22

than the Eye," and one, perhaps the best that has been done, on the history of spiritualism, "Beware Familiar Spirits." With the advance of the scientific method, the field of thaumaturgy has come to be split between two groups of miracle-workers who grow more and more antagonistic. On the one hand, you have the magicians, who want to be admired for their skill; on the other, the mind-readers and the mediums, who claim to possess supernatural powers. When magicians like Houdini and Mulholland try to show people, in the interests of truth, that there is not a single feat on record as having been performed by a mind-reader or a medium that a magician would accept as genuine, they find themselves confronted with a will to believe against which they are utterly helpless. Mr. Mulholland points out that, though the Fox sisters confessed to the fraudulence of their manifestations and one of them actually went on tour exposing her own tricks, they are still venerated as authentic by spiritualists; that the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle gave a gratuitous endorsement to a mind-reader named Zancig who had never pretended to be genuine and was a member of the Society of American Magicians; and that the faithful of the spiritualist cult even insisted that Houdini himself, though for some reason he chose to deny it, performed his feats through supernatural agency.

One aspect of the subject on which, so far as I know, Mr. Mulholland has not written but on which one would like to hear him is the special psychology of magicians and of the people who like to see them perform. That the attraction of magic may be felt as irresistible by certain kinds of people seems indicated by Lewis-Hoffmann and by the late Dr. Samuel C. Hooker, who had one of the strangest of American careers. Dr. Hooker was an able chemist, who made a fortune in sugar refining and was known as "the father of the beet-sugar industry," but he retired from business in his forties and occupied the rest of his life with magic. His aim was to astonish the magicians themselves, and the great triumph of his later life was to baffle Houdini and Thurston with a Teddy bear's head that floated in the air and playing cards that stood on end and answered questions. The function of the magician has characteristics in common with those of the criminal, of the actor, and of the priest (it was quite natural that Charles Dickens, who had affinities with all three, should become an enthusiastic magician); and he en-



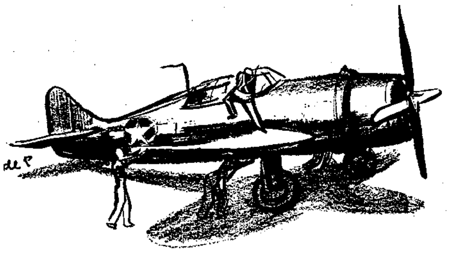
MARYLAND'S AMBASSADOR OF GOOD CHEER
COAST TO COAST
NATIONAL PREMIUM BEER
PALE, DRY, BRILLIANT
Send 10c for book of fine OLD MARYLAND RECIPES
THE NATIONAL BREWING CO., BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Only the Original HAS THIS FAMOUS OLD RED LABEL
Made from a priceless old recipe. Its unexcelled quality is always identified by this famous old red label.
Crosse & Blackwell
ORANGE MARMALADE
Fine Foods Since 1706

ROYLIES
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
For DOYLIES —use ROYLIES
Efficient; no laundering; save time for patriotic duties. When soiled—turn in with your waste paper!
By makers of ROYLEDGE Paper Shelving

joys certain special advantages impossible for these professions. Unlike the criminal, he has nothing to fear from the police; unlike the actor, he can always have the stage to himself; unlike the priest, he need not trouble about questions of faith in connection with the mysteries at which he presides. This is perhaps one of the reasons that magicians, though sometimes rather egoistic, usually appear to be happy in their work. I have never met or heard of an accomplished magician who did not seem to be delighted with himself and to enjoy amazing people with tricks off the stage as well as on.

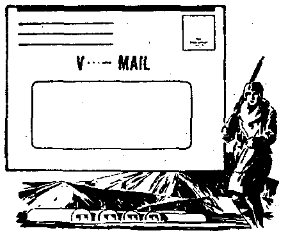
There is, besides, more to these feats and to our pleasure in them than we are likely to be conscious of. Some of the tricks that have lasted longest and become fixed in the popular imagination must be the remnants of fertility rites. The wand is an obvious symbol, and has its kinship with Aaron's rod and the pope's staff that puts forth leaves in "Tannhaüser." Its production of rabbits and flowers from a hat has become the accepted type trick of conjuring. And the magician who escapes from the box: what is he but Adonis and Attis and all the rest of the corn gods that are buried and rise? This was quite plain in the case of Houdini, who was continually inventing new ways, each more challenging than the last, to get himself buried and bound, and who seemed to experience, in breaking away, an actual exaltation. The ordeals to which he subjected himself were dangerous and sometimes nearly cost him his life: he had himself sunk in a river, immersed in a can of milk, frozen in a cake of ice, hung upside down to a bridge, and confined by every possible kind of shackle and rope in every possible kind of trunk and sack; and he was evidently not driven merely by motives of money and fame, but gave the impression of obeying some private compulsion to enact again and again a drama of death and resurrection. These old type tricks can still create excitement and give both audience and magician satisfaction; and it is significant both that conjuring should never have died out, though people no longer take it for real, and that, recovering today



One month CLOSER to home...

Letters used to take six long weeks . . . anything might have happened at home—all he could do was worry! . . . Now letters come in twelve days, bring home a month closer . . . just because the people at home . . .

Use V-MAIL



V-Mail flies, is the quickest way possible to get letters overseas to servicemen. A letter on the V-Mail form is photographed on a film strip. A single film carries hundreds of letters. A single plane carries thousands of film strips! At the process point nearest its destination, your letter is reproduced exactly as you wrote it, sealed and delivered, a private, personal communication . . . V-Mail goes as far in hours as ordinary mail on ships goes in days!

The government offers this special service for the sole purpose of expediting mail to the armed forces overseas. Use V-Mail lest servicemen suffer from the lack of letters. Use V-Mail because it makes every letter you write mean more to the man who gets it sooner!

The postoffice or your RFD carrier will supply V-Mail forms. You can buy them at your stationer's. Or we will send six sample forms with our compliments. Address . . .

PITNEY-BOWES POSTAGE METER CO.
1669 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn.

Originators of Metered Mail, world's largest manufacturers of Postage Meters, which print postage for business mail . . . now devoted to war production.

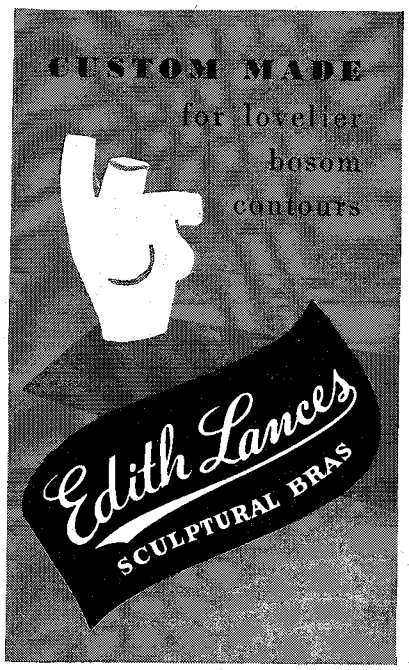
DELICIOUSLY DIFFERENT
Dagger
JAMAICA RUMS
WRAY & NEPHEW
DAGGER PUNCH
JAMAICA RUM

Famous for more than a century for their unique, superior flavour.

THREE DAGGER
86 PROOF
ONE DAGGER
86 PROOF
DAGGER PUNCH
97 PROOF

Made by J. Wray & Nephew, Ltd., Jamaica, oldest and largest rum house in the British West Indies. Est. 119 years.

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co.
NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794



SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
New York, Chicago, Beverly Hills, Detroit.

Finest California **AVOCADOS**

Orchard fresh direct to your door, express prepaid. Perfect condition guaranteed. Packages contain 10 to 15 avocados. This delicious fruit is highly nutritious and ration free. Also makes ideal gift. Send check for **$2.60**

BISHOP'S AVOCADO ORCHARDS
Dept. 3 **La Habra, California**

from a period when it followed the tendency of the age by going in very heavily for machinery, it should have reverted—like painting after its photographic phase—to something both more primitive and more impressive; so that the conjuror's public today asks for nothing better than to see Cardini stand silent in an opera cloak and impassively produce from bare hands an endless quantity of cards and cigarettes.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

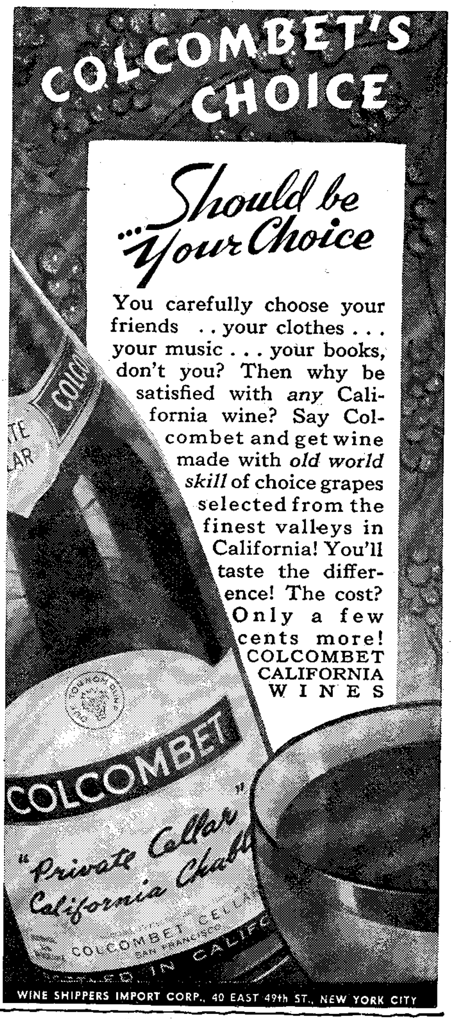
FICTION

THE PROUD PEOPLE, by Kyle Crichton (Scribner). The story of an enormous, once-wealthy Spanish-American family of New Mexico and its noisy reactions to the race discrimination of middle-class American neighbors. Mr. Crichton writes with raucous gusto about the men and women of the Esquivel family and manages to impart to them a momentary warmth, even though he misses the subtler implications of their story. Actually, this is not the chronicle of a proud family at all; the author seems curiously incapable of distinguishing between pride and clannishness. The Esquivels are, according to their several temperaments, crushed, angered, or humiliated beneath the snubs of Albuquerque society, without any sense of inner dignity and worth to sustain them. Mr. Crichton has drawn a convincing picture of family solidarity, but stylistically the novel is a muddle, and it is so lacking in taste as to make, on the whole, rather unpleasant reading.

GENERAL

VICTORY WITHOUT PEACE, by Roger Burlingame and Alden Stevens (Harcourt, Brace). A newsreel, in print, of the more notable news events that took place between January, 1918, and November, 1923. All the important people pass in review and there are shots of all the important happenings. The commentary provided by the authors is reasonably lucid and intelligent, and they are sensible enough not to burden the sound track with the obvious moral of their tale, which is that the history of the era they are presenting appears to be repeating itself, but the moral is there just the same.

THE CURTAIN RISES, by Quentin Reynolds (Random House). Another chapter in the author's blow-by-blow description of the wartime adventures



Should be ...Your Choice

You carefully choose your friends . . your clothes . . . your music . . . your books, don't you? Then why be satisfied with *any* California wine? Say Colcombet and get wine made with *old world skill* of choice grapes selected from the finest valleys in California! You'll taste the difference! The cost? Only a few cents more! COLCOMBET CALIFORNIA WINES

WINE SHIPPERS IMPORT CORP., 40 EAST 49th ST., NEW YORK CITY

FILLETS, A NEW WAY!
DURKEE'S FAMOUS DRESSING AND MEAT SAUCE

So easy to do, too!

Make 1 c. White sauce; add 2 tbsp. chopped sweet pickles and 3 tbsp. "Durkee's Dressing"; pour over six small boiled fillets.

Durkee's famous 14-spice sauce has been a life-saver to good cooks since 1850! Rich, golden, mellow, it pours easily but has plenty of body and *plenty* of tang on salads, sandwiches, fish or meat! Write for free recipes to Dept. NY3, Durkee's, Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.

● It's unrationed

DRESS IT UP WITH DURKEE'S FAMOUS DRESSING

Overlooking NEW YORK'S Only Private Park

HOTEL GRAMERCY PARK

EAST 21st STREET
from $4 single
from $6 double

of Quentin Reynolds. The author, who has a considerable admiration for his subject, painstakingly records Mr. Reynolds' every movement in such widely separated places as Trinidad, Cairo, Palestine, Russia, and Italy. He also sets down, with great fidelity, some of the things that Mr. Reynolds feels strongly about—that we can do business with Stalin, that the United States Navy is a splendid fighting force, that the profession of journalism was begun "by a few very excellent reporters named Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John," and that the Ten Commandments, along with the Gospels, are "the best reporting jobs ever done." The reader is also introduced to the various personages Mr. Reynolds met during his latest assignment, from General Eisenhower to Bob Hope, and occasionally, as when an arras is accidentally lifted by a high wind, we get pictures of the war, some of them quite good.

AMERICA'S MARITIME HISTORY, by A. C. Denison (Putnam). A short history of ocean transportation, with special emphasis upon the growth of the United States as a maritime power during the past three hundred years. A good survey, though rather elementary, with lots of facts and figures. Illustrations by the author.

THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, by Frederick Hill Meserve and Carl Sandburg (Harcourt, Brace). This volume for the first time makes available in convenient form and at a popular price the one hundred and twenty known photographs of Lincoln, together with a photograph of the life mask of Lincoln and a hundred additional photographs of Lincoln's family and of contemporaries who were close to him. There are a preface by Frederick Hill Meserve, the great authority on the subject, who collected these photographs, a biographical sketch of Meserve by Carl Sandburg, and an essay by Sandburg on the descriptions of Lincoln found in newspapers, biographies, and memoirs, which supplements the evidence of the portraits. The book is of prime importance to anyone interested in the subject, which in portraiture as well as in biography has been a pretext for much sentimental nonsense. There are some remarkable photographs of Lincoln visiting the Union Army at Antietam.

THE VATICAN AND THE WAR, by Camille Cianfarra (Dutton). A book on the foreign policy of the Vatican

A Problem Solved—

Men who are annoyed by Shirts and Collars that neither look right nor feel right should try Sulka Shirts to Measure—
—shirts and collars that are individually made to personal requirements—perfectly fitted—fine workmanship—hand-finished throughout.

Their long satisfactory service proves their actual economy.

Our representatives visit principal cities — dates on request.

Sulka Shirts to Measure of Fine British Materials —from $12.50

A. Sulka & Company
661 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK (22)
6 SO. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO (3)

PANAGRA

SOUTH AMERICA
PANAMA
COLOMBIA
ECUADOR
PERU
BRAZIL
BOLIVIA
CHILE
ARGENTINA

In its sixteenth year of service, this vital air network, with associated carriers, continues its important work of making good neighbors close neighbors.

PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS
CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK

pan american-grace airways

Women Who Are Socially Active maintain their activities comfortably by staying at the BARCLAY. The quality of BARCLAY accommodations and service—together with the hotel's appreciated accessibility to important places—provide a combination that meets the most exacting requirements. Single Rooms $6 and $7. Double Rooms $8 and $10. Suites with Private Serving Pantry $12-$15.

The BARCLAY
111 East 48th Street, New York 17, New York
William H. Rorke, General Manager

MEET ME ON THE TERRACE AT THE BARCLAY

you can conserve liquor by serving mixed drinks

Don't worry about your dwindling liquor supply. Let yourself in for new adventures by learning to mix drinks *properly*—from the Professional Mixing Guide.

One of the first things you'll learn is what every professional barman knows—the importance of Angostura Bitters in making fine mixed drinks.

Angostura possesses the unique quality of diffusing itself through the other ingredients, creating a symphony of flavor and aroma that satisfies and delights.

We'll be glad to send you the Professional Mixing Guide—free—a collection of 254 accepted recipes and exact directions for mixing.

KEEP BUYING
WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS

ANGOSTURA - WUPPERMANN
CORPORATION
304 E. 45th St., NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

ANGOSTURA
Dr. Siegert's
BITTERS
A TONIC APPETIZER
"GOOD FOR THE STOMACH"
8 FL. OZ.

by the *Times* correspondent in Rome from 1935 to 1942. The author is himself a Catholic and his study is hardly critical, but it is of interest as providing a full survey of the subject and for the first-hand impressions of the writer. "What is often forgotten," says Mr. Cianfarra apropos of the Pope's support of Franco, "is that the Church is willing to collaborate with any government that will ensure it the possibility of carrying out its apostolic mission, and that it combats ideologies when their practical application harms religious interests. It fought Hitler, but it collaborated with Mussolini when the latter's policy did not affect the Catholic faith. It did not hesitate to fight Mussolini when his policy hampered the work of the Church."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE SAINT ON GUARD, by Leslie Charteris (Doubleday, Doran). Two more adventures of Simon Templar, that sadistic young man who likes to be called The Saint, and who, for the duration at least, has lined himself up on the side of the law through his affiliations with the FBI. The first story, in which Templar smashes the iridium black market, isn't likely to tax anyone's deductive powers. The second, dealing with saboteurs in Galveston, provides an adequate amount of the kind of horror which Charteris fans demand and which aims at upsetting the stomach rather than at chilling the spine.

•

The second anniversary of the opening of the Army Air Forces Specialized Depot at Field's Point will be observed next Monday night by employes of the depot with a dinner at the 400 Club in Natick. The dinner will also serve to welcome Maj. Charles D. Yengling, who has just assumed command of the depot, succeeding Lt. Col. G. S. Rockefeller.

It was the custom among western Indians not to scalp a brave adversary who had been killed.—*Providence Journal.*

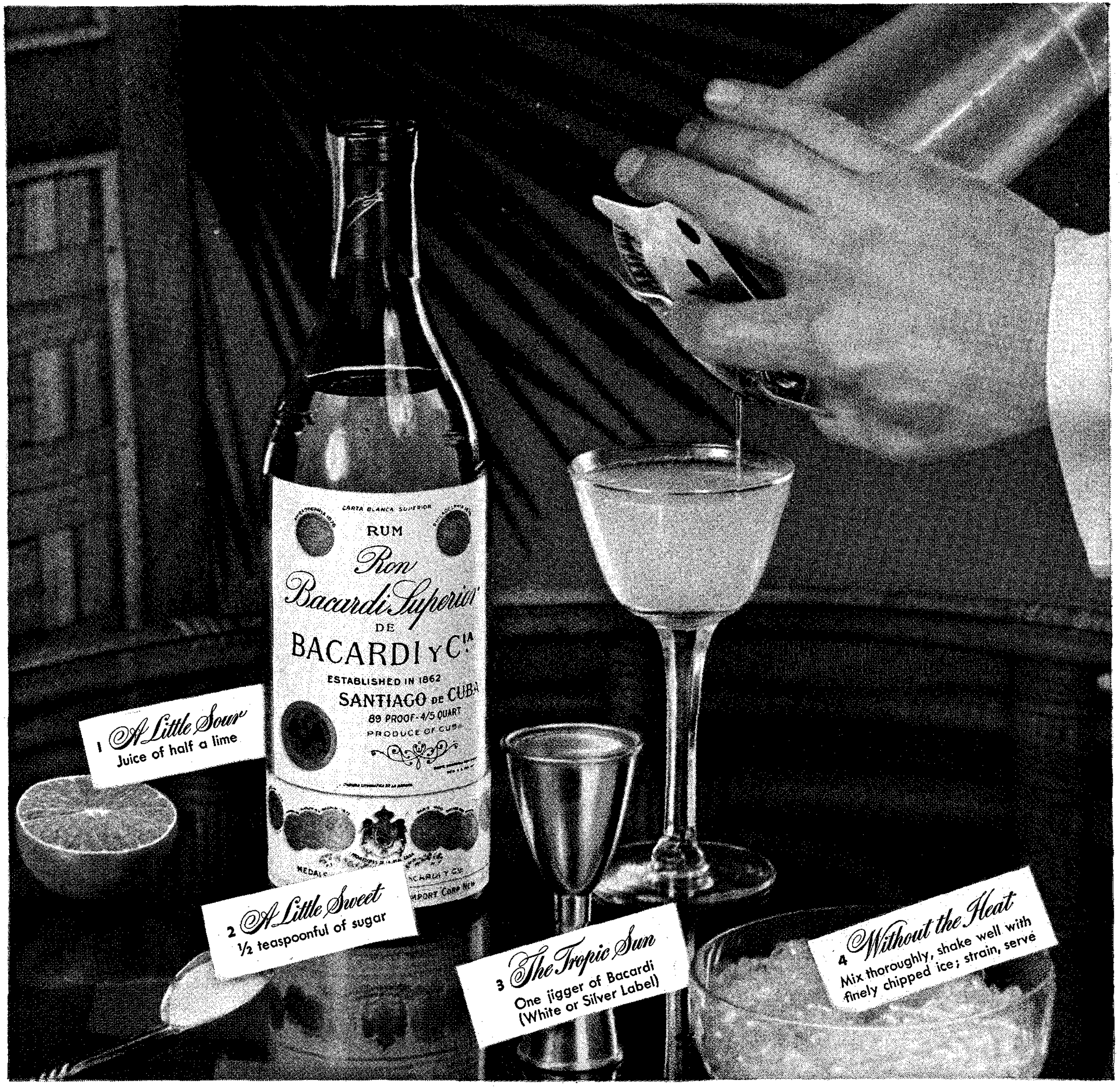
Doesn't mean we need follow it.

•

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*From the Times*]

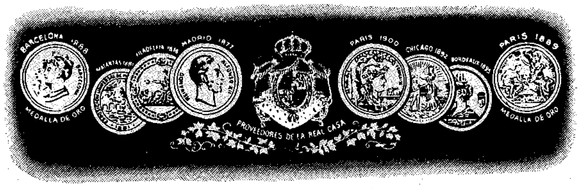
LONDON, Feb. 14—The Finnish Government has informed the United States and Swedish Governments and other interested parties that Dr. Juho K. Paasikivi, former Finnish Premier and chairman of the 1940 Russo-Finnish peace commission, is in Stockholm for the express purpose of keeping Mme. Alexandra Kollontay, Soviet Minister to Sweden, according to The Daily Telegraph's Stockholm correspondent.


1 A Little Sour
Juice of half a lime
2 A Little Sweet
½ teaspoonful of sugar
3 The Tropic Sun
One jigger of Bacardi
(White or Silver Label)
4 Without the Heat
Mix thoroughly, shake well with
finely chipped ice; strain, serve
RUM
Ron
Bacardi Superior
DE
BACARDI Y Cia
ESTABLISHED IN 1862
SANTIAGO DE CUBA
89 PROOF-4/5 QUART
PRODUCE OF CUBA

The World-famous Bacardi Cocktail

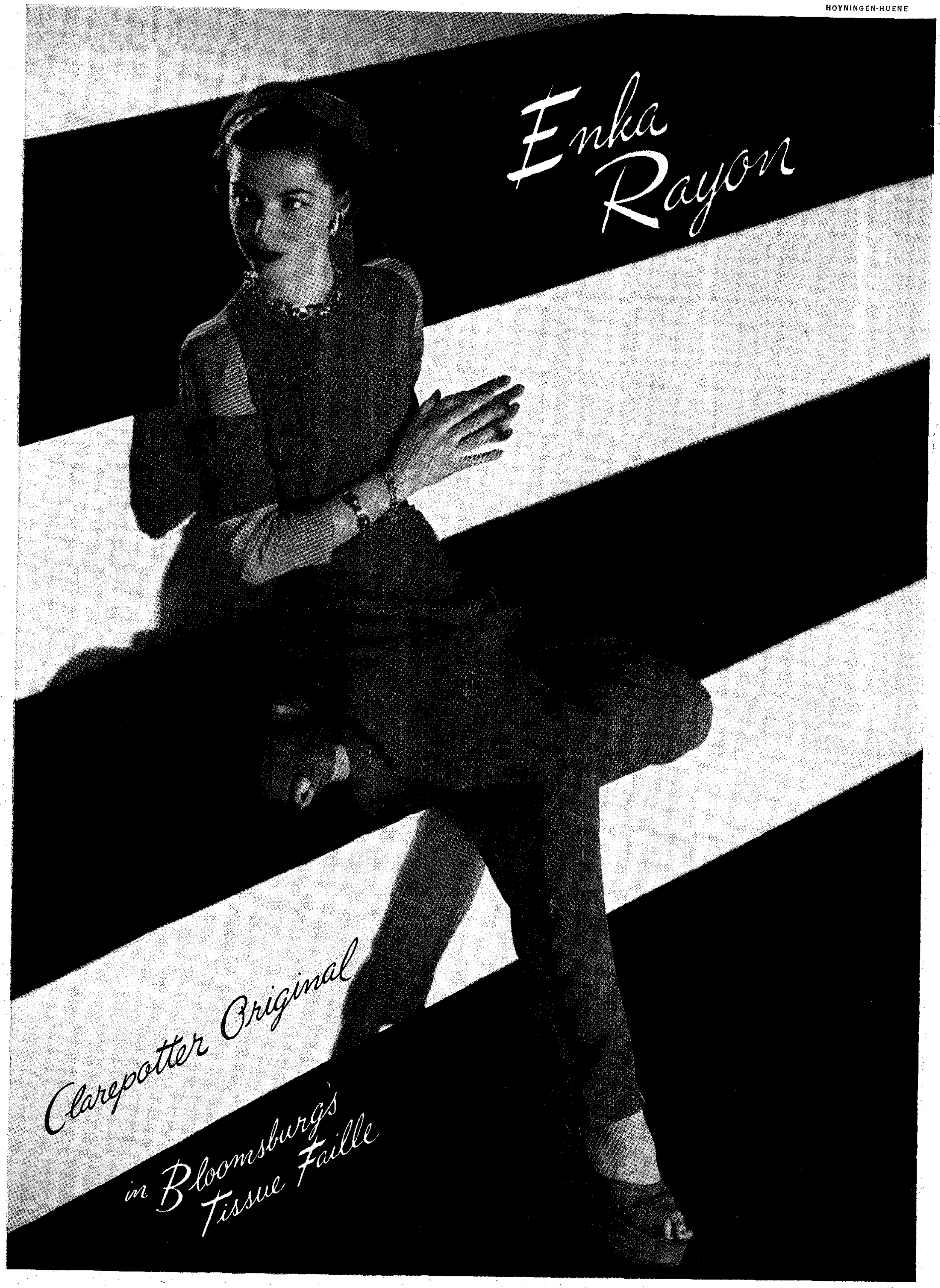
The Bacardi Cocktail . . . one of the most called for drinks in all the world . . . must be made with Bacardi (according to a ruling of the New York Supreme Court, April 28, 1936). The simple recipe portrayed above, shows the one and only way to make a Bacardi Cocktail . . . the way by which it has achieved world-wide fame. Today, at your favorite restaurant, or at home, enjoy the most delectable drink ever devised . . . the matchless Bacardi Cocktail.

AWARDED 35 MEDALS FOR EXCELLENCE SINCE 1862


BARCELONA 1929
MADRID 1871
PARIS 1900
CHICAGO 1893
PARIS 1889
MEDALLA DE ORO
PROVEEDORES DE LA REAL CASA

Nothing takes the place of BACARDI

★ And remember: Nothing takes the place of War Bonds. Schenley Import Corporation, New York. Rum — 89 Proof.


Enka Rayon
Clarepotter Original
in Bloomsburg's Tissue Faille

HOYNINGEN-HUENE

Bonwit Teller, New York **Julius Garfinckel, Washington** **Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago**

ENKA RAYON • 206 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.